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WASHINGTON.

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT THE CAPITAL.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION—LIST OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS WHO VISITED THE WHITE HOUSE YESTERDAY—OTHER RECEPTIONS.

Special Dispatch to the New-York Times.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1.—After a noisy night, through which cannon, church bells, steam whistles, amateur bands, and colored vocalists seemed striving for the honor of making the most uproarious announcement of the Centennial year, we have had an unusually quiet New Year's Day. Early in the morning the weather was damp and foggy, but before noon the clouds had disappeared. The remainder of the day was bright and Springlike, although the walking was very muddy for those who went "the grand rounds" on foot. The reception on New Year's Day by the President originated when New-York was the seat of the Federal Government. President Washington then declared himself in favor of "the cordial, cheerful observance" of this time-honored custom of the Knickerbockers, and every one of his successors has followed the example which he set them. The President and Mrs. Grant, accompanied by several of their relatives, repaired to the blue room of the Executive Mansion at 10:30 this morning, where they were soon joined by the Cabinet officers and their wives. Mrs. Grant wore a black silk dress, with a golden color silk overskirt, the two colors being blended in the trimmings. Mrs. Col. Frederick Grant wore a pink silk dress trimmed with white lace, and Mrs. Sharpe a black silk dress, trimmed with velvet. Mesdames Fish, Pierrepont, and Jewell, wore black velvet dresses, Mrs. Robeson a black silk dress, quaintly embroidered, Mrs. Bristow a garnet velvet dress, Mrs. Chandler a lavender-colored silk dress, and Mrs. Belknap one of Worth's wonderful suits which attract attention but baffle description. The Diplomatic Corps have precedence, and as they came in, headed by their Dean, Sir Edward Thornton, each one was presented by Secretary Fish to the President. They wore the rich court dresses of their respective countries, with the cordons, ribbons, and stars of the various orders of knighthood bestowed on them. A few attachés were in uniform, and the members of the Turkish Legation wore their scarlet fez caps. The ladies of the Diplomatic Corps were elegantly dressed in walking suits, with dress bonnets, the most noticeable being Mme. Yoshida, of Japan, who wore the delicate crape fabrics of that country, made in our most fashionable style. Lady Thornton wore a suit of navy-blue silk, with a bonnet to match, both trimmed with velvet of the same shade, and Mme. Mantilla wore a suit and hat of dark velvet, with a trimming of rose-colored embroidery. The Supreme Court, a noble-looking set of men, followed. Then came a score of members of Congress, then the Army officers, nearly all of them belonging to the staff corps, and then the naval officers, headed by Admiral Porter and Rear Admiral Rogers. The department officials came next, followed by about thirty survivors of the Mexican war, a delegation of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Oldest Inhabitants' Society. By the time that all these dignitaries, of high and low degree, had individually paid their respects, 1 o'clock had arrived. The public, male and female, without distinction of costume or color, were then admitted, and for an hour a continuous line filed past the President, each one halting an instant to shake his offered hand more or less heartily. At 2 o'clock the doors of the White House were closed, and soon afterward the President took his usual constitutional walk to the Capitol and back. Meanwhile the Secretaries and other high officials had gone to their respective houses, where each had his own reception. Large numbers of private families also received, and to facilitate the arduous work of callers, the morning newspapers had published lists of those ladies who were to be at home. The number of open houses was smaller than last year, and the absence of all intoxicating beverages was noticeable. The absence of all ceremony was a feature of the day. Clerks of limited means bodily invaded the saloons of secretaries and capitalists, and in the lists of ladies who received, the names of girls who work in the Printing Bureau, were sandwiched between the names of Senators' wives and Generals' daughters. Every one appeared to be at home everywhere, but there was no rudeness or intoxication, and in this last respect, if in no other, the Centennial year was an improvement on its predecessors.

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL.

Upon application of Senator Mitchell, the Postmaster General has directed mails to be carried on the accommodation train of the Oregon and California Railroad, between the cities of Portland and Albany, Oregon.

Assistant Quartermaster General Thomas, (on the retired list since 1873,) while walking yesterday afternoon near the Treasury Department, was seized with a paralytic stroke and fell to the pavement. A number of gentlemen went to his assistance, when a carriage was obtained and the venerable gentleman removed to his residence.

THE FISK UNIVERSITY.

DEDICATION OF THE NEW EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION IN TENNESSEE.

NASHVILLE, Jan. 1.—The new Fisk University, named in honor of Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, was formally dedicated to-day in the presence of a large assemblage of people, white and black. Gov. Porter and other State officials, Bishop McTyeire, of the Methodist Church South, and quite a number of clergymen and educators were present. Gen. Fisk, who is the President of the Board of Directors, presided and made the opening address, which embodied an earnest plea for cordial relations between the races, for the education and elevation of the colored people, and for the cultivation of a liberal and patriotic feeling everywhere. Abounding, as it did, in generous sentiments toward the Southern people, and urging that "the dead past bury its dead," it elicited the warmest commendation. Gov. Porter, Bishop McTyeire, ex-Commissioner Smith, President of the Howard University, and others, also made addresses. The occasion was a notable one, being an important era in the advancing intelligence and progress of the negro race in the South. The University building cost $120,000, nearly all of which was raised by the Jubilee Singers. Gen. Fisk, by personal effort in New-York, raised sufficient funds to furnish the forty rooms of the building. The institution partakes somewhat of the nature of a Normal College, as, since its establishment, ten years ago, it has graduated about one hundred teachers and candidates for the ministry—all colored. The University was established and is conducted under the auspices of the American Missionary Association, but various denominations are represented in the Directors, corps of teachers, and Professors. The building is situated on a commanding eminence about one mile west of the city, and the superb architectural design and finish and large and imposing dimensions present as fine a view as any college building in America.

THE WHISKY CONSPIRACY.

STATEMENTS MADE BY THE INDICTED DISTILLERS OF CHICAGO—THE INNER WORKINGS OF THE RING REPORTED.

Special Dispatch to the New-York Times.

CHICAGO, Jan. 1.—The Chicago *Times* to-day gives publicity to several interviews with indicted distillers who were caught in the first seizures some weeks ago, and who have been among the chief instruments in bringing about the recent captures of illicit establishments by their testimony furnished to Government officials. That their statements are more or less colored to suit their side of the question can hardly be denied; yet there is so much of interest in the narratives, and such a showing up of inside workings of the Ring in Chicago, that the publication has created great excitement. Mr. W. S. Gholsen, of the indicted firm of Gholsen & Eastman, says that the recently arrested distillers volunteered to pay his fine—a sum of money equal to the amount the latter lost by their seizure—if he would not tell what he knew against them; that a number of them advanced him several thousand dollars, after his seizure, with which to start in business again; that there is documentary evidence sufficient to convict H. B. Miller, who is ex-County Treasurer and one of the arrested distillers, and that the whole lot are in a very bad predicament, and liable to go under at any moment. Another indicted distiller stated that H. B. Miller's distillery—the Black Hawk—had been dealing in "crooked" whisky since the Spring of 1872; that fully one-third of the whisky manufactured by this house was "crooked;" that A. C. Hesing pretended to control the political machinery as to apportioning or discharging Gaugers, Storekeepers, and the like, and that if a Gauger was too impertinent and curious about a distillery, Hesing had him transferred; that Jacob Rehm, who run the malt business, is implicated by reason of his influence with politicians; that money, ostensibly for campaign purposes, was paid to him by the distillers. Another distiller details the proceedings of McPherson's syndicate, held two weeks ago, of distillers who had not up to that time been arrested. The meeting consisted of four gentlemen who have been caught in the meshes this week, and it was suggested to pay Gholsen $8,000 to keep him from telling what he knew, and a delegation was appointed to go to Washington to negotiate terms for them, such as would save their property and prevent their houses being seized, and themselves from being indicted. Another distiller places Miller's frauds at an aggregate of half a million dollars. He says that Miller, Hesing, and Rehm took money from the distillers aggregating $18,000 for their influence and divided it among themselves, while the rectifiers took care of the Gaugers and other hangers-on. This man also stated that Hon. J. D. Ward, late United States Attorney for this district, is one of the owners of the South Branch Distillery, recently seized, and that that house made fully fifty barrels per week of crooked spirits. He also avers that Hon. C. B. Farwell, Jacob Rehm, and another prominent politician, were instrumental in endeavoring to secure the release of a large quantity of illicit spirits in bond at the Chicago Dock Company's warehouse several months ago. He was very positive in his statement. In addition to these points, it is positively stated that the wholesale house of Gholsen & Eastman acted as a "fence" for illicit distillers, receiving and disposing of fully two hundred barrels a week, for which they paid a mere nominal sum, and disposed of it at figures far below the market. They were, it seems, with Russel, the first to divulge the secrets of illicit operations, for the purpose of saving themselves. Eastman was at the time one of the editors of the Chicago *Times*, and later a State Senator, and also Postmaster of this city.

DISCOVERY OF COUNTERFEITERS.

COLUMBUS, Jan. 1.—For some time past counterfeit five-cent pieces, or nickels, have become very common here, and until to-day the public knew nothing of where they came from. To-day a *Sunday News* reporter, after patient investigation, has learned the particulars of what has developed into a first-class sensation. These bogus coins have been traced to a young son of Col. G. S. Tunis, Warden of the Penitentiary. Upon being interrogated, the child told that he had been furnished with the coin by certain prisoners to purchase tobacco for them. This led to an investigation, and it now turns out that the making of the nickels has been going on in the Penitentiary without discovery. The molds for the coin were made by the prisoners, and the metal used was amalgam used in plating harness in the harness shop.

THE BOY CHARLEY ROSS.

BOSTON, Jan. 1.—The *Herald* has a special from St. Albans to the effect that the boy claiming to be Charley Ross is not the missing boy from Milford, N. H., as was supposed. He was shown an album to-day in which were the pictures of two Philadelphia boys whom he recognized at once and called by name. Other circumstances lead citizens here to still believe he is Charley Ross. Mr. Ross, of Philadelphia, has been again telegraphed to, and replies that he will be in St. Albans on Monday afternoon.

OHIO LEGISLATIVE CAUCUS.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Jan. 1.—To-night the following officers were chosen in caucus: Charles H. Grosvenor, of Athens, for Speaker; William Leonard, of Cuyahoga, for Chief Clerk, and Mr. Brown, of Lawrence, for Sergeant at Arms. In the Senate caucus H. W. Curtis, of Cuyahoga, was chosen President, *pro tem.*; J. C. Donaldson, of Franklin, Chief Clerk, and E. S. Jones, of Lucas, Chief Sergeant at Arms.

GRAIN REVIEW.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 1.—A review of the trade and commerce of this city for the past year furnishes the following figures: Flour received, 1,401,795 barrels; flour manufactured, 747,166 barrels; flour shipped, 2,131,256 barrels; wheat received, 27,797,221 bushels; wheat shipped, 22,266,331 bushels. The increase in receipts of wheat, as compared with last year, show 2,000,000 bushels.

HEAVY STORM IN THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Jan. 1.—A heavy wind-storm has prevailed in this section of the country the greater part of the afternoon, and is still raging at present writing—12:35 A. M. There is no wire from Chicago to any point, except via Omaha and St. Louis.

A POLICEMAN ASSAULTED.

Last night, Officer James V. Smith, of the Thirty-first Precinct, while attempting to disperse a crowd of ruffians who were maltreating a deaf mute at the corner of Fifty-sixth street and Seventh avenue, was set upon and knocked down and badly beaten, and kicked about the head and body. The officer succeeded, however, in arresting Thomas Flynn, one of his assailants, and took him to the station-house, where he was locked up. The officer was attended by Police Surgeon Waterman and sent to his home.

INDICTED FOR PERJURY.

Several of the most prominent citizens of Hingham, Mass., have been arrested during the past week on indictments for perjury, in swearing to a certificate that the capital stock of the Hingham Manufacturing Company had been all paid in. In addition to those already mentioned are David Whiton and Andrew C. Cushing, who were arrested, and who gave $5,000 bonds yesterday.

ALBANY.

GOSSIP FROM THE STATE CAPITAL.

THE STRUGGLE FOR MINOR OFFICES—PROBABLE CHAIRMANSHIPS OF THE MORE IMPORTANT COMMITTEES—MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS.

Special Dispatch to the New-York Times.

ALBANY, Jan. 1.—During the afternoon and evening there has been a great rush to the State Capital—not of Senators and Assemblymen, but of applicants for the small offices. They have come in anxious crowds, and one might imagine, from the busy scene in the Delavan, that important matters were in agitation, but who shall be Sergeant at Arms, clerks of committees, door-keepers, and messengers, are the topics about which all this eager discussion is made. Among the more noted arrivals to-day may be mentioned Senators Robertson, Woodin, Selkreg, and Tobey. Mr. Husted is here, but has kept himself very close since his arrival, busy, it is surmised, with his committee list, which it is said will be announced early next week. There is very little agitation on any important matter. The friends of Senator Woodin are earnest in favor of his election to the *pro tem.* Presidency of the Senate, though Selkreg certainly has not charge of the movement for this purpose, as has been stated. They urge his great parliamentary experience as the reason for putting him in the chair, but in this Judge Robertson is certainly not behind him. Mr. Woodin, it is said, is less anxious for the position than his friends are to have him take it, and it is probable that the final choice will be in favor of Judge Robertson, who is universally conceded to be eminently qualified for the office, and has won the good opinion of all men in every post he has filled. The Chairmanship of the Senate Finance Committee has been debated since the arrival of members from the middle part of the State. The Syracuse men are in favor of Mr. McCarty, who succeeds Woodin. They claim that his experience in Congress on the Ways and Means Committee peculiarly fits him for the post, while the friends of Mr. Harris urge that as a business man he has no superior, and that he is well versed in matters pertaining to State finances. Mr. Prince's name has also been mentioned in connection with this committee, as well as the Chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee. It is not likely that there will be any difficulty in satisfactorily arranging all these matters, as there is a general disposition manifested to have the organization effected as quietly and harmoniously as possible. Mr. George B. Sloane, who has been mentioned as the probable Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, is here; but he is not anxious for the prominent office, and will accept, if at all, with reluctance.

Gov. Tilden has been busily engaged during the day on his Message, which is looked for on Tuesday. It will treat mainly on canal matters, it is stated, and will contain some important propositions in that connection. The Canal Investigating Commission, as intimated in these dispatches yesterday, is to go out of existence. It has discharged its employes, settled up its accounts, and will submit its thirteenth and final report to the Governor. The action of the Legislature in regard to the commission will be guided, it is hinted, by the character of this report. It is quite possible that the whole of the evidence taken by the committee will be speedily called for, if it is not previously submitted by the Executive. Of other things which will come before the Legislature at an early day, there are the constitutional amendments, the reports of the two committees which have been investigating the New-York City department, the proposed anti-Tammany charter for that City, which Senator Bixby is expected to introduce, and the case of Auditor Thayer, which will come up in the Senate. It is not improbable that ex-Speaker McGuire will be Mr. Thayer's counsel on that occasion.

Ex-Commissioner Disbecker, accompanied by his counsel, Mr. Strahan, arrived here on the late train to-night. He has nothing to say, except that he is not discouraged.

Hon. George W. Schuyler to-day assumed the office of Auditor of the Canal Department.

The State officers elect were sworn into office to-day and took possession of their respective offices. Controller Hopkins' report will be ready to transmit to the Legislature on Tuesday.

WORK FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

A CALL FOR INDEPENDENT INVESTIGATIONS—THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR AND THE CANAL COMMISSION.

The Troy *Times* of Thursday evening says: "The Legislature will assemble on Tuesday next. The session is likely to be one of the most exciting in our State history. Very grave matters will demand attention outside of the ordinary course of legislation, which will also possess more than usual significance. The Governor has been engaged all Summer in investigating frauds upon the State Treasury, but thus far he has accomplished nothing beyond the suspension of the Auditor of the Canal Department, whose offense, although meriting rebuke, has in no sense resulted in injury to the State. It was personal rather than official in its nature. The Governor's investigation has been carried on through the agency of an extraordinary commission, whose means of procedure have, it is said, been equally extraordinary with its general character. It will be the duty of the Legislature to look into the actions of this body and see whether it has not violated the law, abused the public confidence, outraged the rights of witnesses, and as a general thing conducted its investigations more in the fashion of a partisan inquisition than as an non-partisan board, specially charged with unearthing fraud and putting a stop to illegal raids upon the Treasury. There is a very general feeling throughout the State that the commission has in some cases exceeded its powers, and in others fallen far short of the duties it was called upon to discharge. This feeling should either be removed, in justice to the commission, or the facts upon which it has been founded confirmed, in justice to the people who confided a trust so extraordinary to its keeping. The Investigating Commission itself must be investigated. Then there is the Lieutenant Governor of the State. During the late campaign the Troy *Times* made certain charges against Mr. Dorsheimer, which he denied, but which we believe were fully established by the subsequent testimony of unimpeachable witnesses. We need not rehearse the issues of that controversy. They were widely published, and variously commented upon by Republican and Democratic journals. Mr. Dorsheimer must desire that they be forever settled by an official investigation. He cannot afford to rest under them for a single day after the Senate shall have met and organized. He will, no doubt, move for a committee of investigation, or if he shall fail to appreciate the delicacy of his position, resting as he does under very grave allegations, we shall deem it to be our duty to ask the Senate to take up his case and investigate it with the view of determining whether we have maligned him or not. If we have wronged the Lieutenant Governor we wish to make all the reparation in our power. There are still other charges against him—charges relating to more recent official acts—which are said to reflect very seriously upon him. We are not so fully informed in regard to them as to indicate what they are. It is enough now to say, however, that the Lieutenant Governor must be investigated. He should court examination; if he does not it will be pressed upon him."

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

OTTAWA, Jan. 1.—An important event in connection with surveys of the Canadian Pacific Railway has occurred. These surveys first began in the Summer of 1870, one from the Valley of Ottawa, on one side and from British Columbia on the other. The Government have received telegrams from Battle River, a station on the Pacific Telegraph Line, in the Saskatchewan country, announcing the important fact that surveys had at last been connected. The point of connection is in latitude 53° 6′ 36″ north, longitude 113° 2′ 45″ west. These chains of accurate instrumental measurements are the first of the kind that have ever been made between the Atlantic and Pacific, within the limits of the Dominion.

GOV. HENDRICKS.

ABSTRACT OF AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT INDIANAPOLIS YESTERDAY—FREE SCHOOLS THE FOUNDATION OF AMERICAN STABILITY.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 1.—The Centennial year was ushered in at 12 o'clock midnight by the noisiest demonstration it was possible to make. At a given signal 100 strokes were sounded from the Fire Department bells, followed by a peal—"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow"—from the chimes of Christ Church. This was followed by the firing of a salute of 100 guns, the screeching of steam whistles, the shooting of pistols and fire-crackers, and other noisy demonstrations of joy. At 10 o'clock a meeting was held at the Academy of Music, at which Mayor Caven presided. After prayer by Rev. E. A. Bradley, Gov. Hendricks was introduced and addressed the assembly, briefly referring to the progress which the country had made during the past century, the population of which had grown from 3,000,000 to 40,000,000. He characterized emigration, which had contributed so largely to produce these results, as enterprising and courageous—an interest which had never been sufficiently valued. It was these features of enterprise and courage and intelligence which had given prominence to character, and swept across the colonial lines until they had made glorious the Pacific shore, and now American judgment governs from coast to coast, and American ideas and American sentiment predominate in every section. Two ideas were prominently advanced by the Governor as of special importance. While he would not say that American schools surpassed those of other countries, still the foundation was laid for a system of free schools which, within a quarter of a century, would surpass them. The free school must be regarded as the foundation of American stability, and the people must consider and treat as a foe any one who brings the system in controversy with a view of injuring its efficiency. Since its birth the country has borne itself proudly and successfully against its enemies; first, in the seven years, with Washington at its head, when it laid the foundation for future permanent government; then, in the foreign war; and, more recently, the test of civil war, which is the hardest for any Government to sustain, and in all these it came out with its institutions preserved and integrally sustained. In conclusion, he drew an eloquent picture of the manner in which American sentiment was recognized by other Governments, and that this sentiment, embraced in the one idea that the Government rests upon the consent of the governed, would eventually end in every man being free.

BY MAIL AND TELEGRAPH.

Gov. Tilden, Secretary Bigelow, and other State officers received calls yesterday.

The Manitoba Legislature will meet at Winnepeg for the dispatch of business on Jan. 18.

Timothy Dodd, said to be the oldest merchant of Boston, died yesterday, aged ninety-five years.

Ernest Plattsche walked off the Standard Sugar Refinery wharf, in Boston yesterday, and was drowned.

David Garvin, a prominent merchant of Fremont, Ohio, accidentally shot and killed himself yesterday.

Hon. W. J. Stone has been unanimously elected Speaker of the Kentucky House of Representatives.

The Eastern Railroad reconsiders, and will pay the interest on the Portsmouth and Dover Railroad stock.

The weather at Milford, Penn., was remarkably fine yesterday. The thermometer registered 62° in the shade at 2 o'clock this afternoon.

Solomon Converse, a middle-aged citizen of Orange, Mass., blew his brains out Friday with a shot-gun. Cause, domestic and financial troubles.

Frederick Hansen, a native of Denmark, was drowned Friday morning at South Pass, by falling overboard from the bowsprit of the pilot-boat Morgan.

Friday afternoon Allan McLane, of East Boston, was instantly killed in the Boston and Albany elevator, in that district, by being caught in the machinery.

Eckert Lineweber, a beer saloon keeper in Philadelphia, while discharging a revolver Friday night, accidentally shot a boarder named Conrad Schroder. The latter died last night.

Four well-known citizens of Hingham, Mass., have been arrested for perjury in swearing to a certificate that all of the capital stock of the Hingham Manufacturing Company had been paid in.

The Executive Council of Massachusetts yesterday, by a vote of 5 to 3, recommended Gov. Gaston to pardon Spence Pettis. In accordance with the recommendation the pardon will be granted.

By an accident at the Centennial buildings yesterday two workmen named Letrne and Wells were killed outright. Another, named George Smith, died at the hospital from injuries received.

Isaac H. Frothingham, Chief Clerk in the Stamp Department of the Boston Post Office, was arrested yesterday for embezzling stamps, and held in $6,000 bail by the United States Commissioner.

At 10 o'clock Friday night Mrs. Ritchie, aged eighty-four years, residing at No. 1,610 Richards street Philadelphia, was fatally burned, while in bed, by the bed-clothing taking fire from a lighted candle.

Application will be made to the Canadian Parliament, at its next session, for an act to incorporate a company to construct a railway tunnel under the Detroit River near Amherstburg, and for other purposes.

Treasurer Lappin, of Topeka, has given bail, and been released from arrest. He has not only given security for his appearance at the criminal trial, but has secured those who were on his bond as State Treasurer.

The cylinder-head of one of the engines of the Border City Mill, No. 1, at Fall River, was blown out Friday evening, causing damage to the amount of $3,000. Part of the mill will be closed till the damage is repaired.

Edward H. Johnson, a noted thief and express robber, has escaped from the Tennessee Penitentiary through means of bribery. He was sentenced for twenty-one years for robbing an express messenger in Memphis last February.

Charless Glassman shot James Kelley last night during a drunken row in a Buffalo saloon. Kelley's left eye is shot out, and he carries a ball in his head. He cannot recover, and it has not been decided best to remove him from the saloon.

The extraordinarily mild weather at Poughkeepsie still continues, and if it lasts two days longer navigation will again be open from New-York to Albany. Reports come from all points up the river that the ice is breaking up, and the ferry routes are open again.

A prize-fight which was arranged to take place at North Hanson, Mass., yesterday morning for a stake, between Michael Burns and George Wilkins, was prevented by the prompt action of the Plymouth County Police, the fighters and their friends being frightened away.

Miss Maggie H. Davis, daughter of Jefferson Davis, was married at St. Lazarus Episcopal Church this morning to J. Adison Hayes, Esq., Cashier of the State National Bank. Rev. George White, of Calvary Church, officiated, and was assisted by Rev. Churchill Eastin, Rector of St. Lazarus, in the presence of a very large congregation.

The hearing in the case of the Rutland Railroad Company vs. The Vermont Central Railroad Company, on the application for the possession of the Rutland road, or security for its rent during the pending litigation, was concluded at St. Albans yesterday, having occupied two days. The decision of Judge Royce is expected at an early day.

Col. Huntington, Special Agent of the Post Office Department, has been in Leavenworth for two days past investigating the charges against D. R. Anthony, Postmaster. The investigation was public, and after the evidence was taken, James F. Legate who preferred the charges, admitted that they were not sustained, and consequently withdrew them.

FRENCH POLITICS.

PARTY SCHEMES IN THE ASSEMBLY.

THE RIGHT CENTRE OVERREACHES ITSELF—A VICTORY FOR THE LEFT—HOW THE ANTI-ORLEANIST COALITION GREW INTO LIFE—THE RESULT OF THE MOVEMENT—RESIGNATION OF A DEPUTY.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, Monday, Dec. 13, 1875.

At the hour I write the ballot for Senators has once more opened at Versailles, and a few more will be turned out to-day. Eleven were made on Saturday. I do not know that I have given your readers a thorough understanding of the matter, but will venture upon a brief explanation, so that all may enjoy with us one of the most astounding political manœuvres seen in modern times. Let me premise by saying that the Orleanists are the enemies of the Bonapartists, and as every one acquainted with French politics must be aware, they kept up secret hostilities during the twenty years that their Princes were in exile and Napoleon III. Emperor of the French. Elected in the midst of disaster, when the people were disposed to hold the Empire solely responsible for the defeat of the nation, the present Assembly was largely composed of the members of the Opposition, or of Legitimists, Orleanists, and Orleano-Republicans. There were but five Bonapartists in the Chamber when it first met at Bordeaux. But since then, by the slow process of filling vacancies alone, the people have sent over thirty Bonapartists to the Assembly. The group now disposes of nearly forty votes. At first the Orleanists, confident in their strength and cleverness, were disposed to look with disdain upon the relics of the Empire, but when a Bonapartist reaction became apparent throughout the country, they began to think it time to look to their work. War upon the Bonapartists was then declared, and it has been waged bitterly ever since. The speech of Duc d'Audiffret, relative to war contracts, and the report of M. Savary upon the party organization, are facts pertaining to this war within the knowledge of all. And more recently the alliance was made with the Republicans for the sole purpose of excluding the Bonapartists from place and power. The coalition worked well for a time, but it came to an untimely end the moment the two allies had to apportion the share of each in the spoils. The Orleanists took the lion's share of the offices, and were very happy over the idea that their large part had been gained by their superior political cleverness. They laughed at the discomfiture of their good friends and allies of the Left, who had allowed themselves to be made the catspaw to haul the Orleanist chestnuts from the fire. This produced coolness, but no positive rupture. There was *optima spolia* yet in view. The Assembly had to elect seventy-five Senators, and doubtless the Orleanists would take occasion to make amends and give their Republican allies a fair share. But the Orleanists had succeeded in tricking their allies once, and meant to do it again. Hence, they held up the Bonapartist scarecrow, and told the Republicans that it was necessary now, more than ever, that they should stand by each other. And, besides, there were the followers of Henri V. who were trying to get into the Senate, and by all means they must be kept out as well as the Bonapartists. The Republicans were willing, and negotiations were opened for the formation of a coalition list of seventy-five.

COMPOSITION OF THE LISTS.

When the lists came in it was found that the Orleanists had arrogated to themselves seven-tenths of the whole numbers of candidates. The Republicans naturally refused to accept; they demanded not only one-half, but more than one-half, of the seats, and claimed them as a right. The Orleanists would not yield, believing that the Republicans would be forced to do so, and the coalition was thus broken up. The Orleanists then tried the Conservative dodge, and began to talk loudly about the dangers of a Radical Senate, and the necessity of reforming the Conservative Union. They went to their "good friends" the Legitimists and Bonapartists to propose terms. Another list was made out upon this basis, and the Orleanists were gracious enough to accord three seats to the Bonapartists and four to the Legitimists, keeping the rest of the seventy-five for themselves. Thus all parties had been tricked in turn, and while the Orleanists were looking for some other combination they found the other parties allied against them. The Bonapartists and Legitimists adopted the Republican list of Senators, and thus prevented the election of a single Orleanist. A party so completely routed and discomfited was never seen before. It was bitter and utter defeat. At the first news the Duc d'Aumale rushed up from Besançon, and in his wrath cut the Duc De Broglie in the Salle des Tombeaux. For two days Monseigneur has been hard at work trying to repair the defeat of his party, but at this moment things look very serious for the Orleanists.

A VICTORY FOR THE LEFT.

The Senators are elected by *scrutin de liste.* Six hundred and eighty-nine votes are cast into the urns, and in order to secure an election a candidate must have 345 votes. I have made a very careful examination of the figures thus far, and find that a candidate must be able to poll 317 votes in order to have a chance of getting in, and all below that number will be left out. The Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, the presiding officer of the House, was put upon the list of the Left and elected without opposition, but next to him came M. Martell with 344 votes and one blank vote, and below, down to 317, every candidate was upon the Republican list. The Orleanists saw by this that they were the victims of a coalition, and that the Legitimists and Bonapartists were voting for the Left. There were great rejoicings on the part of the latter. From the first ballot their victory was assured. The next morning, therefore, the first thing they did was to reward their allies and pay them a handsome compliment. Five Legitimists—five of the *chevau-légers*—were immediately elected, one member of the Right was chosen out of personal considerations, and all the rest belonged to the Republican list. Eleven more Senators were chosen on Saturday, and not one of them was on the list of the Orleanists. The tables were thus effectually turned upon this greedy party, and they have sustained one of the most crushing defeats of which I ever heard in political life.

THE GROWTH OF THE COALITION.

Naturally enough, after seeing their own alliance with the Republicans broken up, after trying in vain to form one with the other parties, they express unbounded indignation at the immorality of this proceeding. Their organs denounce the new alliance in unmeasured terms. But that has little effect, since each of the other parties finds its own revenge. Perhaps it may be interesting to tell how this coalition was brought about when all became convinced that they were being duped by the Orleanists. While the first ballot was going on Raoul Duval had a long interview with Gambetta, offering the votes of his group of Bonapartists in exchange for certain concessions. No seats in the Senate were demanded, for the Bonapartists refuse to be elected by the Assembly, and will have no Senators not chosen by the people, but the name of M. Limperani, to give an example of these concessions, must be erased from the Republican list. It was the Prefect of Corsica who had interfered with M. Rouher, and who had procured the removal of M. Forcciolli-Conti, Mayor of Ajaccio. Duval demanded that Limperani's name should be erased, and the name of M. de Saissy, a Legitimist, substituted for it. Some other details of the kind were demanded, all tending to punish the active enemies of the party. At the same time Jules Ferry was talking with Baron de la Rochette and the Duc de Gouvello, promising a liberal number of candidates to the extreme Right in exchange for the votes of that faction. But during these party interviews only the base of an understanding was arrived at, and it was agreed that there should be a caucus meeting of representatives from each party and group at the house of M. Jules Simon. The conference began at 11 o'clock and lasted until 3 in the morning. With regard to the Right the Republicans were extremely amiable. More seats were accorded than were really wanted, and Gouvello and Marquis de la Rochejacquelin, too young a man to be buried in the Senate, declined the seats offered to them. Baron de la Rochette took upon himself the negotiations with the Bonapartists, who demanded no seats for themselves but the erasure of some names from the list, and the Legitimists themselves should make the exclusion of Pastor Pressensée a *sine qua non.* Jules Simon agreed to the conditions and the compact was sealed. The sixty odd votes which the Legitimists and Bonapartists thus brought to the aid of the Republicans secured their victory all along the line. Mindful of the charges of disloyalty to friends brought against the Orleanists, the Republicans made a point of fulfilling at once the contract made with their allies. The names of Limperani and Pressensée were erased from the list of candidates, and the first thing done the next morning was the election of the *chevau-légers* agreed upon between the parties. The organ of the Orleans Princes thus comments upon this affair:

"Nothing in the world is more amusing than the language of the coalition journals, the organs of the coalition so honest, so moral, so patriotic, which has just been formed between the Lefts, the group of the Appeal to the People, and a certain number of deputies of the extreme Right. We read in the *Journal des Débats*: 'One compromises his dignity by giving himself up to intrigues when in political life, in playing the sharper when it is necessary to give the country an example of frankness and of patriotism.' Thus far the *Journal des Débats'* dignity, frankness and patriotism consist in making an alliance with the extreme Right and the Bonapartists, after having written a hundred articles accusing the Right Centre of having been too tender in dealing with these parties. The coalition of M. de la Rochette and Gambetta, of the Marquis de Franclieu and M. Jules Simon is presented to us as the triumph of morality, of dignity, of sincerity. Do you not find this the drollest thing in the world? The political comedy, when it reaches such a point, takes a veritable character of buffoonery."

These lines show clearly enough the embarrassment and the chagrin of the writer. The Orleanists have been beaten at their own game, and all their political finessing has only resulted in discomfiture.

A DEPUTY RESIGNS.

An incident occurred the other day which is worth noting; the Marquis de Plœuc, Director of the Bank of France, was insulted for having allowed his name to appear upon the list of the Left. On Saturday M. Martel was presiding, and read the following letter from the Marquis: "The diverse interpretations to which my course gave rise during the vote of yesterday forces me to resign my seat as a deputy." The Orleanists have hitherto connected M. de Plœuc as a member of their party, and they hurled some insolent words at him because his name was on the Republican list. He was so sensitive upon the point that he at once withdrew his name from the list, and that night sent in his resignation from the Chamber. Let me add, to close this subject for to-day, that the Orleanist candidates are distanced by from fifteen to twenty votes in every instance, and even the Duc de Broglie has fallen down to 309 votes, or eight below the lowest level of probable success. Thus we see the Right Centre more and more crushed in the struggle so maladroitly provoked by itself. Judge of the feelings of Gen. Duc d'Aumale as he watches M. Thiers, the minister of his father, go up to the urn and deposit a vote for the enemies of his house and his hopes."

THE WEATHER.

SYNOPSIS AND PROBABILITIES.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2—1 A. M.—Rain prevailed during Saturday in the lake region, and thence passed south-westward to Arkansas; partly cloudy and foggy weather prevailed on the Atlantic coast and in the Eastern Gulf States, with easterly to southerly winds, continued high barometer, and warm weather; light snow, northerly winds, and cold weather prevailed in Minnesota. The barometer is unusually low in the upper lake region and Upper Mississippi Valley. The rivers have risen rapidly between St. Louis and Memphis.

PROBABILITIES.

For the South Atlantic and Gulf States, partly cloudy and continued warm weather, with southerly to westerly winds, and falling barometer on the South Atlantic coast, and rising barometer and slight fall of temperature in the Gulf States.

For the New-England and Middle States, partly cloudy and continued warm weather during the day, with easterly to southerly winds, and falling barometer, followed by threatening weather and rain from Pennsylvania to Maine.

For the lower lake region and the Ohio Valley, generally cloudy weather and areas of rain, with southerly to west winds, increasing in force, followed by cooler, clearing weather and rising barometer during the night.

For the Upper Mississippi and Lower Missouri Valleys, cooler, partly cloudy weather, north-west to south-west winds, continued low barometer, with areas of rain and snow in the Upper Mississippi Valley and upper lake region.

For canal region from New-Jersey to Virginia, the temperature remain above freezing.

The Ohio will fall at stations above Louisville. The Mississippi will continue to rise at stations between St. Louis and Vicksburg.

Cautionary signals continue at Grand Haven and Milwaukee.

IN THIS CITY.

The following record shows the changes in the temperature for the past twenty-four hours, in comparison with the corresponding date of last year, as indicated by the thermometer at Hudnut's pharmacy:

	1875.	1876.		1875.	1876.
3 A. M.	11°	39°	3:30 P. M.	22°	55°
6 A. M.	10°	38°	6 P. M.	22°	50°
9 A. M.	12°	43°	9 P. M.	22°	48°
12 M.	17°	49°	12 M.	23°	50°

Average temperature yesterday....................46½°
Average temperature for corresponding date last year....................17¾°

LATEST NEWS BY CABLE.

SPAIN.

DEPARTURE OF THE CAPTAIN GENERAL OF CUBA—KING ALFONSO CONSULTING WITH HIS GENERALS.

MADRID, Jan. 1.—Gen. Jovellar, the new Captain General of Cuba, set sail from Cadiz yesterday, for Havana.

King Alfonso to-day had a long conference with Gens. Quesada and Martinez Campos.

A DECREE CONVOKING THE CORTES.

MADRID, Jan. 1.—A royal decree has been promulgated convoking the Cortes for Feb. 15. Deputies and Senators are to be elected by universal suffrage on this occasion only. The elections will commence on the 20th of January, in Spain. The decree further provides that the towns in Biscay and Navarre, which are free from the presence of hostile factions, shall elect Deputies and Senators for the parts of those provinces occupied by the enemy.

Another decree has been issued, imposing penalties upon the press for attacks upon the King, the royal family, and the constitutional monarchy, and instituting a tribunal, composed of three Judges, in each of the royal courts to try newspaper offenses.

GREAT BRITAIN.

RAIN-STORMS IN SCOTLAND—WORKING OF THE NEW JUDICIAL ACTS.

LONDON, Jan. 1.—Heavy rains have occurred in the northern parts of Scotland during the past few days. The rivers have been swollen, and large tracts of land inundated. The Loch Earn River has overflowed to an alarming extent, and the mills on its banks have all been compelled to stop.

The *Times* this morning, in an editorial, reviews the work of the High Court of Justice during the Michaelmas sittings under the new judicial system. The writer concludes that, on the whole, it is abundantly manifest that its working has already been highly beneficial, and when some temporary obstructions are removed and some defects remedied, the act is calculated to produce a most salutary improvement in the administration of justice.

FRANCE.

THE CANONIZATION OF JOAN OF ARC—THE STEAM-SHIP L'AMERIQUE.

PARIS, Jan. 1.—Bishop Dupanloup has gone to Rome to urge the canonization of Joan of Arc.

HAVRE, Jan. 1.—The derelict steam-ship L'Amerique, of the General Transatlantic Company, arrived here to-day, in tow, from Queenstown.

RUSSIA.

THE INSURGENTS IN CENTRAL ASIA—TROOPS TO BE SENT TO KHOKAND.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 1.—Numerous bands of Khokand insurgents are preparing to resume hostilities. Fresh troops will be dispatched to the scene of operations this month.

CUBA.

A MARINE DISASTER REPORTED FROM HAVANA.

HAVANA, Jan. 1.—The schooner Helen Sharp, in ballast from Barbados, for Key West, was totally wrecked on the night of the 21st of December at Key Confites. The crew were saved.

FOREIGN NOTES.

It is stated as probable that a grand gathering of English, Swiss, and German Protestants will be held at Geneva in the Spring.

There is said to be not a particle of truth in the report that Col. Valentine Baker, on the expiration of his period of confinement, will enter the Russian service.

The budget of New South Wales, recently published, shows a surplus of £1,500,000, and an increase of about thirteen per cent. in the revenue. Only thirty-five articles are taxed.

The King of Bavaria has bestowed the knighthood of the Order of Maximilian on Prof. Max Müller, who the other day resigned the chair of Comparative Philology at Oxford.

At Eton College the study of music has lately been made compulsory for all the boys in the fourth and higher classes. In the public schools of England it has been taught from the beginning.

A London correspondent of one of the Liverpool papers says that the Scots Fusilier Guards have received instructions to hold themselves in readiness to start for Egypt at twenty-four hours' notice.

The village of Danesmoor, near Clay Cross, is decidedly going ahead. Within one week it acquired a miners' lodge, an Odd-fellows' lodge, and a policeman; and the people are greatly excited over their progress.

The system of excursion trains was first devised by Mr. Henry Roberts Marcus, in England. That gentleman was killed the other day, at the age of seventy-two, by being run over by an engine attached to one of these trains.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* says the second brother of the Czar, the Grand Duke Nicholas, has been exiled to the Caucasus for four months, on account of his heavy indebtedness and disorderly life.

Signor Conto, a Spaniard, who lately returned home from this country, has been talking to the members of the press at Madrid, and informing them that if Spain fought, America would fall to pieces, so at least writes a Madrid correspondent.

Two nuns at Breisach, says a telegram to the London *Times*, accused of having attempted to prepare a young lady for the fraudulent exhibition of the Saviour's wounds, have been forbidden by the Baden Government to act as nurses or attend upon invalids.

The Swedish Government, acceding to the proposal of Great Britain, has enacted that British vessels purchased in British ports cannot obtain Swedish naturalization without evidence from the Board of Trade proving their seaworthiness according to British laws.

Two meetings of one of the London City companies were held recently to decide the knotty question as to whether an official on the occasion of a civic ceremonial should disport himself in a cocked hat or not. The holding of the two meetings, it is said, cost about £30.

The London *Globe* reports great activity in the English Government dock-yards. Designs for several new ships have recently been hurried forward, and the resources of the Government and of several private firms are to be devoted to the construction of the vessels.

An apology has been addressed by the Spanish to the French Government for a violation of French territory by a Spanish revenue cutter, which captured a French bark near Cerberes, in French waters. The commandant of the revenue cutter was dismissed from his ship.

The Duke of Cambridge, in the course of a speech the other day, said that the cost of the eighty-one-ton gun would be about £15,000, and every shot fired from it will cost £25. At this rate, war is becoming a luxury which impecunious nations will find it difficult to indulge in.

It is stated in a London paper that up to the present time only 700 persons in Great Britain have announced their intention to contribute to the Centennial Exhibition. The Queen has consented to send twenty of her pictures. The Royal Academy will allow each R. A. to send two pictures and each A. R. A. to send one.

MASKED BALLS.

THE COMING SEASON IN NEW-YORK.

WILL THE POLICE AUTHORITIES INTERFERE WITH THE AMUSEMENT?—EFFORTS TO HAVE THE EXISTING LAWS CHANGED—PAST BALLS AND THOSE THAT ARE TO COME.

"Masks or no masks" is a question which is just now agitating the minds of a very considerable portion of the ball-going population of the Metropolis. The Board of Police, after allowing masked balls *ad libitum* for a number of years past, has become suddenly aroused to the importance of enforcing the law as it stands—an intention which, if carried out, will place the popular Liederkrans and the Cercle Français de l'Harmonie balls very much in the position of *Hamlet* with *Hamlet* left out. Naturally the members of the societies are greatly exercised over the action of the Police authorities in forbidding the holding of their annual masquerades, and are devising means to secure the repeal or amendment of the law. With this view the Liederkrans have arranged to lay their case before the next Legislature soon after the opening of the session, and as the ball does not come off until Feb. 24th, they hope before that period to procure such a modification of it as will allow the use of masks, under certain restrictions. The Cercle Français, whose balls have always attracted such crowds of pleasure-seekers, have already fixed upon the 20th of January as the date of their festivity, and are therefore not confident of securing the needed amendment in time. Their ball, in every respect but the masks, however, will be a visible improvement on last year's brilliant pageant, and will be conducted with the strictest regard for good order and decorum. In the latter respect there has been a great improvement in the masquerades of this society during recent years, the ball of last year being especially noticeable for its superiority over the affairs of half a dozen years ago.

THE LAW ON THE SUBJECT.

The laws under which the Board of Police have prohibited the holding of masked balls are made up of three separate statutes, the first of which was passed some forty-six years ago and was considered obsolete. The cause of the passage of this law was a shooting affray at a masquerade in the Old Park Theatre in December, 1828, in which the assailant escaped detection by means of his mask. The affair created much excitement at the time, and lead to the passage by the Legislature in April, 1829, of the following law:

LAWS OF 1829—CHAPTER 270.

AN ACT for the Prevention of Masquerades, passed April 25, 1829.

The People of the State of New-York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. It shall not be lawful for any proprietor, manager, or keeper of any theatre, circus, public garden, public house, or place of entertainment, or any other place of public meeting, resort, or amusement whatsoever within the City or County of New-York, or within the village of Brooklyn, for admission to which any price shall be charged, to allow or permit in the same any masquerade, or masquerade-ball, or any assemblage of persons masked.

SEC. 2. ANY person offending against the provisions of this act in the City of New-York shall forfeit to the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of said City the sum of $1,000, and in the village of Brooklyn, to the Trustees of said village, the sum of $1,000, to be recovered in any court having competent jurisdiction.

The Legislature of this year seems to have been decidedly unfavorable to amusements of all kinds. Four days later (April 29, 1829,) it passed the Juvenile Delinquent act, by which all the theatres were compelled to pay $100 annually to the society of that name. At the time of the Anti-rent troubles in 1848-9, another act was passed for the purpose of breaking up the masked bodies of Anti-Renters who, in some localities, formed a sort of local kuklux. According to the leading clause in this act, "Every assemblage in public houses, *or other places*, of three or more persons, having their faces painted, discolored, concealed, or disguised in being otherwise disguised in a manner calculated to prevent them from being identified, is by statute declared to be unlawful, and every individual so disguised, present thereat, is to be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction to be punished by imprisonment." This act is so manifestly directed against the armed combinations then existing, and against them alone, that its appearance in the report of the counsel to the Police Board, by whom it is quoted as an authority against masked balls in general, has occasioned no little comment in legal circles. The friends of the "mask" claim that the wording of the act shows that it was never meant to refer to properly conducted masked balls, and point to the fact that in that very Winter and ever since, public and private masquerades have taken place in various parts of the State outside of the City without molestation on the part of the authorities. In 1859, however, an amendment to the law of 1829 was adopted, by which the holding of a masked ball in this city was made a misdemeanor, punishable by $2,500 fine and nine months' imprisonment. This amended act is said to have been passed through the efforts of a combination headed by the editor of a prominent sporting journal, who for personal reasons was opposed to the holding of a certain masked ball. However it originated, the amendment was passed, and for a time was successful in accomplishing its purpose. During the reign of prodigality which marked the last years of the war the masks began to reappear, and in 1865, '66, and '67 the Bal D'Opera's French balls, and other masquerades of a low order, degenerated into little better than drunken orgies. Through all these years the Liederkranz balls were kept up, and from a select order of character, attracted more and more attention, until they became the masked ball par excellence of the season.

BALLS OF PAST YEARS.

The "Liederkrans" of 1870 and 1871 were marvels of elaborate preparation, rich and elegant costumes, unique tableaux, and general gayety and good humor. In January, 1866, the "Cercle Français de l'Harmonie" was organized and gave their first ball. This was the first attempt to improve on the notorious "Closerie" masquerade, which always ended in debauchery. For the first few years the balls of the Cercle Français were characterized, in some respects, by objectionable features, the can-can being the usual finale, and the general tone of the entertainment being low. In time, however, and by continuous exertion on the part of the club, the character of the masquerades was greatly improved, and the ball began to grow in general favor. In the last ball, in January, 1875, a large proportion of the audience were of the most respectable classes, and the entertainment was unanimously pronounced by the press of the City to be superior to any preceding ball of the same society. A few years ago the Purim was one of the most popular of the old masques. As its name imports, it was held on the festival of the Jewish queen Purim in public hall, and was largely patronized by the most prominent members of the Hebrew faith in New-York. The festival of the "Purim" celebrates the eventful story of Queen Esther, and the adventures of those two typical characters Haman and Mordecai. At the season, which corresponds to the Carnival in Italian cities, one of the most popular of the stereotyped amusements is a species of out-of-door masquerade, in which parties of visitors in appropriate disguises go from house to house and pay the compliments of the season to their entertainers, the festivities culminating in a grand masked ball. The Purim balls were long justly celebrated for their select character, and formed one of the most agreeable in the array of masked balls which preceded Lent. They were discontinued, however, a few years since. Much feeling was engendered at the time by the arrest of a party of young maskers, several of whom belonged to the best Hebrew families, and who were taken from their carriage and locked up by order of Superintendent Kennedy. It was asserted that the maskers were disorderly; and although the charge was denied by the parties concerned and their friends, the occurrence threw a damper over the Purim festivities and led to the abandonment of the balls. The Purim is still celebrated, though in a private manner. The Arion Society, a sort of rival of the Liederkranz, was for years one of the most entertaining of the Carnival masked balls. During the Winter of 1868 the rivalry between the societies resulted in the production of two of the most magnificent balls ever given in New-York. The Liederkranz prepared a programme which embraced almost every variety of Carnival burlesque, and the Arion followed, a few days later, with a *mélange* of attractions which, in the judgment of many bore off the palm from the older society. On the latter occasion "The Great Tun of Heidelberg," "The Mock Menagerie," and "David and Goliath" were represented. One of the masked balls held at the Academy of Music in May, 1867, in aid of the Southern relief movement, was attended by hundreds of members of the first circles of society. The names of John Jacob Astor and Charles O'Conor were at the head of the list of the Committee of Arrangements, and the ball was under the direction of Mr. Theodore Moss. There were comparatively few masks present, and the ball, from its too exclusive character, proved a failure.

The first French opera bouffe ball was given on Jan. 3, 1870, at the old French Theatre, under the management of Mr. Eugene Dutschet, of the Bal d'Opera, Paris, and another person from the Jardin Mantille. The famous Closerie Quadrille Troupe and other attractions were present, and the ball was a success. The next year an attempt was made to lease the Academy for the purpose of holding the second *Bal d'Opera Bouffe*, but the Directors of the building refused. The Opera Bouffe Ball of last year, which was one of the most successful and well-conducted of its class, was held at the Academy on Jan. 20, 1875, under the auspices of the three opera bouffe companies then in the City—Soldene's, Aimée's, and Minelly's. The price of the tickets to the ball was fixed at $5, and the Academy was filled.

The season of 1875 was prolific of masked balls up to the very close. In fact, the projectors of this class of amusement seemed to scent the storm that was coming, and to be desirous of making all the hay they could while the sun shone. The Beethoven, Sangerunder, and Turners' Societies among the Germans, Les Amis de la Gaîté among the French, and other social organizations of no particular nationality, crowded to the front as the weeks hurried by, and held their annual masquerades in rapid succession. At the ball of the Cercle Français the novelties introduced were the Trouillat family, who danced *Les Oris Oris* and the *Fich ton-kan*, the mock Kalakaua reception, and a variety of other amusements. After the champagne, some of the gayer among the maskers formed a ring and attempted the "can-can," but the Police arrived in time to spoil the piece. At a late hour, prizes of valuable diamonds and jewelry were distributed by lot among the audience. This ball was one of the most brilliant ever given in the City, and was distinguished for the richness and variety of its costumes, as well as by the perfection of the arrangements, and the general good humor and gayety which everywhere prevailed. The price of admission ($10) had been doubled over that of previous years, and to this fact a large share of the success which greeted the enterprise was undoubtedly due. The total profits of the affair were currently estimated at $7,000. The German Liederkranz ball of last year took place on the 11th of February, and was one of the most elegant and delightful masquerades ever given by that society. Not only was the cavalcade of Prince Carnival superior in numbers and grotesqueness to anything of the kind that had gone before, but the series of *entr'actes* upon the stage comprised a variety of most amusing burlesques interminglied with well-arranged tableaux.

COMING BALLS.

The preparations of both the Cercle Français and the Liederkranz for their coming balls have been in no way abated by the adverse decision of the Police Commissioners. It was at first suggested that veils might be substituted for masks, but as the counsel to the board declares that any attempt at disguising the face is against the law, this will hardly be attempted. The Cercle Français are now limiting their endeavors to make the ball a fancy-dress affair, to which the most fastidious may go with impunity, so far as their sense of delicacy is concerned. The costumes already in preparation for this ball are of the richest and most tasteful description, and will embrace as heretofore every variety of masquerading character. The Committee of Arrangements have already secured the services of a troupe of Parisian dancers, who have been engaged expressly for the purpose, and who will render *Les Cocorons* and several other truly Parisian dances, which have never been seen in this country. Gilmore's mammoth orchestra of one hundred performers will furnish the music. The supper will be served in Nilsson Hall, and no pains will be spared to make the entire ball a fit successor to the one of 1875. The Liederkranz Society are also fully aroused to the necessity of keeping up their old-time reputation, and are taking ample measures to make Feb. 24, 1876, a day to be remembered in the annals of New-York masked balls. A Committee of Arrangements, consisting of twenty members, and presided over by ex-Mayor Gunther, has been appointed and are actively at work. As already stated, the committee are in favor of procuring such legislation as may be necessary to recover their ancient privileges, and for that purpose will visit Albany early in the session to urge the introduction of an act amendatory of the laws of 1828 and 1858. The price of tickets of admission admitting one gentleman and two ladies, will be $15. These tickets will be sold only to persons known to the committee, or who are vouched for by respectable citizens. There is no public sale of tickets, as at the French ball, and no tickets whatever are sold at the door. The design for the tickets was selected at a competition of engravers, and a prize of $50 awarded for the one finally adopted.

The cost of obtaining costumes for any of the masquerade or fancy dress balls has been and often is exaggerated. To the economically inclined, who prefer to hire their attire, the sum total of the expenses entailed, is comparatively low. For from $15 to $30, a handsome ball dress for a lady may be procured, and for from $10 to $20 a sufficiently elaborate costume for a gentleman. Indeed, dominoes and costumes of passable appearance may be hired as low as $5 or $8. For purchased dresses of a superior quality, the range is anywhere from $20 to $100. This is the case with historical characters like Charles I., Louis XIII., Elizabeth, Louis XIV., Francis I., Henry VII., and the courtiers, guards, &c., of their respective reigns. Those of the age of Louis XV. and XVI. are made of heavy velvets, and cost from $70 to $100. Dresses of the period of Charlemagne and the reign of Peter the Great are simpler and cheaper. The prices given above represent the average cost of first-class outfits. Of course, additional ornament to almost any sum can be procured. To "do" either the Liederkranz or the French ball in good style requires a total expenditure of from $100 to $300, according to the fancy of the ball-goer. This, of course, includes price of tickets, rent of costume hired, or cost, if purchased, supper, carriage to and from the Academy, kid gloves, and numberless et ceteras necessary on such occasions. In many cases it is cheaper to take a private box, which can be obtained for from $35 to $50, and go in plain evening dress as a spectator than to appear on the floor as a masquerader. The prosecenium boxes at the Liederkranz sell as high as $150 or $200, one of the number being reserved expressly for the stockholders. The multiplication of stockholders and indeed of all classes of persons claiming free admission on the ball night is something extraordinary. Managers of masked balls with considerable experience in the business have been known to place the number of "stockholders" in the Academy, at a moderate calculation, at 1,000, while the extraordinary increase of Deputy Sheriffs, detectives, parties "who want to see a friend," and others of that ilk is something marvelous. This year, however, extra precautions are to be taken, and the Paul Prys who manage to squeeze through without payment will be few and far between.

DOUGLASS AND LINCOLN.

A Washington letter from a lady correspondent to the Cleveland *Leader*, gives this little incident, in which Fred. Douglass and President Lincoln figured: "I asked Mr. Douglass for reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, a subject on which I never tire of hearing more. He replied by recalling the evening of the Second Inauguration ball. Mr. Douglass was not at the time a resident in Washington, but here to attend the inaugural ceremonies, and applied at the door of entrance, with a very light colored lady, Mrs. ——, of Philadelphia, under his escort. The whipper-anaper at the door would not know him, and ushering him for the colored attendant of a white lady, admitted her promptly, but mentioned him back. As he was inclined to remonstrate, the usher shoved him off toward a side door and closed it on him. He found himself, to his chagrin, shut out upon the pavement. Just then some one told the officious usher whom he had insulted, and, with many apologies, the man hastened to admit him. Almost the first head he saw looming up above the crowd was Mr. Lincoln's, and the latter seeing him also, called our, in his cheery, familiar voice, 'Come this way Fred Douglass, come here, I want to see you.' Then, grasping his hand, he said, 'I want to ask you what you said to that usher when he insulted you?' 'I saw you standing there in the mud while I was talking,' Mr. Douglass answered, 'President Lincoln it was an inspired hour.' Mr. Douglass then went on to rehearse to me some of the wonderful utterances of that inauguration speech that had burned themselves upon his brain. Continuing, he said, 'Mr. Lincoln then introduced me myself and Mrs. —— to Vice President Johnson at his side. Mr. Johnson scowled, then presently smoothed his face into civility; but I said to Mrs. —— as we walked away, 'That man is no friend to such as you and I.'"

SHELLEY'S DEATH.

The Pittsburg (Penn.) *Dispatch* prints a letter from a Western correspondent, in which it is said: "All who remember the incidents connected with the death of Shelley will call to mind the fact that, in accordance with instructions in the will of the poet, his remains were cremated by his friends—Lord Byron, Leigh Hunt, Capt. Trelawny, and Capt. Schenley—and that of these only the last is now living. The Captain could undoubtedly throw some light on the subject, inasmuch as it corresponds with his own theory and views of the loss of Shelley and his companion by the sinking of the yacht. Some twenty years ago, during one of the Captain's visits to Pittsburg, the writer, in conversation with the Captain upon the subject of the cremation, heard him express himself fully upon all of the incidents of the loss, the recovery of and the cremation of the remains. It is impossible, after this lapse of time, to remember all the details of the conversation, but as near as can be recalled it was to the effect that Shelley had been to some port in the Mediterranean to collect a draft of some three hundred pounds sterling, the proceeds of which he had with him in silver on board the yacht. Not any portion of this money was recovered with the boat; further, that Shelley had taken no pains to conceal the object of his trip, and that there were many in the port of Leghorn, who, like the dying sailor, would have undertaken the robbery for even a smaller sum than the amount specified. Capt. Schenley should be heard from on this topic, as the latest phase confirms his impressions, which are crudely given above. In the conversation alluded to, the Captain gave several incidents in support of his theory of the cause of the sinking of the yacht, but only the main statement can be recalled at present."

SCARLET FEVER.

A telegram from Fond du Lac, Wis., dated Dec. 29, says: "Scarlet fever appears to have taken a firm hold in this city since the recent wet spell. Children seem to be the victims almost exclusively. Forty-four of them have died the past five weeks. School-houses in several wards have been temporarily closed to prevent the disease from spreading. Mr. P. J. M. Ehlers, of the firm of Long, Ehlers & Co., wagon-makers, lost a nine-year old son on Christmas Eve, and another of eighteen months the following day, both from scarlet fever, and he has only his remaining three children are confined to bed by the same disease."

ATTEMPTED ABDUCTION.

The Bridgeport (Conn.) *Standard* says that a day or two ago as a little girl some six or seven years old, daughter of well-known parents, was going down State street in that city, a man came along in a buggy and endeavored to get the child into the buggy, but she cried and made such an ado that a gentleman and lady passing by on the other side of the street went over and rescued the child, and the man drove off.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Jefferson Davis is unable from previous engagements to address the Lee Benevolent Association of Mobile, but says in his letter: "It is very gratifying to me to know that those close ties and tender memories which are formed in times of a common danger and a common sacrifice are being preserved for the common benefit of the survivors and the honor of the dead."

SALMON IN NEW-YORK.

A LOOK AT THE GENERAL TRADE.

THE SALMON AS A TABLE FISH—ITS RIVAL THE POMPANO—WHERE OUR SUPPLY COMES FROM—FREEZERS AND REFRIGERATORS—THE MIRAMICHI—QUANTITY OF SALMON NEW-YORK USES.

As one of the component parts of a well-appointed feast, salmon seems to be a necessity. Should Prof. Baird, through the aid of Mr. Frank Buckland, ever succeed in introducing *Rhombus maximus* or the portly English turbot into our waters, this fish might be welcomed as a substitute.

If people who give fine dinners in New-York only knew, however, the superb qualities of the pompano, this fish would certainly occupy a lofty position in gustatory favor, as it is quite superior to either the salmon or turbot. The only trouble about the pompano is that since nature invariably puts up her most precious commodities in the smallest parcels, the fish is never caught of a very large size. A monster of a pompano rarely weighs over six pounds, the average being not more than two and a half pounds. Still, this paucity of bulk might be an advantage when guests were few; and even if the invited ones were numerous, a certain effect might be caused by the host saying to his major-domo, "bring us more pompanos, and keep bringing them." We would, however, particularly warn those of our readers who take such interest in the household columns of THE TIMES, and who make up their *menu* from its perusal, from fancying that the excellence of the pompano is ignored. Though the matter of what was best in fish was kept as a solemn secret by our Israelitish friends, who, as they secured the prizes in the market, laughed at the ignorance of the Christians, things good to eat very soon assert their position in the most positive way. You cannot go into Fulton market and buy your pompano as you would herring at a penny a piece. The pompano has a host of friends at no less than $1 a pound. Let us hope then that *Bothroloemus pompanus* will become cheaper in time. There is ground even for this belief, because every year more pompanos are caught, now that fishermen are looking for them, and it has been discovered that their habitat, which was supposed to have been only in the neighborhood of the Carolinas, has been found to have a more northerly range. Quite a school of pompanos were caught this fall off the Virginia capes, and even stray specimens were netted at Gravesend Bay in the immediate neighborhood of New-York. Not a year passes now but that, thanks to the United States Fish Commissioners, the range of fish fitted for man as food is discovered as existing in wider areas on our coast, and through Smithsonian reports the attention of fishermen is directed toward new harvests.

When the diner out during the present season dallies with his bit of salmon, enjoying its flavor and appreciating the handsome form of the fish, as, with its burnished sides, it rivals the brilliancy of the silver dish on which it reclines, the guest ought to be aware that that particular fish was swimming some six months ago in a New-Brunswick river. It might have been a Penobscot fish, but the chances are a thousand to one that the salmon in question was landed by a Blue-nose. It certainly was not a California fish, as the *Salmo quinnat* has not yet dislodged *Salmo solar* in public favor.

Though the fish is half a year old, it is quite as firm and good, and retains almost all the flavor it had when first caught. Unless you had hooked a salmon yourself in the Miramichi, and, with Sir Humphrey Davy's book in hand, had used his volume for a cook book as to the approved method of preparing a freshly-captured salmon, you never could tell the difference. The fish you are eating was caught in June or July in the provinces, and was refrigerated (this verb having been especially coined for the purpose) either at Bathurst, or at St. John, New-Brunswick, or in New-York City.

The use of refrigerating apparatus for preserving food, and particularly fish, has been thoroughly developed in the United States, and more especially in New-York. Briefly described, a freezer is a large double chamber, the walls between being filled with ice. There is another form of freezer, where the ice is introduced inside of metal columns into the cooling room. To place fish or anything to be eaten in immediate contact with the ice has been abandoned long ago. Besides being an expensive process, through waste of ice, although the alimentary substances are kept from decomposition the essential juices and flavors of fish, game, or meat are dissolved out and lost. There can be no doubt that, starting from the household ice-chest and ending with the Allegretti refrigerator, we have arrived at a great degree of excellence. The future cooling apparatus, depending upon a combination of chemical and mechanical forces, may be shortly expected, which will, perhaps, present advantages over older processes.

Great success in keeping fish is to be avoided. If the coagulation of albumen in a substance means that by heat something is being cooked, the cooling of fish or meat below normal temperatures exercises certain influences which, though perhaps not so fully understood, are still well defined. Possibly with intense cold animal tissue is rendered more and appreciable differences in taste and flavor occur. Returning to the preservation of salmon, these fish are kept at an even temperature, about 20°, and never higher or lower. Should a fish abounding with fat be placed in a lower temperature, a portion of the natural oil of the fish exudes to the surface, and the fish becomes less rich. The reason for this we do not think difficult of solution. As the fish gets hard and possibly contracts, the fat is pressed out. As salmon are very beautiful objects in themselves, the conservative element goes even further. The salmon are not only wanted sweet and sound, but they must retain their good looks. A very ingenious method has been resorted to by Mr. Piper, of Bath, Me., by which the gills are kept perfect. We suppose the secret consists in dipping the salmon as soon as it is caught in a thin solution of gelatine, which, acting as a varnish on a picture, keeps every scale in exact position, and prevents any accidental abrasion of the salmon's coat of mail when he is refrigerated. The refrigeration of fish is carried on to a large extent in New-York, with all kinds of Summer fish, so that blue-fish, Spanish mackerel, pompano, fresh mackerel, and sheepshead are presented in excellent form during the Winter. There is but one exception in regard to the keeping over of the general run of the choicer kinds of fish, and this is the brook trout. *Salmo fontinalis*, though it might come to New-York in bushels and pile the market, and have to be thrown away, can find no purchaser, for by the laws he could not be exposed for sale in Winter. Brook trout are privileged fish, and may not be embalmed. Why a fish-dealer should not purchase trout in the season when they are plenty and refrigerated (under, if you please, the very eyes of a proper officer of the very excellent Society for the Protection of Game, the number of fish turned over for distribution in Winter, we cannot say. Though the law as it reads is plain and admits of no other interpretation, forfeiture and fine being inflicted on any fish-dealer having trout on sale during the close season, the statute appears to us as one in opposition to common sense.

When visiting one of the large freezing establishments in this City, any specimen of choice fish in the ichthyological bill of fare can be presented. As you drop the fish on the floor it rattles like a bit of wood, and recalls the *papier-maché* fish used by Mr. Fox when he went into the theatrical market and robbed the fish-wives. At the Centennial Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, of Fulton Market, Chairman of the Board on the Fish Products of the Country, will exhibit a refrigerated collection of all the edible fish peculiar to the United States.

The demand for fresh salmon in New-York is constant, and we consume and distribute about 205,000 pounds of this fish a year. This large quantity is mainly supplied by three different dealers—Messrs. Brown & Sealy, of Boston; Mr. Piper, of Bathurst and St. Johns, and by Mr. Croker, of Derby, on the Miramichi. Saratoga alone, during the Summer, uses some thirty-six thousand pounds of salmon, the Grand Union Hotel running up a daily bill at one time of $367 for fish alone, of which fresh salmon is the most important item. About eight thousand dollars for the season is what a first-class hotel at Saratoga will expend on fish. A large hotel like the Windsor, in this City, will buy regularly $1,000 worth of fish a month, the consumption being greatest for salmon and the higher grades of fish.

From the best information 124,000 of salmon comes to New-York from New-Brunswick, and 80,000 from Nova Scotia, Canada, and other sources. The Penobscot fish rarely find their way to New-York, Boston taking them all. Prices vary in New-York from twenty-five cents to seventy-five cents a pound, the fish being cheapest about the 4th of July. Salmon are shipped from the provinces in boxes, containing fourteen fish, and are iced three times in transit. Mr. Piper refrigerates his fish at New-Brunswick; other dealers forward their fish to New-York during the Summer, where they are bought by the leading dealers, and put away in the freezer against Winter consumption. The Miramichi, from whence of late the bulk of salmon are coming, is a river of New-Brunswick, emptying into the Bay of Chaleurs, (called perhaps a warm bay because it is a very cold one,) and having innumerable branches, designated as the north-west and south-west branches. About the 20th of May salmon commence running, but are not caught in quantity, the fishing really beginning toward the close of the month, or early in June, continuing on until the 15th of August. The runs of salmon are sometimes apparently fortnightly, but are often continuous. The May run of fish is smaller in weight of individual fish than those ascending the river in June. In July the fish become darker, and in August the color of the back is dusky, the salmon having the peculiar spots on the head well developed.

No fish is more curious than the salmon as to his protean appearance, as he passes through his various stages of existence, as the parr, the smolt, the adult fish, and the kelt. Not a great many years ago different species were made out of the same kind of fish. It is indeed probable that on the Pacific Coast, where innumerable varieties have been signaled, in time the present confusion there may be wonderfully simplified. When the adult vigorous salmon, who has been in the sea, not far perhaps from the mouth of the river where he was born, ascends the stream to reproduce his kind, his handsome head and well-rounded body, the perfect symmetry of fish form, changes. On his head an ugly hook is formed descending from his upper jaw, which works a depression into the lower jaw. He is no longer handsome, but ugly. Perhaps nature has designed it so, that this blunting of his nose and hiding of his teeth may prevent the fish from exercising certain ferocious instincts belonging more or less to all the salmonida, which might do harm to others of his species during the spawning season. It may be that this peculiarity of head is a forced physical deformity, caused by the fish striking against obstacles in his way, as he leaps and struggles ever onward up the rapid stream, led by a blind instinct which makes him ascend to the rapids above, seeking some dark pool where years before he first swam as a fingerling in the quiet waters. If, as theology and science tell us, the water was first formed, and its inhabitants were the oldest, perhaps in time to come many astounding discoveries will be made as to the permanence or mutation God's creatures have undergone, and future cosmical ichthyologists will give us the many secrets of the denizens of the seas and rivers. No fish would be so much in size as the salmon, positive weights being restricted to certain rivers. In the Miramichi, in June, salmon will weigh about eleven pounds; in July twelve and a half, and in August eleven pounds again.

This year has been an exceptionally poor one for salmon, while last year was a famous one, as many as 150,000 fish of ten pounds each having been caught in Nova Scotia in 1874. Fishermen in the Miramichi are generally able to count with a good deal of certainty on the probable results of fishing in a coming year, and Mr. Croker, of the Miramichi, informs, us that from the large run of young salmon, the smolts of this year when they come back in 1876 the catch will be a good one. For those fond of salmon, or predisposed to extra feasting during the centennial year, this may be most cheering news. At the height of the season on the Miramichi as many as 3,000 fine salmon have been landed in a single day, and one party of fishermen have secured in their nets 900 good fish, for which seventy-five cents to one dollar per fish has been paid. When the inquiry was made as to whether salmon are scarcer now than in former years, the answer was given that, taking the average of years, the quantity of the catch seems undiminished. This good result is undoubtedly due to the great care taken by Messrs. Whitcher and Wilmot, the Canadian Fish Commissioners. The cry so frequently heard of the scarcity of certain kinds of fish may often be but relatively true. The fact is often overlooked that, while the stock of fish remains about constant, the number of people wanting to eat them is always on the increase. If, then, at present fish flourish they would, if left to accept the supply at its normal condition, they are achieving wonders. We must be satisfied as yet with simple conservatism. If, after a while, practical and scientific ichthyologists succeed in increasing the number of fish, their labors will be worthy of the highest commendation.

Formerly New-Brunswick carried on a large business in canning salmon, but the enormous development of our salmon fishery on the Pacific Coast has almost killed the provincial business. It may indeed be called a colossal enterprise when a single man, Mr. Booth, puts upon the Pacific side of this country 48,000 boxes of canned salmon, each box containing four dozen of two-pound cans of fish, or sending alone into the market a total of 2,304 tons of prepared salmon. There is an often-repeated story, which later research has cast great doubts upon, about Scotch apprentices refusing to eat salmon. Perhaps on the Oregon rivers the Chinese workmen mostly employed in preparing the fish may indeed turn up their noses when requested to eat salmon.

A JOURNALIST ON TRIAL.

M. DE CASSAGNAC IN COURT—AN ATTEMPTED GOVERNMENT PROSECUTION A FAILURE.

The Court of Assizes of the Seine was occupied yesterday (says *Galignani's Messenger* of Dec. 15) with the case of M. Paul De Cassagnac, proprietor of the *Pays*; M. Piel, gérant of the same, and M. Tarbé-des-Sablons, principal editor of the *Gaulois*, on a charge of exciting to hatred and contempt of the Government. In November the first-named defendant, in compliance with an invitation addressed to him, attended a private meeting at Belleville, and made a speech explaining the political views which he is known to entertain. The next day the principal part of the Paris press commented on his language, and the *Gaulois* published a full report of the address, which was reproduced in the afternoon by the *Pays*, so that in the evening both journals were seized, and the present proceedings ordered by the law authorities.

Yesterday, after the defendants had mentioned their names, calling, &c., M. Piel was first interrogated, and he declared that M. De Cassagnac had furnished him with a copy of the inculpated matter, but, that seeing it in the *Gaulois*, he had simply cut it out and reprinted it. M. De Cassagnac, in his turn, stated that he could not conceive that the accusation against him was serious; as to charge him with glorifying riot was simply preposterous, since he had always combated it most energetically, as he had always belonged to the great Conservative Party; he was said to have attacked the Government, but no one had ever more firmly supported Marshal De MacMahon—he had sworn fidelity to the President, and he never forgot an oath; he never had an idea of attacking the Republic, which, moreover, was not likely one day to be attacked by the Republicans and defended by those who are not of that opinion; he was quite aware of the real object of the prosecution—to deprive him of his political rights just before the elections, in case his fellow-countrymen should think of offering him a candidature; but he had confidence in the justice and sound judgment of the jurymen; if they were his friends they would, of course, acquit him, and if his foes they would do the same, for they were too honorable not to leave the tribune free, even to their opponents. The presiding Judge, M. Dumas, called on M. De Cassagnac to explain what he meant by his allusion to the motive which had prompted the prosecution. The defendant declared that he referred to the phrase of prosecution, which certainly could not apply to any text of law. M. Grandperret then addressed the court at considerable length in favor of M. Tarbé-des-Sablons, dwelling particularly on that gentleman's well-known Conservative opinions. At the end of the learned gentleman's pleading the President called on M. Lachaud to speak for M. De Cassagnac. "I will wait, Monsieur le President," was the reply, "until M. De Luffonberg, the Procureur General, shall have replied to M. De Grandperret." As the Government officer remained silent, M. Lachaud declined saying anything. The President then charged the jury, who retired in due course to deliberate. After an absence of half an hour they returned and delivered a verdict of non-culpability on all the counts. M. De Cassagnac and the other defendants were, in consequence, declared to be at full liberty, without costs.

A DEAF MUTE'S PRAYER.

The Norwich *Bulletin's* Mystic correspondent says: "A beautiful incident is related to us which occurred only a few days ago in the Home school to teach mutes articulation and lip-reading at Mystic River. Miss P., an interesting graduate of one of the oldest institutions for the education of deaf mutes, having a desire to learn to speak and to read the lips of her speaking friends, was recommended by her old principal to try Mr. Whipple's school, and she entered it last term. She made rapid progress, and was much aided by the natural alphabet, the invention of her new teacher. This alphabet curiously suggests sound, or the right positions of the organs to utter sound, as well as form; and whenever a mute pupil can read and write it, he or she can generally give any of the forty sounds of our difficult language with great precision and discrimination, and often with remarkable correctness. This young lady, filled with enthusiasm at every step, mastered the alphabet with little difficulty, and one day came to her teacher with something written on her slate, which she asked him to correct, her mind being agitated with emotion. It proved to be the Lord's Prayer, put in the language of articulation. Perceiving her agitation the teacher could scarcely restrain his own tears as he corrected the few unimportant errors of pronunciation and delicately returned it. The next morning the lady came exultingly to her teacher, exclaiming, 'I prayed last night for the first time in my life with my voice, and neither of them could restrain their emotions. He ventured to ask her if she had never prayed before. 'Oh, yes; I have thought my prayers, but I never spoke them before.' 'My lips shall praise Thee, O God.' 'Attend the voice of my prayer.' 'Attend the voice of my supplications, O Lord.' The earnestness and satisfaction of the devout mute, who had now realized one of the bright dreams of her life, admitted no question, and called for more proof, if she was something of a literalist in her interpretations."

CHURCHES AND MEETING-HOUSES.

The Hartford *Churchman*, an Episcopal Church paper, says: "No edifice can properly be called a church which is under any indebtedness, or even liable to become so. For the word 'church' means 'the Lord's house.' The derivation of the word shows this. Therefore, it is not a building which is wholly or in part owned by man. It is now, we believe, quite seven years since a church has been consecrated in the City of New-York. Wealthy as the church is in that wealthy City, the members of some of her parishes have shown their lack of earnest zeal, and committed the grave blunder of building places of worship and leaving them unpaid for. It is an example which ought not to be set, and still less ought it to be imitated. Not one of the buildings to which we refer is, properly speaking, a church. The old Puritans refused to call their houses of worship churches, but named them meeting-houses. What they would not do, many parishes now cannot do. Some of the finest structures in the land to-day are simply meeting-houses. Alas, that the churchs' members are not zealous enough for the Lord's honor to make them churches!"

INDIAN SPORTS.

SCENES ON THE ROYAL TOUR.

A DIM REFLECTION OF ANCIENT SPECTACLES—ELEPHANTS, RHINOCEROSES, AND BUFFALOES IN COMBAT—SERIO-COMIC ENCOUNTERS AND PAINFUL SIGHTS.

Writing from Baroda on Nov. 21, the special correspondent of the London *Daily News* with the Prince of Wales sends the following:

"The afternoon of Friday was devoted to the spectacle of serio-comic combats between animals—we can hardly call them wild beasts—in an arena constructed for the purpose in the immediate vicinity of one of the palaces of the Gaekwar. The way to this arena lay through the heart of the bazaars of the town, and through the arches of the many gateways which appear intended to subdivide the town into so many distinct and isolated districts. Baroda, in so far as variety of color goes, is a more picturesque city than Bombay. The people wear garments in comparison with which Joseph's coat must have been sombre; the fronts of the houses, carved and fantastic, are gaudily painted in all the colors of the rainbow. Just outside the arena we came casually on what I suppose may be called the menagerie—an open shed, into which there is free access from the street—indeed, there is what seemed to me a thoroughfare through it. The incautious wayfarer who, in the darkness, drifted—as he might easily do—into this open pandemonium, would find himself, to put it mildly, in a highly unpleasant situation. Entering carelessly in ignorance of the arrangements, or rather want of arrangement of the place, I recoiled with considerable precipitation as a huge tiger made a spring at me to the end of his chain, just as you see a watch dog make a dash at a vagrant. The brute was fastened to an upright by a chain attached to a powerful collar round his neck, and there was a second fastening of strong rope girthing his loins; but he was free to move within the radius of these tethers, and very swiftly he knew how to move. Under the same roof, fastened in a similar manner, there lay sullenly prostrate on the hot sand a couple more tigers, which languidly raised their heads, and blinking owlishly, growled sulkily in an undertone of echo to the roar of their more alert companion. To a post in a corner was fastened a huge, but maneless, Kattywar lion, tawny, grim, muscular, licking the sand from his hot lips as he lay panting. In another shed are yet two fiercer tigers, huge glaring demons, the very incarnations of unquenchable ferocity. One is under a sort of massive hencoop, fastened down with collar, chains, and ropes around loins; but, in spite of his trammels, he is pawing up the sand all over his body, while he plainly quivers in the throes of furious impatience. A little distance from him in a strong, small cage, only just large enough to hold the beast, is a tiger so fierce and malign that he is lashed down and chained so effectually that he cannot move a limb. You may see the great muscles working under the skin tentatively but impotently; his tail waves to and fro; his chest and throat are in a state of perpetual purr, his lurid eye flashes baleefully; low muttered growlings roll over the foam-flecked lips. 'A very bad brute,' remarks the native keeper in broken English—a worse brute, a more utterly malignant and fiendish-ly-fierce devil in brute form, not the most vivid nightmare ever conjured up. Beyond these, in another compartment, are the cheetahs or hunting leopards, daintily speckled, supple, sleek, smooth, and lissome—tame, seemingly, as house cats, yet slyly treacherous, for feline nature never utterly belies itself, and the snap and snarl with which one turns on the hand that would stroke it proves its innate ferocity. This curious menagerie is obviously a place of public resort, and a number of women stand gossiping in groups around the wild beasts.

From the menagerie into the arena is but a few steps, and as we enter the open gateway there lies before us a *coup d'œil* of singular interest and novelty. The spacious parallelogram is inclosed within lofty white walls, pierced with arches, some of which lead to the stables and dens; others, smaller, are mere escape holes. In the centre of the parallelogram is a circular erection used also as a refuge place. All round the arena, on the summit of the white walls, is a bright belting of color, where the spectators have gathered on the elevated platforms. There are clusters of color in the tiers of galleries projecting from the buildings that rise above the walls, and on the very house-tops. The bright scene lies as in a setting within an embossoming cordon of the green foliage of the surrounding trees, beyond which are visible the glass-like face of a mighty tank, with the abruptly-scarped contour of the massive fortress-mountain of Pawaughur far away on the horizon in a blue shimmer of sunlight; while smiling in the broad middle distance lie the fertile plain of Baro

CURRENT LITERATURE.

A GERMAN "BAD."

BY LADY VERNEY.

Deep within a narrow valley lies a busy little town,
While set as for its coronet, each mountain bears a chapel crown.

Every tongue on earth that's spoken, in that Babel mingled go,
Those whose characters are broken, those whose lives are as white as snow.

Some for pleasure, some for play, ever marching to and fro—
Sick and well and grave and gay—up and down the crowd doth flow.

Through the valley runs a river, bright and rocky, cool, and swift,
Where the wave with many a quiver, plays around the pine-tree's drift.

But within the town the streamlet forms a clear and shallow pool,
Each detail reflected clearly, down amidst its shadows cool.

All the men, and all the houses—all the hanging flower-pots,
Booths and bonnets, beards and blouses, and the Baroness De Kotz.

And the gray cliffs overhanging, and the grim and solemn pines,
Whose forests with their mighty shadows, close us in with dark green lines.

All—except the cross which towers, high aloft into the sky,
Alone upon that mountain summit, as its Master here did die.

For the mirror was too narrow, and could not the whole contain,
So it took the lower portion, left out what o'er all should reign.

And methought our living mirrors, in that busy little town,
Gave back all that eager bustle, to and fro, and up and down.

Faithfully we there reflected, all the chatter, all the noise,
All the talk on one another—all the flowers, all the toys.

Only we left out the presence, and forgot the thought of Him
Whose calm and holy memory, in our hearts should ne'er grow dim.

Like an old Italian picture—where the men and women sit,
Unconscious of the glorious vision, which above their heads doth flit.

So the upper, better portion of our picture heeding not,
Broken, selfish, narrow, trivial—life becomes in that sweet spot.
—*Good Words.*

ADIEU.

[From the French of Honore de Balzac.]

TRANSLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE TIMES.

PART I.

"Come, Deputy of the Centre, forward! You must move faster if we are to be at the table at the same time with the others. Make haste! Jump, Marquis! There; well done! You leap over the furrows like a regular stag."

These words were spoken by a hunter who was peacefully seated at the edge of the forest of the Ile-Adam, and smoking a Havana cigar while waiting for his companion, who had evidently been wandering for a long time in the depths of the forest. At his side four panting dogs were, like himself, watching the person whom he addressed. That his remarks were jocose was evident from the fact that his companion was a short, fat man, whose prominent stomach compelled attention to his appropriately ministerial plumpness. Thus he measured painfully the furrows of a newly-reaped field, the stubble of which interfered seriously with his progress, while, as an additional annoyance, the rays of the sun, which fell obliquely on his face, brought out great drops of sweat. Absorbed by the effort to keep his equilibrium he pitched forward and backward like a severely jolted carriage. It was one of those September days which ripen the grapes with torrid heat. The weather presaged a storm. Although numerous large blue spaces were yet visible near the horizon of great black clouds, there were also visible white fleecy clouds, which, advancing with alarming rapidity, were stretching a light grayish curtain from west to east. The breeze was stirring only in the upper regions of the air, and the weight of the atmosphere kept the heated vapors of the earth from rising. Surrounded by high woods which shut out the air, the valley which the hunter was crossing had the temperature of a furnace. Hot and silent, the forest seemed to thirst. The birds and the insects were mute, and the tops of the trees hardly moved. Those who retain some recollection of the Summer of 1819 should be able to understand the sufferings of the poor Deputy, who was sweating blood and water in his efforts to rejoin his mocking companion. The latter, while smoking his cigar, had calculated by the position of the sun that it was about four o'clock in the afternoon.

"Where the devil are we?" said the big hunter, wiping his forehead and leaning against one of the trees in the field opposite his comrade; for he did not feel strong enough to leap the wide ditch which separated them.

"And you ask me such a question!" responded the smiling sportsman lying on the tall yellow grass which crowned the slope, and he threw the end of his cigar into the ditch. Then crying, "I swear by St. Hubert that no one shall induce me to venture myself again in an unknown country with a magistrate, even if he be like you, my dear D'Albon, an old college comrade."

"But, Philip, don't you understand French any longer? You must have left your wits in Siberia," replied the fat man, casting a comically dolorous glance toward a sign-post which stood a hundred feet distant.

"I understand," answered Philip, seizing his gun. He sprang up, leaped at one bound into the field, and ran toward the sign-post. "This way, D'Albon, this way; face half way to the left," cried he to his companion, pointing out to him by a gesture a wide-paved road. *The road from Baillet to Ile-Adam,* repeated he. "Now we shall find in that direction the road to Cassan, which must branch out from the Ile-Adam road."

"You are right, Colonel," said M. D'Albon, replacing on his head the cap with which he had been fanning himself.

"Forward, then, my respectable Judge," replied Colonel Philip, whistling to the dogs, which already seemed to obey him better than the magistrate to whom they belonged.

"Do you know, Marquis," remarked the soldier, "that we have yet more than two leagues to do? That village which we see there must be Baillet."

"Good heavens!" cried M. D'Albon. "You may go to Cassan if you want to, but you will go alone. I prefer to wait here, in spite of the storm, till you send me a horse from the chateau. You have been playing a joke on me, Sucy. We were going to have a nice little hunting excursion—not going away from Cassan, but hunting in a region which I am familiar with. But instead of amusing ourselves, you have made me course like a hound since four o'clock in the morning, and we have had nothing for breakfast but two cups of milk. Ah! if ever you have a case in court I will make you lose it, even if you are a hundred times right."

The discouraged hunter sat down upon the stone pedestal of the sign-post, laid aside his gun and his empty game-bag, and heaved a long sigh.

"France! these are thy Deputies!" exclaimed the laughing Colonel De Sucy. "Ah! my poor D'Albon, if you had been, like me, six years in the depth of Siberia—"

He did not finish his remark, but raised his eyes to heaven, as if his sufferings were a secret between God and himself.

"Come! march!" he added. "If you remain seated you are lost."

"What can you expect! Philip. It is a magisterial habit. Besides, I am knocked up. And yet, if I had only killed one hare!"

The two sportsmen presented such a contrast as is rarely met. The Deputy was forty-two years old, and he did not seem to be more than thirty; while the soldier, who was thirty, looked to be at least forty. Both were decorated with the red rosette, the badge of an officer of the Legion of Honor. Some locks of hair of mixed black and white, like a magpie's wing, escaped below the Colonel's cap, while handsome blonde curls ornamented the magistrate's temples. The one was tall, dry, thin, nervous, and the wrinkles of his pale face betrayed terrible passions or frightful sufferings. The other's countenance was beaming with health, jovial, and befitting an epicurean. Both were much sunburned, and their high gaiters bore the marks of every ditch and every marsh which they had crossed.

"Come on," cried M. De Sucy. "Forward! After a short hour's walk we shall be at Cassan, seated at a good table."

"You can never have loved," rejoined the Judge, with a laughably piteous air; "you are as pitiless as article 304 of the penal code."

Philip De Sucy trembled violently. His broad forehead wrinkled; his face became as sombre as was the sky at that moment. Although the memory of a hideous grief contracted all his features he did not weep. Like many men of power, he knew how to force down his emotions to the bottom of his heart, and felt, perhaps, like most pure characters, that there was an immodesty in unveiling griefs the depths of which no human speech could express, and that the mockery of those who are unwilling to comprehend them is to be shunned. M. D'Albon was one of those who quickly divine the pain, and have a keen sense of the emotion, which they have unintentionally caused by some awkward remark. He respected the silence of his friend. He arose; forgot his fatigue, and followed silently, full of remorse at having touched a wound which evidently had not yet healed.

"Some day, my friend," said Philip, pressing his hand, and thanking him for his mute penitence by a pathetic look—"some day I will tell you the story of my life. To-day I know not how."

They walked on in silence. When the sadness of the Colonel seemed to disappear, the Judge's fatigue returned, and with the instinct, or rather the will, of a tired man, his eye pierced the depths of the forest. He interrogated the tree-tops and examined the paths, hoping to discover some shelter where he could ask hospitality. Reaching a cross-road, he fancied he saw a faint smoke rising among the trees. He stopped, gazed earnestly, and recognized, in the midst of a thick piece of woods, the dark green branches of pine trees.

"A house! a house!" he shouted, with the pleasure with which a sailor cries "land!"

Then he rushed quickly through a dense thicket, while the Colonel, who had fallen into a profound reverie, followed him mechanically.

"I would rather find an omelette, some home-made bread, and a chair here than go to Cassan for divans, truffles and Bordeaux wines."

These words were an enthusiastic exclamation drawn from the Judge by the sight of a wall, the light tint of which shone in the distance against the brown background of the gnarled trunks of the forest.

"Oh! this looks to me like some old priory," added the Marquis D'Albon, on reaching an ancient black iron gate, through which he could see, in the midst of a large park, a building constructed in the style formerly used for monastic buildings. "How well those rascally monks knew how to choose a situation!"

This new exclamation expressed the astonishment which so poetic a hermitage awakened in the magistrate. The house was situated on a declivity on the other side of the mountain, whose summit is occupied by the village of Nerville. The great century-old forest oaks which formed an immense circle around the house made for it a genuine solitude. The side of the house inhabited by the monks had a southern exposure. The park seemed to include about forty acres. Near the house there stretched a green lawn, beautifully diversified by sparkling brooks and sheets of water skillfully disposed without any appearance of artificiality. Here and there were green trees of elegant form and varied foliage. Rock-work, deftly arranged; majestic terraces, with dilapidated steps and weather-beaten railings, impressed a peculiar character upon this savage Thebaid. Art had there joined its efforts to the most picturesque effects of nature. It seemed as if human passions must die at the foot of those grand trees, which shut out the noise of the world from this retreat, while they tempered the heat of the sun.

"What disorder!" said M. D'Albon, after having enjoyed the sombre expression which the ruins gave to a landscape seemingly blasted with a curse. It was like an uncanny place, abandoned by men. The ivy had everywhere stretched out its sinuous nerves and spread its rich mantle. Mosses, brown, green, yellow, and red, spread their romantic tints over the trees, the roofs, and the stones. The worm-eaten windows were rotted by rain and racked by weather; the balconies were broken down, the platforms demolished. Some of the blinds were held only by a single hinge. The ricketty doors could have offered no resistance to an intruder. The neglected fruit-trees, overgrown with clinging and shining mistletoe, stretched far out their barren branches. High grass grew in the paths. This ruinous disorder gave to the landscape the effect of a fascinating poem, and filled the soul of the beholder with dreamy reveries. A poet admiring a disorder so full of harmony, a destruction not wanting in grace, would have been plunged into a long melancholy. At this moment the sun's rays shone through the breaking clouds and lit up with a thousand hues the half savage scene. The brown tiles shone, the mosses sparkled, the dead colors awoke, the sharp contrasts became more salient, the leaves defined their shapes in the brightness. Suddenly the light vanished. The landscape, which seemed to have spoken, became silent and sombre, or rather soft as the softest tint of an Autumn twilight.

"This must be the palace of the Sleeping Beauty," said the Judge, who now looked at the house merely with the eyes of a property-holder. "Who can it belong to? Surely he must be a fool not to live on so beautiful an estate."

Just then a woman sprang out from beneath a walnut tree standing at the right of the gate, and noiselessly glided before the Judge as swiftly as the shadow of a cloud. The vision made him dumb with surprise.

"Well, D'Albon! what is the matter with you?" demanded the Colonel.

"I am rubbing my eyes to find out whether I am asleep or awake," replied the magistrate, leaning over the gate to catch another glimpse of the phantom.

"She is probably under that fig tree," he remarked to Philip, pointing to the foliage of a tree that rose above the wall on the left of the gate.

"Who is *she*?"

"Ah! perhaps I am now going to find out," replied M. D'Albon. "A strange-looking woman has just risen up before me;" he added in a low voice. "She seems to me to belong to the world of shadows, rather than to that of living beings. She is so slender, so light, so misty, that she ought to be transparent. Her complexion is as white as milk. Her dress, her eyes, and her hair are black. She looks at me as she passes, and though I do not fear, her cold, fixed gaze has frozen the blood in my veins."

"Is she pretty?" asked Philip.

"I know not. Her eyes are the only part of her face that I have seen."

"Let the dinner at Cassan go to the devil," cried the Colonel. "Let us stop here. I have a childish longing to go into this singular place. Do you see those window-sashes painted red, and those red threads traced on the moldings of the doors and shutters? Does it not look as if this might be the devil's own house. Perhaps he ought to be the heir of the monks. Come, let us chase the white and black woman. Forward!" cried Philip, with factitious gayety.

At this moment the two hunters heard a cry like that of a mouse caught in a trap. They listened. The leaves of a bush, just brushed aside, rustled in the silence like the murmur of a wave; but while they stretched their ears to catch some other sound, the earth remained silent and kept the secret of the unknown's footsteps—if, indeed, she was moving.

"This is certainly odd," said Philip, following the windings of the park wall.

The two friends soon came to a forest path which led to the village of Chauvry. Following this path toward the Paris road, they found themselves before an iron grating, through which they perceived the principal façade of the mysterious house. On this side the disorder was at its height. Huge crevices furrowed the walls of the house, which was built on three sides of a square. The débris of tiles and slates heaped up on the ground and the dilapidated roofs gave evidence of complete neglect. Fruit had fallen from the trees and was rotting, without any one to pick it up. A cow was feeding on the lawn and crushing the flower-beds, while a goat browsed on the green grapes and the withered branches of the grape-arbors.

"Here all is harmony, and disorder is in some sort organized," said the Colonel, pulling a bell-wire. But the bell did not sound. The two sportsmen heard only the singularly sharp sound of a rusty spring. Though very much shattered, the little door in the wall near the grating resisted, nevertheless, every effort.

"Well, this is certainly becoming a curious adventure," said De Sucy to his companion.

"If I was not a magistrate," replied M. D'Albon, "I should believe that the black woman is a witch."

Scarcely had he said this when the cow came to the grating and presented her warm muzzle, as if she felt the need of human companionship. Then a woman appeared—if, indeed, that name could be given to an indescribable being who got up from under a clump of bushes, and pulled the cow by her rope. The woman wore a red handkerchief on her head, and from underneath it strayed locks of white hair like the tow around a distaff. She wore no neckerchief. A petticoat of coarse wool, with alternate stripes of gray and black, too short by several inches, permitted her legs to be seen. She might have been supposed to belong to one of the tribes of red-skins immortalized by Cooper, for her legs, her neck, and her bare arms seemed to have been painted the color of brick-dust. No ray of intelligence animated her stupid face. Her blue-gray eyes were without warmth and dull. A few sparse white hairs took the place of eyebrows. Finally, her mouth was so shaped as to show her teeth, which were irregular, but as white as those of a dog.

"Halloo! Here's your woman," cried M. De Sucy.

She came slowly to the grating, looking with a silly air at the two sportsmen, at the sight of whom she had smiled a hard and painful smile.

"Where are we? What house is that? Who owns it? Who are you? Do you belong here?"

To these questions, and a crowd of others addressed to her by the two friends in turn, she replied only with guttural sounds, which belonged rather to an animal than to a human being.

"Don't you see that she is deaf and dumb?" said the Magistrate.

"Bons-Hommes!" cried the peasant.

"Ah, she is right," said M. D'Albon. "This must be the old convent of 'Bons-Hommes.'"

The questioning began again, but, capricious as a child, the peasant blushed, played with her sabot, twisted the rope by which she led the cow to pasture, looked at the two hunters, examined every part of their dress. She clucked, grunted, yelped, but she did not speak.

"Thy name?" demanded Philip, looking sternly at her, as though he wished to magnetize her.

"Geneviève," she replied, with a meaningless smile.

"So far the cow is the most intelligent creature we have seen," said the magistrate. "I am going to fire my gun to summon somebody."

At the moment when D'Albon seized his gun the Colonel stopped him by a gesture, and with his finger pointed to the Unknown who had in such a lively way piqued their curiosity. The woman appeared to be buried in profound meditation, and was at some distance approaching, with slow steps, along a path, so that the two friends had time to scrutinize her. Her long hair fell in abundant curls on her forehead and about her shoulders, reaching nearly to her feet and serving her as a mantle. Doubtless accustomed to this disorder, she seldom brushed away the hair from her temples, but when she did so it was by a brisk toss of the head, which did not need to be repeated in order to free her forehead or her eyes from the thick veil. The gesture had, moreover, like that of an animal, a wonderful mechanical certainty and swiftness, which seemed miraculous in a woman. The two astonished hunters saw her spring at a branch of an apple-tree and catch it with the agility of a bird. She seized the fruit, ate it, and then permitted herself to drop to the ground with the lithe gracefulness that we admire in squirrels. Her limbs possessed an elasticity which took away from her movements the least appearance of constraint or effort. She played on the turf, and rolled as an infant might have done; then, suddenly, threw out her hands and feet and lay stretched on the grass with the abandon, the grace, and the naturalness of a kitten sleeping in the sun. The thunder having growled in the distance, she swiftly turned and poised herself on all fours, with the miraculous quickness of a dog who hears the approach of a stranger. The effect of this fantastic attitude was to make her black hair suddenly separate into two thick masses, which fell on each side of her head, and permitted the two spectators of this singular scene to admire her shoulders, whose whiteness shone like the field daisies, and her neck, whose perfection enabled them to imagine that of the rest of the body.

She suffered a mournful cry to escape her, and sprang all at once to her feet. Her movements succeeded each other so gracefully and were executed so swiftly that she seemed scarcely human, but rather one of those daughters of the air sung in the poems of Ossian. She went toward a sheet of water, shook lightly one of her feet, to rid it of its shoe, and amused herself by dipping her alabaster foot in the water, admiring doubtless the undulations which it produced, and which glittered like a string of precious stones. Then she kneeled on the border of the pool, and occupied herself like a child by dipping her long tresses and drawing them quickly out again to watch the drops of water trickling and shining like chaplets of pearls as the sun's rays shone across them.

"That woman is crazy," said the Judge.

A hoarse cry from Geneviève rang out, seemingly addressed to the Unknown, who sprang up quickly and pushed the hair from each side of her face. At this moment the Colonel and M. D'Albon were able to distinctly see the features of the woman, who, perceiving the two friends, ran to the gate with the lightness of a fawn.

"Adieu," said she, with a soft and musical voice. But that melody, impatiently expected by the hunters, did not reveal the least sentiment or the least idea.

M. D'Albon admired her long eyelashes, her heavy eyebrows, her skin of dazzling whiteness and without the slightest shade of crimson. The little blue veins alone made a contrast with her white complexion. When the magistrate turned toward his friend to make him share the astonishment which the sight of the strange woman had given him, he found him stretched on the grass like a dead man. M. D'Albon fired his gun in the air to summon aid, and cried "Help!" while he tried to lift up the Colonel.

At the report of the gun the Unknown, who was just then motionless, fled with the speed of an arrow, uttering cries of fright like a wounded animal, and turning hither and thither on the lawn, while giving every evidence of the most extreme terror. M. D'Albon heard the rumble of a carriage on the road to Ile-Adam, and implored the assistance of its occupants by waving his handkerchief. Immediately the carriage turned toward "Bons-Hommes," and M. D'Albon recognized Monsieur and Madame De Grandville, his neighbors, who hastened to leave their carriage and offer it to the magistrate. Madame De Grandville happened to have a bottle of salts, which she made M. De Sucy inhale. When the Colonel opened his eyes he turned toward the lawn, where the Unknown was still running and shrieking, and made an indistinct exclamation which revealed a feeling of horror. Then he closed his eyes, and made a gesture as though to beg his friend to take him away from that painful scene. M. and Mme. De Grandville left the Judge free to dispose of their carriage, obligingly saying that they preferred to walk.

"Who in the world is that woman?" demanded the magistrate, pointing to the Unknown.

"It is understood that she came from Moulins," replied M. De Grandville. "She is called the Countess De Vandières, and is said to be insane: but as she has been here only two months, I would not like to vouch for the truth of the reports about her."

M. D'Albon thanked M. and Mme. De Grandville, and started for Cassan.

"It is she," cried Philip on regaining his senses.

"Who is *she*?" asked D'Albon.

"Stephanie. Alas! Dead and alive! Living and mad! I believed that I was going to die."

The prudent magistrate, who appreciated the gravity of the crisis through which his friend was passing, restrained himself from irritating him with questions, and impatiently longed to arrive at the chateau; for the change which took place in the features and the whole person of the Colonel made him fear that the Countess had communicated to Philip her terrible malady. As soon as the carriage reached the avenue of Ile Adam, D'Albon sent a servant for the village doctor, so that the moment the Colonel was in bed the doctor was by his side.

"If our friend, the Colonel, had not been fasting," said the physician, "he would be dead. His physical exhaustion has saved him."

After having indicated the immediate precautions to be taken, the doctor withdrew to prepare a composing draught. The next morning De Sucy was better, but the doctor had insisted upon watching with him himself.

"I confess to you, Marquis," said the doctor to M. D'Albon, "that I feared a lesion of the brain. M. De Sucy has sustained a violent shock. His temperament is very excitable; but the way in which he bears the first blow decides everything. To-morrow he will be out of danger."

The doctor did not deceive himself, and the next day he permitted the magistrate to see his friend.

"My dear D'Albon," said Philip, pressing his hand, "I expect you to do me a service. Go immediately to Bons-Hommes. Find out everything about this woman whom we saw there, and return promptly, for I shall count the minutes."

M. D'Albon mounted his horse and galloped to the ancient abbey. On his arrival he found at the gate a tall man whose face was prepossessing, and who replied in the affirmative when the magistrate asked if he lived in the ruined house. M. D'Albon told him the object of his visit.

"So, then, Monsieur," said the stranger, "it must have been you who fired that fatal gun-shot. You came very near killing my poor sick girl."

"But, Sir, I fired in the air."

"You could scarcely have done the Countess more injury if you had hit her."

"Very well; we have nothing to reproach ourselves with since the sight of your Countess nearly killed my friend, M. De Sucy."

"Do you mean the Baron Philip De Sucy?" exclaimed the physician, clasping his hands. "Was he in Russia at the passage of the Beresina?"

"Yes," replied D'Albon, "he was taken prisoner by the Cossacks and sent to Siberia, whence he returned about eleven months ago."

"Come in, Monsieur," said the physician, leading the magistrate into a salon situated on the ground-floor of the house, where everything bore the marks of a capricious destruction. Precious porcelain vases were broken at the side of a clock, the case of which was uninjured. The silk curtains looped before the windows were torn, while the double curtain of muslin remained intact.

"You see," said he to M. D'Albon, on entering, "the ravages committed by the charming creature to whom my life is devoted. She is my niece. In spite of the powerlessness of my art I hope one day to restore her reason, by trying a method which unhappily is only within the reach of the rich."

Then, with the prolixity of all persons who live in solitude, a prey to a perpetual grief, he told the Magistrate the following story, the recital of which has been condensed and freed from the numerous interpolations made by the narrator and the Judge.

PART II.

Marshal Victor, on leaving about nine o'clock in the evening, the heights of Studzianka, which he had defended during the whole day of the 28th of November, 1812, left there a thousand men, assigned to the duty of protecting to the last moment the one of the two bridges built across the Beresina which yet remained. This rear guard had devoted itself to the task of saving an immense multitude of stragglers stupefied by the cold, who obstinately refused to quit the army wagons. The heroism of the generous band was destined to be useless. The soldiers who flocked in droves on the banks of the Beresina unluckily found there a great quantity of carriages, caissons, and baggage of every sort which the army had been forced to abandon in making its passage during the days of the 27th and 28th of November. These unfortunate men, brutalized by cold, and finding themselves in possession of unexpected riches, took up their lodging in the empty bivouacs, broke up the army material to build themselves cabins, made fires out of everything that fell into their hands, cut up the horses for food, tore away the linings and curtains of the carriages for covering and slept instead of continuing their march and passing unmolested during the night the river which an incredible fatality had already rendered so disastrous to the army. The apathy of these poor soldiers can be comprehended only by those who remember having passed through those vast deserts of snow, without any perspective but a horizon of snow; without anything to drink but snow; without any other bed than snow; without any food except snow and a few frozen beet roots, a few handfuls of corn, or bits of horseflesh. Dying of hunger, thirst, fatigue, and want of sleep, these unfortunate men reached a place where they found wood, fires, food, abandoned carriages without number, bivouacs, and, in brief, an improvised city. The village of Studzianka had been utterly hewed to pieces, parceled out, and carried from the heights into the plain. However *dolente* and dangerous this city might be, its miseries and dangers smiled on the men who had seen before them only the frightful deserts of Russia. In short, it was a vast hospital, which had existed only twenty hours. Weariness of life, or the sensation of unlooked-for happiness, rendered this mob of men inaccessible to any thought but that of rest. Although the artillery of the Russian left wing fired without ceasing upon this crowd, which defined itself like a huge blot, now black, now flaming, in the midst of the snow, the tireless bullets seemed to the benumbed mob only one inconvenience the more. It was like a storm, the lightnings of which were despised by every one, since they could strike here and there only the dying, the sick, or, perhaps, the dead. Every instant the stragglers arrived in groups. These walking corpses would immediately separate, and go begging shelter from fireside to fireside. After many repulses they would unite again to obtain by force the hospitality which they had been refused. Deaf to the voice of officers who predicted for them death on the morrow, they wasted the energy needed for passing the river in constructing a shelter for a night, in making what was too often a funeral feast. The death which awaited them did not seem to them an evil, since it left them an hour for sleep. When there was no more wood, nor fire, nor roof, nor shelter, a terrible struggle began between those who found themselves naked of everything and the rich who possessed a lodging. The feeblest succumbed. Finally the moment came when some of the men pursued by the Russians had no longer any bivouac but the snow, on which they laid down never to wake again. Gradually this horde of nearly lifeless human beings became so dense, so deaf, so stupid, or perhaps so happy that Marshal Victor, who had been their heroic defender in resisting 20,000 Russians commanded by Wittgenstein, was compelled to open a passage by main force through this forest of men in order to bring across the Beresina the 5,000 heroes which he led to the Emperor. The wretched men allowed themselves to be crushed rather than to stir, and died in silence smiling at their extinguished fires and without a thought of France.

Not until 10 o'clock in the evening did the Duke of Belluna reach the bank of the river. Before crossing the bridge which led to Zemlin, he confided the care of the rear-guard at Studzianka to Eblé, the saviour of all who survived the miseries of the Beresina. It was about midnight that this great General, followed by a courageous officer, left the little cabin which he occupied near the bridge and contemplated the spectacle presented by the camp, situated between the bank of the Beresina and the road from Borizof to Studzianka. The Russian guns had ceased to thunder. The innumerable fires which, in the midst of the snow grew pale and scarcely seemed to give out any glow, showed here and there figures which had nothing human about them. Nearly thirty thousand unhappy men, belonging to all the nations which Napoleon had hurled upon Russia, were there staking their lives with reckless indifference.

"Let us save them all," said the General to the officer. "To-morrow morning the Russians will be masters of Studzianka. The bridge must be burned the moment they appear. So, courage, my friend. Make your way to the heights. Say to General Fournier that he has barely time to evacuate his position, to pierce this mob, and to pass the bridge. When you have seen him on the march follow him. With the help of some able-bodied men you will then burn without pity the bivouacs, the carriages, the caissons, the wagons—everything! Drive everybody on to the bridge. Force every one who has two legs to take refuge on the other bank. Fire is now our last resource. If Berthier had let me burn those cursed carriages this river would have swallowed up no one but my poor pontoon builders—those fifty heroes who have saved the army and who will be forgotten."

The General put his hand to his forehead and was silent. He felt that Poland would be his grave and that no voice would be raised in behalf of those noble men who had thrown themselves into the water—the water of the Beresina—to place in position the trestles of the bridges. One of these only yet lives, or, to be precise, suffers in a village, unknown. The aid de camp went on his way. Scarcely had the generous officer gone a hundred steps toward Studzianka when General Eblé awoke several of his exhausted pontoon corps and began his merciful work of burning the bivouacs which had been established near the bridge, and of compelling the sleepers who were about him to pass the Beresina. Meanwhile the young aid de camp had reached, not without difficulty, the only wooden building which was left near Studzianka.

"Is this barrack entirely full, comrade?" said he to a man whom he perceived outside.

"You will be a skillful trooper if you can enter it," replied the officer without turning round, and without ceasing to hew at the wood of the house with his sabre.

"Is it you, Philip," said the aid de camp, recognizing one of his old friends by the sound of his voice.

"Yes. Ah, and it is you, old fellow," replied M. De Sucy, looking at the aid de camp, who, like himself, was only twenty-three. "I believed you were on the other side of this cursed river. Do you come to bring us cakes and sweetmeats for our dessert? You will be welcomed," he added, as he finished stripping the bark from the wood and giving it as if it were provender to his horse.

"I am looking for your commander, to warn him from General Eblé to march on Zembin. You have scarcely time to force your way through that mass of corpses which I am going to set fire to at once, to compel them to move."

"You almost warm me. Your news positively makes me perspire. But I have two friends to save. Ah, old fellow, without those two helpless creatures I should be already dead. It is for them that I have kept my horse instead of eating him. For heaven's sake, have you a crust? It is thirty hours since I have put anything into me, and I have thrashed myself like a madman to keep the little heat and courage I have left."

"Poor Philip! Nothing, nothing. But is your General inside there!"

"Don't try to enter. This barn is full of wounded. Go higher up and you will find on your right a sort of pig-pen. The General is there. Adieu, my brave fellow. If ever we dance the *trenis* again in a Parisian ball-room—"

He did not finish. The north wind blew at that moment with such fierceness that the aid de camp hurried on in to save himself from freezing, and the lips of Major Philip grew icy. Soon silence reigned. It was interrupted only by the moans which came from the house, and by the dull sound made by De Sucy's horse in grinding with rage and hunger the frozen bark of the trees of which the house was built. The Major replaced his sabre in its sheath, seized roughly the bridle of the precious animal which he had had the wisdom to preserve, and, in spite of his resistance, drew him away from the miserable pasture of which he seemed insatiable.

"En route, Bichette, en route! It is only you, my beauty, who can save Stephanie. Come on. By and bye we can doubtless rest—and die."

Philip, wrapped in a cloak to which he owed his preservation and his energy, began to run, striking his feet on the hard snow to warm them. The Major had scarcely gone five hundred feet when he saw a bright fire where he had left his carriage since morning under the guard of an old soldier. A horrible suspicion came upon him. Like all those who during the retreat were dominated by a powerful sentiment, he found, to aid his friends, strength which he would not have had to save himself. He soon came within a few steps of a ridge of earth, in the shelter of which, out of reach of the bullets, he had placed a young woman—the companion of his infancy and his dearest possession.

At a short distance from the carriage some thirty stragglers were gathered around an immense fire, which they kept alive by throwing upon it planks, the upper part of caissons, the wheels and panels of carriages. The soldiers were undoubtedly the most recently arrived of all those who, in the space between the ravine at the foot of the hill of Studzianka and the fatal river, formed an ocean of heads, of fires, and of barracks—a sea agitated by movements almost involuntary, and from which there rose a murmur, swelling at times into a terrible uproar. Impelled by famine and despair, these wretches had evidently seized the carriage by force. The old General and his young wife, whom they found seated upon their baggage, wrapped in cloaks and furs, were at that moment lying crouched before the fire. One of the doors of the carriage was broken. As soon as the men around the fire heard the footsteps of the Major and his horse there arose among them a wild and famished cry, "A horse! a horse!"

The voices formed but one single voice.

"Get away. Take care of yourself," cried two or three soldiers, seizing the horse.

Philip placed himself before his mare, crying, "Scoundrels, I will throw you into your fire. There are dead horses yonder. Go and find them."

"He's a comic chap, this officer," replied a colossal grenadier. "Will you get out of the way? Once! twice! No! Very well; just as you wish, then!"

A woman's cry rose above the clamor. Philip, happily, was not hurt, but Bichette, who had sunk down, still fought against death. Three men rushed up and finished her with the bayonet.

"Cannibals! Leave me my blankets and pistols," cried Philip, in despair.

"All right as to the pistols," replied the grenadier. "As to your blankets, there is an infantryman who has had nothing in his bread-basket for two days, and who shivers in his bare skin. That's our General!"

Philip kept silence as he looked at a man whose shoes were worn out, his trousers in a dozen holes, and who had on his head only a miserable policeman's cap covered with frost. He hastened to secure his pistols. Five men dragged the mare before the fire and began to cut her up with the skill of Parisian butcher boys. The pieces were instantly seized and thrown upon the coals. The Major went and seated himself beside the woman who had uttered a cry of fright on recognizing him. He found her motionless, seated upon a carriage-cushion and warming herself. She looked at him silently, without a smile. Philip noticed near him the soldier to whom he had intrusted the carriage. The poor man was wounded. Overwhelmed by numbers, he had yielded to the stragglers who had attacked him; but, like the dog who has defended to the last moment his master's dinner, he had taken his share of the booty and had made a sort of cloak out of a piece of white cloth. He was just then busily roasting a piece of the mare, and the Major saw in his face the joy which the preparations for the feast caused him. The Count de Vandières who, for the last three days had sunk into a state of childishness, was resting on a cushion near his wife, and gazing with a fixed look at the flames, the warmth of which was beginning to dissipate his numbness. He had been no more moved by the arrival and danger of Philip than by the attack which ended in the pillaging of his carriage. At first Philip took the hand of the young Countess as if he were about to assure her of his affection and to express the grief with which he saw her reduced to the last extremity; but he silently seated himself on a heap of snow which trickled as it melted, and yielded himself up to the luxury of warmth, forgetting his peril, forgetting everything. In spite of himself his face assumed an almost foolish expression of joy, and he waited impatiently the roasting of the bit of horseflesh given to his soldier. The smell of the burning meat stimulated his hunger, and his hunger silenced his heart, his courage, and his love. He contemplated without anger the results of the pillage of the carriage. The men who surrounded the fire had shared the curtains, the cloaks, the dresses, the masculine and feminine garments belonging to the Count, the Countess, and the Major. Philip turned to see if the body of the carriage could still be of any service. He saw gold, diamonds, and silverware scattered about, of which no one dreamed of appropriating the least particle. Each one of the individuals brought together by chance around the fire maintained a silence which had something horrible about it, while no one did anything which he did not think necessary for his own comfort. Such misery was grotesque. The men's faces, distorted by the cold, were plastered with a layer of dirt, on which tears had traced from the eyes to the lower part of the cheeks furrows which attested the thickness of the mask. The filth of their long beards made the soldiers still more hideous. Some were wrapped in women's shawls. Others wore horse-cloths, dirty blankets, or rags, dripping with melting frost. Some wore a boot on one foot and a shoe on the other, and there was not one whose costume did not present some ludicrous singularity. In the presence of things so grotesque these men remained grave and sombre. The silence was interrupted only by the crackling of the wood, by the hissing of the flames, by the distant murmur of the camp, and by the sabre strokes which the most famished were giving to Bichette to secure the best morsels. A few wretched beings, more weary than the rest, were sleeping, and if one of them happened to roll into the fire no one helped him. Those severe logicians thought that if he was not dead the heat would warn him to take a more comfortable place. If the wretch awoke in the fire and perished, no one pitied him. The soldiers glanced at one another, as if each one justified his own indifference by the indifference of the others. The young Countess had twice witnessed this spectacle and remained mute. When the various pieces that had been placed in the coals were cooked, each one satisfied his hunger with that gluttony which so disgusts us when displayed by animals.

"That is the first time that thirty infantrymen were ever seen on one horse," cried the grenadier who had struck down the mare. This was the only jest that reminded one of the national wit.

Soon the majority of the poor soldiers rolled themselves in their rags, laid down on planks or whatever might keep them from contact with the snow, and slept, heedless of the morrow. When the Major had become warm and had appeased his appetite, an unconquerable desire to sleep weighed down his eyelids. During the short time that his debate with sleep lasted he watched the young woman, who, having turned her face toward the fire to sleep, showed her closed eyes and a part of her forehead. She was wrapped in a fur mantle and a great dragoon's cloak. Her head rested on a pillow stained with blood. Her astrachan cap, kept on by a handkerchief knotted under her chin, protected her face as much as possible from the cold. Her feet were concealed by the cloak. Thus huddled together, she really resembled nothing. Was she the last of the vivandières? Was this the charming woman, the glory of her lover, the queen of the Parisian ball-room? Alas! even the eyes of her most devoted lover could perceive nothing feminine in this bundle of rags and tatters. Love in her woman's heart has surrendered to the cold. Through the thick veil that resistless sleep spread before the Major's eyes he no longer saw the husband and wife, except as two vague objects in the landscape. The flames of the fire, the stretched-out figures, the terrible cold which howled three paces from the fugitive heat—everything was a dream. One importunate thought harassed Philip. "If I sleep we shall perish! I will not sleep," he said to himself. He slept. A terrible clamor and an explosion woke M. De Sucy after an hour of sleep. The sense of duty and the peril of his mistress suddenly smote his heart. He uttered a cry that was the yell of a wild beast. He and his soldier alone were on their feet. They saw a sea of fire, which lit up before them in the darkness of the night a band of men destroying the barracks and the cabins. They heard despairing cries and yells. They saw thousands of dismayed forms and furious faces. In the midst of this hell a column of soldiers was making its way toward the bridge through two dense lines of corpses.

"It is the retreat of our rear guard," cried the Major. "There is no more hope."

"I have saved your carriage, Philip," said a friendly voice.

Turning around, Sucy recognized the aid de camp by the light of the flames.

"All is lost," replied the Major. "They have eaten my horse. Besides, how could I make this stupid General and his wife move."

"Take a fire-brand, Philip, and threaten them."

"Threaten the Countess!"

"Adieu!" cried the aid de camp; "I have only time to pass that fatal river, and it must be done. I have a mother in France. What a night! That mob prefers to rest on the snow, and the greater part of the wretches had rather burn than move. It is four o'clock, Philip; in two hours the Russians will begin to move. I tell you you will see the Beresina once more choked with corpses. Philip, think of yourself. You have no horses, and you cannot carry the Countess. So come with me," he said, taking him by the arm.

"My friend, abandon Stephanie!"

The Major seized the Countess, placed her on her feet, shook her with the rudeness of a desperate man, and compelled her to wake up. She looked at him with eyes fixed and expressionless.

"We must move on, Stephanie, or we shall die here."

In response the Countess tried to sink down again to sleep. The aid de camp seized a brand and shook it in Stephanie's face.

"We will save her in spite of herself," cried Philip, lifting the Countess, whom he carried to the carriage.

He returned to implore the help of his friend. The two took the old General, without knowing whether he was dead or alive, and placed him by his wife. The Major rolled over with his foot each of the men who lay on the ground, and took back from them whatever they had pillaged. He heaped everything over the husband and wife, and tossed a few bits of his roasted mare into the corner of the carriage.

"What are you going to do now?" asked the aid de camp.

"To drag it," said the Major.

"You are mad."

"It is true," cried Philip, crossing his arms on his breast.

All of a sudden an idea born of despair seized him.

"To you," he cried, seizing the unwounded arm of his soldier, "to you I confide her for an hour. Remember that you must die sooner than let any one, whoever he may be, approach this carriage."

The Major took the Countess' diamonds in one hand, drew his sabre with the other, began to beat like a madman those of the sleepers whom he fancied might be the most fearless, and succeeded in awakening the colossal grenadier and two other men, whose grade it was impossible to recognize.

"We are burning," he said to them.

"I know it," replied the grenadier, "but it is all the same to me."

"But, death for death, is it not better to sell one's life for a pretty woman, and to take the chance of serving France again?"

"I prefer to sleep," said one man, rolling over on the snow, "and if you bother me again, Major, I stick my sword into your gizzard."

"Don't mind him, officer," said the grenadier; "the man is drunk. He is a Parisian, and those fellows love their ease."

"This will be yours, brave grenadier," cried the Major, showing him a handful of diamonds, "if you will follow me and fight like a madman. The Russians are ten minutes off. They have horses. We are going to rush on to their nearest battery and capture a couple."

"But the sentinels, Major?"

"One of us three," he said to the soldier, and then interrupting himself he looked at the aid de camp, "You are coming, Hippolyte, are you not?"

Hippolyte consented with a nod.

"One of us," the Major resumed, "will take care of the sentinel. Besides, these cursed Russians may be asleep, too."

"Go on, Major; you are a brave fellow," said the grenadier. "But you will take me in the carriage?"

"Yes, if you are not left on the height yonder. If I fall, Hippolyte, and you, grenadier," pursued the Major, addressing his two companions; "promise me to devote yourselves to the safety of the Countess."

"Agreed," cried the grenadier.

They started toward the Russian lines, toward the batteries which had thundered so cruelly on the horde of miserable wretches on the river bank. A few moments after their departure the galloping of two horses re-echoed over the snow, and the men of the battery woke up to see the fugitives who were flying over the sleepers' heads. The pace of the horses was so headlong that one would have said, from the sound, that blacksmiths were hammering a horse-shoe. The generous aid de camp had fallen. The athletic grenadier was safe and sound. Philip, while defending his friend, had received a bayonet thrust through the shoulder; nevertheless he clung to the horse's mane and pressed him so tightly with his legs that the animal found himself caught as in a vice.

"God be praised," cried the Major, finding his soldier at his post and the carriage in its place.

"If you do the fair thing, Major, you will see that I get the 'Cross.' We have played a good joke on the Russians."

"We have done nothing as yet. Harness the horses! Here! Take these ropes!"

"These are not enough."

"Very well, grenadier. Lay your hands on those sleepers, and use their shawls, their clothes—"

"Halloo! This chap is dead," cried the grenadier, stripping the first one whom he touched. "Ah, what a lark! They are all dead!"

"All?"

"Yes, all. Horse-meat must be indigestible when eaten on the snow."

His words made Philip tremble. The cold had increased.

"Good God! To lose a woman whom I have already saved twenty times!"

He shook the Countess, crying "Stephanie, Stephanie!"

The young woman opened her eyes.

"Madame, we are saved."

"Saved?" she repeated, and sank back again.

The horses were harnessed after a fashion. The Major, holding his sabre in his unwounded hand, taking the reins in the other, and, armed with his pistols, mounted one of the horses and the grenadier the other. The old soldier, whose feet were frozen, had been tossed across the carriage on the top of the General and the Countess. Urged on by blows of the sabre, the horses whirled the carriage with a sort of fury down to the plain, where countless difficulties awaited the Major. Soon it was impossible to advance without danger of crushing men, women, and even children who were sleeping, and who refused to stir when the grenadier awakened them. In vain M. De Sucy tried to find the path which the rear guard had lately made in this ocean of men, but it had vanished as vanishes the track of a vessel on the sea. He could only move at a walk, and was constantly stopped by soldiers who threatened to kill his horses.

"Do you want to get there?" said the grenadier.

"At the cost of every drop of my blood—at the price of the whole world!" replied the Major.

"Then go ahead. You can't make omelettes without breaking eggs."

And the grenadier of the guard pushed his horses over the men, spattering the wheels with blood, upsetting bivouacs, and leaving a double swathe of dead men on the plain. But let us do him the justice to say that he never ceased to cry in tones of thunder, "Out of the way, carrion!"

"The miserable wretches!" exclaimed the Major.

"Bah! It is either that or the cannon," said the grenadier, animating the horses and pricking them with the point of his sword.

A catastrophe which must have happened to them sooner or later, and from which only a miracle had so far preserved them, suddenly stopped their progress. The carriage upset.

"I expected it," cried the imperturbable grenadier. "Hallo! my comrade is dead."

"Poor Laurent," said the Major.

"Laurent! Does he belong to the Fifth Chasseurs?"

"Yes."

"He is my cousin. Bah! this dog's life isn't so happy that one need regret now."

The carriage was not raised up and the horses were not unharnessed without a great and irreparable loss of time. The shock had been so violent that the young Countess awakened, and aroused from her apathy by the disturbance, rid herself of her wrappings and rose up. "Philip, where are we?" she asked in a soft voice, looking around her.

"At five paces from the bridge. We are going to pass the Beresina. On the other side of the river, Stephanie, I shall torment you no more. We shall be safe. We shall reach Wilna easily. God grant that you may never know what your life has cost."

"You are wounded."

"It is nothing."

The hour of the catastrophe had come. The cannons of the Russians announced the day. Masters of Studzianka, they bombarded the plain, and with the first light of the morning the Major perceived their columns moving and forming on the heights. A cry of alarm rose from the midst of the multitude, who were on their feet in a moment. Each one instinctively comprehended his peril, and all started toward the bridge with a surging movement. The Russians swept down with the rapidity of fire. Men, women, children, horses—all rushed upon the bridge. Happily, the Major and the Countess were yet some distance from the bank. General Eblé had just set fire to the supports of the other end of the bridge. In spite of the warning given to those who invaded this plank of safety no one was willing to draw back. Not only did the bridge sink under the crowd, but the impetus of the wave of men hurled toward that fatal shore was so furious that the human mass was precipitated like an avalanche into the water. Not a cry was heard—only a dull sound like a stone falling into the water, and the Beresina was covered with corpses. The retrograde movement of those who recoiled into the plain to escape this sort of death was so violent, and their shock against those who were advancing was so terrible, that a vast number were suffocated. The Count and Countess de Vandières owed their lives to their carriage. The horses, after having crushed and trodden down hundreds of dying men, were themselves crushed and crowded under foot by a human whirlwind that passed on toward the bank. The Major and the grenadier found their safety in their strength. They killed in order not to be killed. This hurricane of human faces, this flow and reflow of bodies animated by the same movement, resulted in leaving for some moments the bank of the Beresina deserted. The multitude was thrown back into the plain. If some hurled themselves from the top of the bank into the river it was less with the hope of reaching the other shore, which for them was France, than to escape the deserts of Siberia. Despair became an ægis for certain hardy men. One officer leaped from ice-block to ice-block and reached the opposite shore. A soldier successfully crept as by a miracle, over heaps of corpses and ice-blocks. The vast throng finally comprehended that the Russians would not kill twenty thousand unarmed men stupefied and benumbed, who were not defending themselves, and each one awaited his fate with desperate resignation. The Major, his grenadier, the old General and his wife, were left alone a short distance from the site of the bridge. They were all four standing with dry eyes, silent, surrounded by heaps of dead men. A few able-bodied soldiers, a few officers in whom the situation kindled all their energies, happened to be near them. This group numbered about fifty men. The Major saw at two hundred paces, off the ruins of the bridge built for carriages and which had been broken down the night before.

"Let us make a raft," he cried.

No sooner was the idea suggested than the whole group rushed toward the ruins. A crowd of men busied themselves collecting the iron cramps, searching for pieces of wood, for ropes, for all the materials necessary for the construction of the raft. Twenty soldiers and officers with arms formed a guard, under the command of the Major, to protect the workers against the desperate attacks which the mob might make on perceiving their design. The love of liberty which animates prisoners and inspires them to achieve miracles cannot be compared with the impulse which urged on those unhappy Frenchmen.

"There are the Russians! There are the Russians!" cried the guards to the workmen.

And the wood creaked, the raft grew in width, length, and thickness; Generals, soldiers, Colonels, all bent under the weight of wheels, of pieces of iron, of ropes, and of planks. It was a vivid picture of the building of Noah's Ark. The young Countess, seated by her husband, watched the spectacle with regret at being unable to aid in the work. Meanwhile she helped to make knots to join the cordage. At last the raft was finished. Forty men launched it in the stream, while a dozen soldiers held the ropes which served to moor it to the bank. As soon as the builders saw their craft afloat on the Beresina they threw themselves upon it from the bank with a horrible selfishness. The Major, fearing the fury of this first movement, held Stephanie and the General by the hand, but he shuddered when he saw the raft black with people, and men lifted from their feet by the pressure, as is sometimes seen in the parterre of a crowded theatre.

"Savages!" he cried. "It was I who gave you the idea of making the raft. I am your saviour and you refuse me a place."

A confused murmur was the only reply, and the men on the edge of the raft, armed with poles which they leaned against the bank, were pushing vigorously in order to send the raft toward the other shore and to make it cleave a way through the ice and corpses.

"Tonnerre de Dieu! I will pitch you into the water if you don't take the Major and his two companions," cried the grenadier, who lifted his sabre, prevented the unmooring of the raft and made the throng squeeze closer in spite of terrible cries.

"I shall fall! I am falling! Let us go! Shove off," cried his companions.

The Major gazed with dry eyes on his mistress, who raised her eyes to heaven with an expression of sublime resignation.

"I shall die with thee," she murmured.

There was something comic in the situation of those who had secured places on the raft. Although they uttered frightful yells, not one of them dared resist the grenadier, since they were so crowded that to push over one person would have been sufficient to upset the whole. In this danger a Captain tried to rid himself of the grenadier, who, perceiving his hostile design, seized him and hurled him into the water, exclaiming, "Ah, my duck! you want to drink, do you. Try it."

"Here are two places," he cried. "Come, Major, throw me the little woman and come on. Leave that old fuss and feathers, who will croak before to-morrow."

"Make haste," cried a hundred voices at once.

The Count De Vandières had taken off his cloak and showed himself in his General's uniform.

"We must save the Count," said Philip.

Stephanie grasped her friend's hand, threw herself into his arms, and clung to him in a terrible embrace.

"Adieu," said she.

They understood their fate. The Count de Vandières found strength and presence of mind sufficient to leap on to the raft, where Stephanie followed him, after having given one last look at Philip.

"Major! will you have my place? I don't care a fig for my life," cried the grenadier. "I have neither wife, child, nor mother!"

"I confide them to thee," answered the Major, pointing to the Count and his wife.

"Be easy. I will guard them like my own eyes."

The raft was shoved off with such violence toward the shore opposite to that where Philip stood motionless that on grounding the shock upset every one. The Count, who was near the edge, rolled into the river. At the moment of

his fall an ice-block cut off his head and sent it to a distance like a bullet.

"Hey, Major!" shouted the grenadier.

"Adieu," cried a woman's voice.

Philip De Sucy fell chilled with horror, overwhelmed by cold, grief, and fatigue.

[To be Concluded in next Sunday's Times.]

DISENCHANTED.

O cruel years!—not great the burden borne
In but your number, yet what gifts sublime
Have ye not robbed me, leaving me forlorn
Like a poor barren tree in Winter time.

Like leaves the whirling winds have scattered wide,
Youth and fond dreams, and hope and joy have flown,
And what of love the withering storms defied,
I know but by its bitterness alone.

But yet all these I mourn not,—hope and bliss,
Youth and its dreams, I willingly forgot,
And even love perchance my heart might miss,
Whose sweet it never knew, and perish not.

I weep the thrill of rapture that is fled,
Was wont to start so swift the gushing tears,
The sacred flame whose fires are quenched and dead,
That stirred my pulses in more youthful years.

The generous ardor that would send the blood
In gladsome leaps through every quivering vein,
The living faith that brought me near to God
Made earth seem fair, and heaven not hard to gain.

Who now shall fan to vital glow once more
The spark yet lingering 'neath the ashes cold?
What quicken now, to warmer heat restore,
The sluggish throbbings of my heart grown old?

What passing marvel now, what magic hand,
The shivered glories once again make whole,
Now conjure up the sunken fairy-land,
That long has lost my disenchanted soul?

O would that I had died that early hour,
In the full flush of some deep ecstasy!
Then had my spirit in unbroken power,
A phenix, soared to immortality,

On golden wings unto the heights sublime,
Into the undimmed splendor of the skies,
Whither I now on rugged pathways climb,
With weary feet, and undelighted eyes!

S. STERNE.

GERMAN GENTLEMEN.—It has been said that the well-born German is distinguished for his *morgue* and disregard of those in a lower station than himself. This was, and is, his chief reproach in the eyes of his middle-class fellow-countrymen. He does not conceal that he despises their want of manner, their glaring solecisms, their extraordinary coarseness of behavior, and absence of tact. They, who perhaps know as much as he does, are richer than he is, are unconscious of all that jars and grates upon one of a finer fibre than themselves, and are apt to declare that he trades on his nobility, and assumes a merit that he is far from possessing. Not from the so-called "lower orders" is resentment ever likely to become dangerous, but from the well-educated, underbred middle-class; the very middling—if refinement of speech, suavity of manner, and gentleness of utterance count for anything. The middle class as we understand it—one brother a merchant, another in the Guards, the eldest son of the house heir to a baronetcy, the youngest walking the earth in an M. B. waistcoat, and waiting far the family living—is almost incomprehensible to the ordinary German mind; but let us hope that the day may not be far distant when the arrogance of the aristocrat may be tempered and the tone of the citizen refined. So long as commerce means mere shop-keeping, every petty grocer writes *Kaufmann* (merchant) over his shop door, and every Jew usurer signs himself *Banquier*, it is to be feared that a commercial career will not prove very attractive in the eyes of, or draw many recruits from, the upper ranks of society. It is not given to every man to be what in common parlance is called "born a gentleman;" but if his birth be not gentle, his manners may make him so; and we all know that a "cotton lord" may be a truer gentleman than the descendant of a "hundred earls." The modest independence and self-reliance which bring about suavity of manners and an absence at once of the servile or the arrogant in a man's intercourse with those of another rank is not at a premium in Germany, where either self-assertion or obsequiousness strikes the outsider with a sense of pained surprise. The German gentleman, the man of noble birth, of splendid presence, of polished if of cold and arrogant manners, fails where we might expect him to fail. "Without love," says our great humorist, "I can fancy no true gentleman,"—love that is, not of the individual, which may be but mere sublimated selfishness, but that chivalrous devotion which high-minded manhood ever bears to gentle womanhood. The German gentleman may be gallant, he may be a man of pleasure, a lady-killer, a *grand vivier;* as a rule he is perfectly ready to flirt with any pretty woman, to make daily *Fenster* parades before her windows, to whisper soft sentimental nothings to her during the course of the cotillon, it may be even slightly to "compromise" her. She is, of course, a married woman (for these attentions would mean marriage to a girl,) so she knows, and ought to know, how to take care of herself. He will go away and laugh over his little social successes, when his comrades banter him on his *bonnes fortunes;* and she will be backbitten in the "Kaffees," and a tolerant society will view the matter with indifference, unless, indeed it comes to such a climax as makes indifference no longer possible; and even then, an easy-going temper disposes the lookers-on generally to be tolerably lenient. Their bark is much worse than their bite in these matters, and, after all, one must not draw the line too tight. Marriage is beset with a thousand difficulties; life is more amusing behind the scenes of a theatre than in the dull, domestic round. One likes to have one's moments of relaxation, and eternal parade, civil as well as military, is rather a gilding of the lily. Women are well enough to be "a moment's ornament," but life is easier *en garçon.* One has a thousand egoisms and ambitions to occupy one's time and thoughts, and a man gallooned all over with gold, and staggering under orders, cannot be expected to sit like Hercules at Omphale's feet. German ladies are not accustomed to the entire and untiring devotion which English women accept with all the calm unconsciousness of a right. No man rises to open the door for you when you leave the room; if cups of tea or coffee have to be handed about, it is the lady of the house that will carry them round; she will be rewarded with a "*Tausand Dank, meine Gnädigste,*" but the "most gracious" will be allowed to trot about all the same. A man need not wait (in that happy land) for "pain and anguish" to "rack the brow" before the ministering angels appear upon the scene. You (one of the angels) may search an hour for your *sortie de bal* in a cloak-room, before one out of that group of glittering beings assembled round the door will put out a helping hand. When at last you emerge from your difficulties and pass down the stairs they will draw themselves up in *stramme militärische Haltung,* click their heels together and bring their heads to the level of their sword-belts; and if that is not devotion, chivalric behavior, and splendid respect, the world has none to show, and you are an exacting and irrational malcontent.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE BELLS OF LIMERICK.—The old bells that hung in the tower of the Limerick Cathedral were made by a young Italian after many years of patient toil. He was proud of his work, and when they were purchased by the prior of a neighboring convent, near the Lake of Como, the artist invested the profits of the sale in a pretty villa on the margin of the lake, where he could here their *Angelus* music wafted from the convent cliff across the waters at morning, noon, and night. Here he intended to pass his life; but this happiness was denied him. In one of those feudal broils which, whether civil or foreign, are the undying worm in a fallen land, he suffered the loss of his all; and when the storm passed he found himself without home, family, friends, and fortune. The convent had been razed to the ground, and the *chefs-d'œuvre* of his handiwork, the tuneful chime whose music had charmed his listening ear for so many happy days of his past life, had been carried away to a foreign land. He became a wanderer. His hair grew white and his heart withered before he again found a resting-place. In all these years of bitter desolation the memory of the music of his bells never left him; he heard it in the forest and in the crowded city, on the sea, and by the banks of the quiet stream in the basin of the hills; he heard it by day, and when night came, and troubled sleep, it whispered to him soothingly of peace and happiness. One day he met a mariner from over the sea, who told him a story of a wondrous chime of bells he had heard in Ireland. An intuition told the artist that they were his bells. He journeyed and voyaged thither, sick and weary, and sailed up the Shannon. The ship came to anchor in the port near Limerick, and he took passage in a small boat for the purpose of reaching the city. Before him the tall steeple of St. Mary's lifted its turreted head above the mist and smoke of the old town. He leaned back wearily, yet with a happy light beaming from his eyes. The angels were whispering to him that his bells were there. He prayed: "Oh, let them sound me a loving welcome. Just one note of greeting, O, bells! and my pilgrimage is done!" It was a beautiful evening. The air was like that of his own Italy in the sweetest time of the year, the death of the Spring. The bosom of the river was like a broad mirror, reflecting the patines of bright gold that flecked the blue sky, the towers, and the streets of the old town in its clear depths. The lights of the city danced upon the wavelets that rippled from the boat as she glided along. Suddenly the stillness was broken. From St. Mary's tower there came a shower of silver sound, filling the air with music. The boatmen rested on their oars to listen. The old Italian crossed his arms and fixed his streaming eyes upon the tower. The sound of his bells bore to his heart all the sweet memories of his buried past: home, friends, kindred, all. At last he was happy—too happy to speak, too happy to breathe. When the rowers sought to arouse him, his face was upturned to the tower, but his eyes were closed. The poor stranger had breathed his last. His own *chefs-d'œuvre* had rung his "passing-bell."—*Harper's Magazine.*

FRENCH FINANCES DURING THE REGENCY.—The reign of Louis the Fourteenth—the sun which rose brightly enough from the mirk of the Fronde more than half a century before—had set amid gloom and penance, defeat and disaster, bankruptcy and beggary. During the last fourteen years of the old King's reign the expenses had absorbed two milliards eight hundred and seventy millions of livres, while the actual receipts had produced only eight hundred and eighty millions. The national debt, therefore, amounted to two milliards of livres, or about one hundred and forty-two millions sterling—an enormous sum for that period. Part of this amount had been consolidated in perpetual or life annuities, or paid in notes analagous to Exchequer bills. From these expedients arose a floating debt which, when the King died in 1715, formed an arrear of seven hundred and eleven millions of livres, while thedeficit already incurred for the current year was seventy-eight million. The Treasury was empty. The salariet of public servants were so much in arrear that they stole more than ever, to make up the deficiency. Winter was only beginning, but people had already died of cold and hunger in Paris itself; while the famished Provincials clamored against a taxation which ground them to the earth. It was clear that something must be done, and the first suggestion was a national bankruptcy. This advice was abhorrent to the Regent, and, after a stormy meeting of the Council, it was determined that a revision of the State debts should take place. This, like most measures of a similar kind, signified a partial confiscation of the property of State creditors. Six hundred and fifty-two millions of debts were paid off with two hundred and fifty millions of State notes, bearing interest at four per cent. This reduction, however, affords no adequate measure of the loss inflicted upon the holders of French securities, for, as the public had no guarantee against the abuse of "revision," the new securities fell the first day forty per cent.; so that, in the end, the possessor of a hundred francs in paper, on the death of Louis the Fourteenth, could not have got for its representative State note more than twenty francs in specie. Other expedients were tried. It was attempted to derive a profit by debasing the coinage to the extent of forty-three per cent.; but this scheme proving a failure, it was determined to establish a "visa," or inspection into the means of those who had made fortunes out of the wars of the late reign. The "visa" was simply a revival of a good old custom of the dark ages. Scores of wealthy persons were arrested at once and compelled to give an account of their dealings with the Government for the last twenty-seven years. An army of informers started into existence, and a gigantic spoliation took place. The men of business who had made immense fortunes by Government contracts, and especially by farming the taxes, had no friends. The people hated them as oppressors, and the nobility abhorred them for their wealth and sumptuous style of living, which threw Dukes and peers of France into the shade. They were compelled to disgorge a portion of their wealth. Samuel Bernard, the great financial power of Europe, paid about six hundred thousand pounds in hard cash, and Crozat escaped for two-thirds of that sum; but, as is invariably the case, the big brass pots came off the best, the smaller earthen ones being, in many cases, broken up altogether. To satisfy the people—howling for victims—sundry unhappy peculators were put in the pillory; others immured in the Bastille. It was the old persecution of the Jews and Lombards over again. The brutal expedient was, however, a complete failure. Four thousand four hundred and ten persons were condemned in various amounts, descending as low as 1,000 livres. The total amount squeezed out of them amounted—on paper—to two hundred and nineteen millions; but not the half of this sum ever reached the Exchequer. Every victim who had a friend at court applied for a remission of his fine to the lords or, better still, to the ladies in power. M. Crochut tells an amusing anecdote of an individual who, being fined twelve hundred thousand livres, received a visit from a nobleman, who promised to have it cancelled for a perquisite of three hundred thousand. "Upon my honor, Count," said the victim, "you have come too late; I have just made a bargain with the Countess for half the money."—*All the Year Round.*

TENNYSON, BULWER, AND PUNCH.—Mr. Tennyson contributed one, and only one, poem to the columns of *Punch.* It is a notable work, and will no doubt make a curious chapter in the next great book on *The Amenities of English Literature.* Behind the anonymous shield of "The New Timon," the late Lord Lytton delivered himself of the following scathing attack on Tennyson:

"Not mine, not mine (O muse, forbid!) the boon
Of borrowed notes, the mock-bird's modish tune,
The jingling medley of purloined conceits
Out-babying Wordsworth, and out-glittering Keats,
Where all the airs of patch-work pastoral chime
To drown the ears in Tennysonian rhyme.

* * * * * * *

Let school-miss Alfred vent her chaste delight
On darling little rooms, so warm and light;
Chant 'I am a weary' in infectious strain,
And 'catch the blue-fly singing in the pane;'
Though praised by critics and adored by Blues,
Though Peel with pudding plumb the puling muse;
Though Theban taste the Saxon purse controls,
And pensions Tennyson while starves a Knowles."

Mr. Punch had a word or two to say on behalt of Tennyson, and said what he had to say epigrammatically and well:

"THE NEW TIMON" AND ALFRED TENNYSON'S PENSION.

You've seen a lordly mastiff's port,
Bearing in calm, contemptuous sort,
The snarls of some o'erpetted pup,
Who grudges him his "bit and sup."

So stands the bard of Locksley Hall,
While puny darts around him fall,
Tipp'd with what Timon takes for venom;
He's the mastiff, Tim the Blenheim.

Mr. Tennyson, with his two hundred pounds a year just granted to him, was furious. Encouraged by the sympathy of *Punch,* the poetic sage produced a reply, which was signed Alcibiades, printed under the title of "The New Timon and the Poet." The following lines from the string of personal verses are sufficient to do justice to the muse's sting:

"And what with spites, and what with fears,
You cannot let a body be;
It's always ringing in your ears—
They call this man as great as me!

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot—a little hand—
If half the little soul is dirt?

You talk of tinsel! why, we see
Old marks of rouge upon your cheeks.
You prate of nature! *You* are he
That spilt his life upon the cliques.

A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame;
It looks too arrogant a jest—
The fierce old man to take his name.
You band-box, off and let him rest."

And thus the battle ended. It was too furious to last. Even *Punch* did not think it worth while to give the pair of distinguished brawlers a parting shot, though these were days when he was hitting out right and left.—*London Society.*

A CHINESE DINNER.—The small tables were furnished with saucers, little bowls, a china-ware spoon, and a pair of chopsticks for each person. The dinner was composed of *everything* except beef and mutton, which are seldom eaten by natives in the part of China referred to; the staple materials for their dishes are pork, fowl, and fish, all kinds of vegetables, sea-weed, fungi, &c. Everything, be it noted, is boiled, and comes to table in the form of soup, stew, or haricot. The table is served by each person having put before him a "portion" of whatever the "course" may be; but there is often a large dish placed in the centre, and also dishes of condiments, into which all dip their chopsticks! It is impossible to attempt a description of the numberless dishes composing the feast, but the writer mentions one "to which justice was always done. It is made from what in England are only used to pelt unpopular candidates at elections. What process they undergo before coming to table is unknown, but they appear like hard-boiled, *black* eggs, stewed in some very palatable sauce, and are really excellent." A dinner of the kind alluded to often extends to thirty or forty courses, and lasts three or four hours. Rice-wine, *hot* and very tasteless, is constantly handed round in tiny cups, and the Chinese drink a good deal of it, though they very rarely become intoxicated. They merely get excited in manner and flushed in the face. Oddly enough, the crowning dish of the repast is a huge bowl of plain boiled rice. It is said that this prevents any evil effects from excess either of eating or drinking—sobers you, in fact, and sends you away from table with a clear intellect.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE FRENCH THEATRE DURING THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES.—The usage of placing benches on the stage for certain of the spectators appears to us now to be somewhat singular. On these benches there was room for about twenty-five persons. They were occupied by the aristocrats of the day—men who gave themselves airs, and not unfrequently used to interrupt the performance. These gentlemen were sometimes mistaken for the actors themselves by the ignorant crowd in the house. The stage, originally small, became very much straitened by these fops, who were not content to sit in the boxes, but came on the stage to be seen by those in the theatre. They delighted to display their *point de Venise* lace—a mode then much affected—and their fashionable wigs, which in those days were long and used to hang down loosely over the shoulder. These men were very troublesome. They would laugh and talk during the performance, much to the annoyance of the actors. At the representation of the "Ecole des Femmes," Plapisson, one of these fops, whose name has descended to us, envious of the hearty laughter which came from the *parterre,* called out, "*Ris donc, parterre, ris donc!*" Molière himself mentions this in the *Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes.* On another occasion, though at a much later date, a nobleman brought his dog into the theatre, and made him dance about on the stage. In the first scene of "Les Fâcheux," Molière laments this custom, and gives us a full description of a man who came on the stage and called aloud for a seat during the performance. The practice of allowing spectators to place themselves on the stage was not abolished until 1759.

The *mise en scène* during the seventeenth century, apart from the costumes of the actors, was very small and scanty. From the time when Richelieu gave the laws for dramatic art it was held imperative to observe the unity of place, and this idea was kept rigidly in view, to the exclusion of any change of scene which the play naturally demanded. Moreover, the fact of a dozen men sitting on each side of the stage rendered any change of scene impracticable. M. Despois gives us an extract from a manuscript at the Bibliothèque Nationale, showing the decorations and other accessories that were then thought necessary for the plays of Corneille, Racine, and Molière. For the tragedies we find the words "*le théâtre est un palais,*" or "*un palais à volonté*"—together with some slight additions, such as tables and chairs—recurring repeatedly; and for Molière's comedies the stage arrangements were not less simple. For the "Médecin malgré lui," "*il faut du bois, une grande bouteille, deux battes, quatre chaises, un morceau de fromage, des jetons, une bourse.*" For the "Tartuffe," "*le théâtre est une chambre. Il faut deux fauteuils, une table, un tapis dessus, deux flambeaux, une batte.*"

Each actor was bound to furnish his own costume at his own expense. We find this repeatedly mentioned in the rules drawn up by the actors themselves for their own observance. It was a source of great expense to some of them; for however insignificant the stage decorations may have been, they prided themselves upon the magnificence of their costume. Chappuzeau, speaking of the costumes of the actors, says: "This article of expense is greater than one imagines. There are few pieces that do not require new dresses, and since sham gold and sham silver are not used because they tarnish so soon, a single *habit à la romaine* will often cost 500 écus." The écu was equivalent to three francs, or as they were then called livres. Chappuzeau's assertion is borne out by a comedy by Regnard and Dufresny, performed at the Italian Theatre in 1692. M. Bonnassies says that in the eighteenth century the costumes became even more costly than they had been in the seventeenth, and that "several documents show us that the theatrical wardrobes of Le Kain and Mlle. Clairon were valued at 80,000 and 120,000 livres." The actors thought more of the sumptuousness of their dress than of its historical exactness to the parts it was intended to represent. The "habit à la romaine" spoken of by Chappuzeau, a term always employed for a certain kind of dress, was worn equally in any tragedy meant to represent an ancient subject. An actor might wear it one night as *Auguste* in Corneille's "Cinna," and the next as *Achille* in Racine's "Iphigénie." Both *Augustus* and *Achilles* used to appear in the long wigs of the day, the hair curled in long ringlets, and *Augustus* was crowned with a wreath of laurels. In the comedies the same principle was carried out, but there the expense as regards the inferior characters was not so great. The valets, the soubrettes, and the old men merely dressed themselves in the simple clothes then usually worn; but the more important personages, the lovers and the courtiers, were bound to appear dressed according to the elegant fashions of the time. For instance, in the "Médecin malgré lui," all except *Léandre* the lover, might have been very plainly dressed; while in the "Misanthrope" an expensive costume would have been absolutely necessary for all the actors.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

CHINESE FUNERAL NOTICES.—On the death of a parent, it is customary in China, at any rate with persons above a certain rank in the social scale, to forward to all friends and acquaintances, however slight, a formal notification of the fact, written in mourning-ink, and on mourning-paper of portentous dimensions. On the present occasion, this document (in which, be it observed, the family name of the parties, *Shên,* is omitted,) ran as follows: "Be it known that the unfilial Pao-chên, who, on account of his manifold and grievous crimes, was worthy of sudden death, has not died, and that, instead, the calamity has fallen upon his worthy father; upon whom the reigning Emperor of the Ta-Ching [*lit.* great pure] dynasty has conferred the first order of rank in the Civil Service, and that in the Imperial Body Guard, and the governorship of the Province of Kiangse. In the twelfth year of the reign, styled Tao-Kuang, at the competition of the literati, he gained the rank of Chü-jên [that is, M.A.] The writer's father, Tan-lin, fell sick on the ninth day of this moon, and lingered in great pain until the twelfth, when he passed away. He was born about two or three in the morning of the ninth moon, of the fifty-second year of the reign, styled Chien-Lung, and was therefore somewhat over eighty-four years old. Immediately he expired, the family went into mourning, and now, alas! have sorrowfully to communicate with you. We have chosen the 18th, 19th, and 20th for the return presentation of this card [that is, will then receive visits of condolence.] No funeral presents can be received. The writer and his brother are kneeling with forehead in the dust, weeping tears of blood. The sons of the writer and his brother, nine in number, are kneeling with downcast faces, weeping tears of blood. The relatives and descendants, to the number of nine, are on their knees, (before the coffin,) beating their heads upon the ground. [From] the residence of the writer, named the Ancient Grotto of the Fairies."—*Chambers's Journal.*

MADAME SONTAG.—The end of 1850 brought with it the welcome return of Madame Sontag, after twenty years' absence from the stage, and despite the proverbial fickleness of the Parisians, the theatre during the entire period of her engagement was crammed to the ceiling. To those who had heard her in her prime it is possible that some diminution in her powers may have been perceptible; but to one her personation of *Linda* appeared faultless, and her voice sweetness itself; one hardly knew whether to admire most the richness and purity of her tone, or the surprising brilliancy of her vocalization. No wonder that the flattering and in every respect deserved enthusiasm with which she was received excited the jealousy of her less-favored rivals, and that many a sly hit at the "*grande dame égarée au théâtre*" circulated among the frequenters of the green-room. On the very night of her *rentrée,* when the transports of the audience were at their highest, and the illustrious songstress literally overwhelmed with bouquets, was recalled again and again after the fall of the curtain, a neglected soprano, unable any longer to contain her vexation, slightingly remarked that it was only a "*succès de Comtesse.*" "*Dites plutôt,*" coolly retorted a gentleman present, "*succès qui compte.*"—*London Society.*

THE STRANGE HORSE OF LOCH SUAINABHAL.

The following is a copy of a letter addressed to a lady living in Hyde Park Gardens, London, by Alister-nan-Each, of Borvabost, in the island of Lewis, Hebrides:

BORVABOST, the 20th of June, 1875.

HONORED MADAM AND DEAR MISTRESS TO COMMAND: You waz writen to Alister Lewis, the schoolmaster, that I would tell you the whole story of the Black Horse I sah at Loch Suainabhal; and I am not good at the writen whatever; but I will tell you the story, and I will tell you from the verra beginnin of it the whole story. It waz John the Piper he will go about tellin a foolish tale about me; and it waz many a time I will think of going and breaking his pipes over his head, that he will tell such foolish lies. There is no man in the island will drink more az John the Piper himself, not one; and so you will not belief his foolish lies if you will be hearin of them, Miss Sheila.

Now the verra beginnin of it waz this, that Dugald MacKillop, that lives by Loch Suainabhal, and his father waz my wife's father's first cousin, ay, and a verra rich man mirover, for he had more az forty pounds or thirty-five pounds in the bank at Styornowa, he will be going away to Portree to marry a young lass there, and Dincan Peterson and me would be for going with him too, and I waz to be the best man. And you will not mind John the Piper's lies, Miss Sheila, for it waz only one gallon of good whisky we took aboard the Clansman steamer when we waz going away to Skye—as sure as death it waz only the one gallon that Dincan and me we waz for taking to the young lass's father—but it waz verra wat on board the boat, and verra cold whatever, and what harm is there in a glass of the goot whisky? Sez Dincan Peterson to me, he sez, Alister, there is plenty of goot whisky in Skye, and what for should we keep the whisky? and both me and Dugald MacKillop the two of us both together said he waz a sensible man, and not a foolish man, like John the Piper. And it waz only the one gallon in the char we had on board the steamer.

I will tell you now, Honored Madam, that the wonderful big ship took us quick to Portree, which is a great distance away; but we did not go to bed that night, for there waz two or three waiting for us, and we had a glass mirover and a dance or two. And the next morning we went away to the farm where the young lass waz; and that waz among the hills; and there waz never in the world such rain as there is in Skye. Ay, in the Lews we have the bad weather, and the goot weather; but Gott knows there is no such watter falling anywhere az there is in Skye; but we had a glass and a dance, for the two pipers waz with us; and in the evening of that day there waz a grand supper at the young lass's father's house. And it waz not ten gallons of whisky we took in the cart; and Gott knows I will mek John the Piper answer for that some day; but only six gallons; and there waz a goot many people there for a dance and a song. And there waz no one wished to go to bed that night either, for there waz many people in the house, and a good dram and a dance for every one; and the way the two pipers played the pipes that night would hef made a dead man jump in his grafe if he had been dead for two hundred years, ay, or one hundred years mirover. And you will mind, Miss Sheila, that the story about the ten gallons of whisky is only the lies of that foolish man, John the Piper, who is trunk oftener az any man on the island of Lews.

The next day waz the day of the marrach; and who is there will not tek a glass at the marrach of a young girl? And after the marrach we went away to this house and to that house, and the two pipers playing in the front of us verra fine, and many a dance we had, ay, and the old people too, when they had got a goot tram. And in the evening there waz another peautiful supper; and no less az six and twenty hens, and cocks, and chickens, and rabbits, all boiled together in the boiler for boiling the turnips; and the big barn with more as twelve or sixteen, or more az that of candles; and it waz a peautiful sight. And if the father of the young lass will send to Portree for so many, or so many gallons of whisky, what is that to any one, and to one mirover that waz not there, but will only mek lies about it? I will not interfere with any man's whisky; no, and I would not go and tell foolish lies about it mirover.

There waz one or two of the old people, they will go to bed in the cart that night; and there waz good hay on the ground, and the cart upside down to keep away the rain; but the most of us we waz for no sleepin that night, for a young lass does not get marriet every day. And in the morning Dugald MacKillop and the young lass they will come out to us; and they would hef us trink their verra goot health before we went in to the fresh herrings, and the milk, and the cakes; and when that waz all over we had the pipers to the front of us, and we set away for Portree. And who would not trink a glass, when you call at this house and at that house, to let a young lass say good-bye to her friends? And all the way to Portree there waz this one and the other one come out to shake hands with the young lass; and many of them came down to the big steamer to see her away. And as for Dincan Peterson and me, there waz one or two on board of the big steamer that we knew; and we had a glass or two with them whatever, for it waz a verra cold night; but the lies of that foolish man, John the Piper, are more as I can understand. I will not say, Miss Sheila, for it is the whole story I will be telling you, that Dincan Peterson and me we were not verra tired when we got to Styornowa; for it waz five nights or more we waz not in any bed at all; but there waz two or three of our friends will meet us at Styornowa to drink a glass to Dugald MacKillop and the young lass, and who would be thinkin of going to bed then? No, nor waz there more thinkin of going to bed when we got to the farm of Dugald MacKillop by Loch Suainabhal; for there waz two or three come to see the young lass he had married; and it waz Aleck Cameron, that lives by Uig, he had brought over two gallons of verra goot whisky—or perhaps, Miss Sheila, for I will tell you the whole story that you will see what lies old John the Piper would be for telling—perhaps it waz three gallons. I cannot mind, now; but it waz of no consequence whatever; and to go about speaking of men being trunk that has just drunk a glass or two at a marrach, is no more as foolish and wicket nonsense.

It waz the day after this day that Aleck Cameron he sez to me, "Alister, you hef not been to Uig for many a day; will you go back to Borva by the way of Uig; and we will go together, and we will hef a glass at Uig." And I said to him, "It is a long time, Aleck Cameron, since I will be at Uig, and I will go with you, and we will drink a glass with your father and your mother before I will be going on to Borva." And it was about fife o'clock in the afternoon when we set out; but Aleck Cameron he is the most quarlsome man in the whole of the Lews; ay, there is no one, not even John Fergus himself, will be so bad in the temper as Aleck Cameron; and what did he know about the Campbelton whisky? I hef been in Isla more as three times or two times myself; and I hef been close by the Lagavulin distillery; and I know that it is the clear watter of the spring that will mek the Lagavulin whisky just as fine as the new milk. And the bottle I had it waz the verra best of the Lagavulin; and I sez to him, "Aleck Cameron, if you do not like the whisky I hef, you can go back to the farm of Dugald MacKillop, and you will get what whisky you like; and you are a verra quarlsome man, Aleck Cameron." And he is a coarse-speakin man, Miss Sheila, and I will not be writen to you the words that he said; but he went away back to the farm whatever; and I kept on the way by myself, without any bread or cheese in my pocket, or anything but the bottle of the Lagavulin whisky. And as for the lies of John the Piper, that he will tell of me all over the island, I will not even speak of them to you, Miss Sheila.

It waz about fife o'clock, or maybe it waz six o'clock, or half past fife, and not much more dark as if it waz the verra middle of the tay, when I waz going along by the side of Loch Suainabhal; and I will put my hand down on the Bible itself and I will swear I waz as sober as any man could be. Sober, indeed!—is it to be trunk to trink a glass at a marrach? Ay, and many is the time I hef seen John the Piper himself az trunk that he could not find the way to his mouth for his chanter, and all the people laughin at him, and the wind in the pipes, but the chanter going this way and that way by the side of his face. It is many a time that I will wonder Mr. Mackenzie will let sich a man go about his house; and for him to speak about any one hafing too much whisky—but I will break his pipes ofer his head some day, az sure as Gott. Now, Miss Sheila, this is the whole story of it; that the watter in the loch was verra smooth, and there waz some clouds ofer the sky; but everything to be seen as clear as the tay. And I waz going along py myself, and I waz thinking no harm of any one, not efen of Aleck Cameron, that waz away back at the farm now, when I sah something on the shore of the loch, maybe four hundred yards in front of me, and it waz lying there verra still. And I said to myself, "Alister, you must not be frightened by anything; but it is a stranche place for a horse to be lying upon the stones." And he did not move one way or the other way; and I stopped and I said to myself, "Alister, it is a stranche thing for a horse to be lying on the stones, and there is many a man in the Lews would be frightened, and would rather go back to Dugald MacKillop's farm; but as for you, Alister, you will just tek a drop of whisky, and you will go forward like a prave lad and see whether it is a horse, for it might be a rock mirover, aye, or a black cow." So I will go on a bit; and the black thing it did not move either this way or that; and if I will tell you the truth, Miss Sheila, I was afraid of it, for it waz a verra lonely place, and there waz no one within sight of me, nor any house that you could see. And this waz what I said to myself, that I could not stand there the whole night, and that I will either be going on by the beast or be going pack to Dugald MacKillop's farm, and there they would not belief a word of it, and Aleck Cameron, he will say I would be for going pack after him and his Cambleton whisky. And I said to myself, "Alister, you are beginning to tremple; you must tek a glass of whisky to steady yourself, and you will go forward and see what the beast is."

It waz at this moment, Miss Sheila, as sure as we hef to die, that I sah it mofe its head, and I said to myself, "Alister, are you afrait of a horse, and is it a black horse that will mek you stand in the middle of the road and tremple?" But I could not understand why a horse will be lying on the stones, which is a stranche thing. And I said to myself, "Is it a seal you will be seeing far away along the shore?" But whoever will hear of a seal in fresh watter; and, mirover, it waz as pig as six seals, or more az that. And I said to myself, "Alister, go forward now, for you will not hef a man like Aleck Cameron laughing at you and him as ignorant as a child about the Lagavulin whisky."

Now, I will tell you, Miss Sheila, apout the terrable thing that I sah; for it waz no use thinkin' about going pack to the farm; and I will go forward along the road, and there waz the bottle in my hand, so that if the beast came near I could break the bottle on the stones and gife him a fright. But when I had gone on a piece of the road I stood still, and all the blood seemed to go out of my body, for no mortal man effer sah such a terrable thing. It waz lying on the shore—ay, twelve yards or ten yards from the watter—and it waz looking down to the watter with a head as pig as the head of three horses. There waz no horns or ears to the beast, but there waz eyes bigger as the eyes of three horses, and the black head of it waz covered with scales like a salmon. And I said to myself, "Alister, if you speak or mofe you are a dead man; for this ahfu crature is a terrable thing, and with a bound like a teeger he will come down the road." I could not mofe, Miss Sheila; there was no blood left in my body, and I could not look this way or that for a rock or a bush to hide myself, for I waz afrait that the terrable beast would turn his head. Ay, ay, what I went through then no one can effer tell; when I think of it now I tremple; and yet there are one or two that will belief the foolish lies of John the Piper, that is in himself the verra trunkenest man in all the Island of Lews.

It waz a stranche thing, Miss Sheila, that I tried to whesper a prayer, and there waz no prayer would come into my head or to my tongue, and instead of the prayer mirover, there waz something in my throat that waz like to choke me. And I could not tek my eyes from the terrable head of the beast; but now when I hef the time to think of it, I belief the pody of it waz black and shining, but with no hind feet at all, but a tail. But I will not sweer to that whatever; for it is no shame to say that I waz trempling from the crown of my head down to the verra soles of my feet; and I waz watching his head more as the rest of his body, for I did not know when he might turn round and see me standing in the road. Them that sez I sah no such thing, will they tell me how long I stood looking at him?—ay, until the skies waz darker over the loch. Gott knows I would hef been glad to hef seen Aleck Cameron then, though he is a verra foolish man; and it waz many a time I will say to myself, when I waz watchin the beast, "Alister, you will neffer come by Loch Suainabhal by yourself again, not if you waz living for two hundred years or fife hundred years." And how will John the Piper tell me that—that I waz able to stand there in the mittle of the road? Is it trunk men that can do that? Is it trunk men that can tell the next morning, and the morning after that, what they hef seen? But you know, Miss Sheila, that there is no more sober man az me in all the island; and I will not pother you any more with those foolish lies.

And now an ahfu thing happened. I do not know how I am alife to be writen the story to you this day. I waz tellin you, Miss Sheila, that there waz little thought among us of sleeping for five or six nights before; and many of the nights waz verra wat; and I think it might hef been on board of the big steamer that I will get a hoast in my throat. And here, az I waz standin in the road, fearfu to mek the least noise, the koff came into my throat; and I trempled more than effer for fear of the noise. And I struggled; but the koff would come into my throat; and then thinks I, Alister, Gott's will be done; and the noise of the koff frightened me; and at the same time I tropped the bottle on the stones with the fright, and the noise of it—never will I forget the noise of it. And at the same moment the great head of the beast it will turn round, and I could stand up no more; I fell on my knees, and I tried to find the prayer, but it would not come into my head—ay, ay, Miss Sheila, I can remember at this moment the ahfu eyes of the beast as he looked at me, and I said to myself, Alister, you will see Borva no more, and you will go out to the feshen no more, and you will drink a glass no more with the lads come home from the Caithness feshen.

Then, as the Lord's will be done, the stranche beast he turned his head again, and I sah him go down over the stones, and there waz a great noise of his going over the stones, and I waz just as frightened as if he had come down the road, and my whole body it shook like a reed in the wind. And then, when he had got to the watter, I heard a great splash, and the ahfu beast he threw himself in, and the watter was splashed white apout him, and he went out from the shore, and the last that I sah of the terrible craytur waz the great head of him going down into the loch.

Ay, the last of him that I sah; for there and then, Miss Sheila, I fell back in the road, just like one that will be dead; for it waz more as mortal man could stand, the sight of that terrible beast. It is ferra glad I am there waz no cart coming along the shore that night; for I waz lying like a dead man in the road, and the night it waz verra dark mirover. Ay, and the fright was not away from me when I cam to my senses again, and that waz near to the break of day, and I waz verra cold and wat, for there waz being a good dale of rain in the night. But when I cam to my senses, I began to tremple again, and there waz no whisky left in the bottle, which waz proken all into small pieces, and I said, "O Lord, help me to rin away from this watter, or the stranche beast may come out again." And then it waz I set out to rin, though I waz verra stiff with the cold and wat, and I ran neither up the shores of the loch, nor down the shores of the loch, but away from the watter as hard az I could rin, and ofer the moss land and up to the hills. It waz ferra bad trafeling, for there waz a great dale of rain fallin in the night, and there waz a great dale of watter in the soft ground, and many waz the time I will go down up to my waist in the holes. But I will tell you this, Honored Madam, that when a man haz sich a fright on him, it is not any sort of moss-watter will keep him from rinnin; and every time I will stand to get my breath again, I will think I will hear that terrable beast behind me, and it is no shame I hef that I will be so frightened, for there waz no man alife will hef seen sich a beast as that before.

And now I will tell you another stranche thing, Miss Sheila, that I hef said no word of to any one all this time, for I waz knowing verra well they would not belief all the story of that terrable night. And it is this, that when I waz rinnin hard away from the loch, just as if the ahfu beast waz behind me, the fright was in my head, and in my eyes, and in my ears, and all around me I sah and heard such stranche things as no mortal man will see and hear before. It waz in the black of the night, Miss Sheila, before the morning cam in, and it was not one stranche beast, but a hundred and a thousand that waz all around me, and I heard them on the heather, and in the peat-holes, and on the rocks, and I sah them rinnin this way and that by the side of me, and every moment they waz coming closer to me. It waz a terrable terrable night, and I waz thinkin of a prayer, but no prayer at all at all would come into my head, and I said to myself, "Alister, it is the tevvle himself will be keeping the prayers out of your head, and it is this night he will hef you tammed for ever and ever." There waz some that waz green, and some that waz brown, and the whole of them they had eyes like the fire itself; and many is the time I will chump away from them, and then I will fall into the holes of the moss, and they will laugh at me, and I will hear them in the darkness of the night. And sometimes I sah them chump from the one hole to the other, and sometimes they were for fleein through the air, and the sound of them waz an ahfu thing to hear, and me without one prayer in my head. Where did I rin to? Ay, Gott knows where I will rin to that terrable night, till there waz no more breath left in my body, and I waz sayin to myself, "Alister, if the tevvle will het you this night, it is no help there is for it, and you will see Borva no more, and Styornowa no more, and Uig no more, and you will never again drink a glass with the lads of the *Nighean-dubh.*"

I waz writen all this to you, Miss Sheila, for it is the whole story I will want to tell you; but I will not tell the whole story to the people at Borva, for there are many foolish people at Borva, that will tell lies about any one. And now I know what it waz, all the stranche craytures I sah when I was rinnin ofer the moss—it was only the fright in my head after I sah that terrable beast. For when I sah a gray light come into the sky, "Alister," sez I to myself, "you must turn round and look at the tevvles that are by you;" and I will tell you, Miss Sheila, that verra soon there was none of them there at all; and I will stand still and look round, and there was nothing alife that I could see except myself, and me not much alife whatever. But I said to myself, "Alister, the sight of the ahfu beast at the shore will turn your head, and mek you like a madman; and the stranche craytures you sah on the moss, there waz no sich thing mirover; and it is no more thought of them you must hef." And I said to myself, "Alister, you must clear your head of the fright, and you will say not a word to any one about these strange craytures you sah on the moss; perhaps you will tell your neighbors about the black horse, for it is a shame that no one will know of that terrable peast; but you will not tell them about the stranche craytures that waz on the moss, for they will be only the fright in your head." But I will tell the whole story to you, Miss Sheila; for you waz writen to Alister Lewis that I will tell you the whole story; and this is the whole story, as sure as death.

And when the gray of the morning waz cam in, I waz safe away from Loch Suainabhal; and a man is glad to hef his life; but apart from being alife, it was little I had to be thankful for; and when the gray of the mornin' waz cam in, I will be near greetin' to look at myself, for there waz a grate dale of blood about me, for I had fallen on the side of my head on the bottle in the road, and there waz blood all about my head and my neck and my arm, and up to the waist I waz black with the dirt of the moss-land, and I think I could hef wrung a tubfull of watter out of my clothes. Gott knows I am speaking the truth, Miss Sheila, when I will tell you I would hef giffen a shellin—ay, or a shellin and a sixpence, for a glass of whisky on that mornin, for I wazna verra sure where I waz, and the watter waz lying deep in the soft land. But sez I to myself, "Alister, you are verra well away whatever from Loch Suainabhal now, and the stranche beast he will not come out in the daytime; and now you must mek your way back to Dugald MacKillop's farm." And it was near to echt o'clock, Miss Sheila, when I will find my way back to Dugald McKillop's farm.

And when I waz going near to the house I sez to myself, "Alister, do you think you will go now and tell them what you hef seen about the black horse, or will you keep it to yourself and wait and tell the minister at Uig? for the men about the house, now they hef been trinking, and they are not as sober az you, and they will mek a joke of it, and will not belief any of it whatever." Well, I waz not verra sure, but I went up by the byre, and I sah one of the young lasses, and when she sah me, she cried out, "Gott pless me, Alister-nan-Each! where hef you been this night? and it is like a madman that you are;" and I sez to her, "Mairi, my lass, if I waz not a sober man, as you know, I would not belief myself what I hef seen this night; and it is enough to hef made any man a madman what I hef seen this night." And she will say to me, "Alister, before you go into the house, I will bring you a pail of watter, and you will wash the blood from your face, and the dirt from your clothes;" and I will say to her, "Mairi, you are a verra goot lass, and you will mek a good wife to Colin MacAlpin, when he comes back from Glasgow. Colin MacAlpin," I will say to her, "is a verra good lad, and he is not a liar, like his Uncle John the Piper; and he does not go about the island telling foolish lies like him." That waz what I will say about John the Piper, Miss Sheila.

And when I will be going up to the house, there was a great sound of noise, and one or two singing, and the candles inside as if it was still the middle of the night, and I knew that these foolish men were trinking, and still trinking, and making a verra fine piece of laughing about the marrach of Dugald MacKillop and the young lass from the Skye. And I went into the house, and Aleck Cameron he cries out to me, "Gott please me, Alister-nan-Each! and hef you not gone on to Uig, when you was having a bottle of Lagavulin whisky with you all the way?" And I sez to him, "Aleck Cameron, it is a verra wise man you are, but you will know not any more of Lagavulin whisky as the children about the house; and I have seen a strancher thing than Lagavulin whisky, and that is a great black beast that was on the shores of Loch Suainabhal, and you nor no other man ever sah such a thing; and it is the story of that black beast I will tell you now, if you will gife me a glass of whisky, for it is the worst night I haf had since ever I will be born." Ay, Miss Sheila, there waz not one of them will be for laughing any more when I told them all the long story; but they will say to me, "Alister, it is a stranche thing you hef told us this day, and you will go and tell the minister of it, and Mr. Mackenzie, of Borva, and you will hear what they say about it, for there is no one in all the island was hearing of such a thing before, and it will not be safe for any one to go along by Loch Suainabhal until the truth of it is found out, and who will find out the truth of it like the minister, and Mr. Mackenzie, of Borva, that hef been away to many stranche places, and gone further away az Oban, and Greenock—ay, and away to London, too, where the Queen lifes and Sir James himself; and it was a great thing for you to see, Alister, and you will be known to all the island that you hef seen sich a strange thing."

And then I will say to them, "Well, it is time now I waz getting home to Borva, and Gott knows when I will be back at Loch Suainabhal any more, but if you will come along by the shores of the loch I will show you the place where I sah the beast, and you will know that it is true that I sah the beast." There waz one or two were for staying at home until the word was sent to the minister; but the others of them they had a goot tram, and they said, "Alister, if you will be for going by Loch Suainabhal, we will go with you by Loch Suainabhal, and we will tek the gun that Dugald MacKillop's father got out of the wreck of the French smack, and if there will be any more sign of the big horse, we will fire the gun, and he will run into the water again, but first of all, Alister, you will tek a glass." And I said to them, "Yes, that is verra well said; and we will tek the gun; but it is not for any more whisky I am, for I am a sober man, and there is no telling what foolish lies they may hef about any one, for there is ofer in Borva that foolish man John the Piper, and every one in the island, and Miss Sheila, too, will know that he is the greatest one for trinking and for the telling of foolish lies of all the people in the whole island of Lews. Ay, and Aleck Cameron he waz verra brafe now, and he would be for carrying the gun, that had the poother in it, and the flint new sharpened, and the barrel well tied to the stock; but I said to him, "It is verra well for you, Aleck Cameron, to be brafe now, but you waz glad to get back to the farm last night." And he is a verra quarlsome man, Miss Sheila; and he will say before them all, "Alister-nan-Each, I cam back to the house bekass you was trunk, and I sah no black horse in Loch Suainabhal, or out of Loch Suainabhal, and you will do yourself a mischief if you say such things about me, Alister-nan-Each." And I will tell you this, Miss Sheila, that it waz the foolish speech of this man, Aleck Cameron, that gafe the hint to John the Piper to mek a lying story about it. There is no one more sober as me in the whole island, az you know, Miss Sheila; and az for the trink, it was only a glass we had at a young lass's marrach; and az for Aleck Cameron and his lies, did not every one see that he could not walk in the middle of the road with the gun ofer his shoulter, but he was going this way and that, until he fell into the watter by the side of the road, and Dugald MacKillop himself would be for tekking the gun from him, bekass he waz so trunken a man. I hef no patience with a man that will be going about telling lies, whether it is Aleck Cameron or John the Piper.

Well, we waz going down the road, and there as sure as death was the bits of the bottle that I let slip when the terrable beast turned his head, and it waz many a time we looked at the watter and along the shore, and Peter MacCombie, who is a verra frightened man, keeping to the back of us, for fear of the terrable peast. There waz no sign of him, no, for such stranche cratures, I hef been told, do not like the daylight, but only the afternoon or the evening; and I said to Dugald MacKillop, "Dugald, there is the verra place where he waz lying." And Dugald said, "You hef seen a stranche thing, Alister-nan-Each; and I hope no other man will see the like of it again, for it is not good to see such stranche craytures, and if I waz you, Alister, it is the minister I would be for telling."

Now, Miss Sheila, that is the whole story of the black beast that I sah, and I waz saying to Alister Lewis, the schoolmaster, "Mr. Lewis, I am not good at the writen, but if it teks me two weeks or a whole week to write the letter, I will tell the story to Miss Sheila, and she will know not to belief the foolish lies of John the Piper." And he will say to me, "Alister, if you will be writen the letter, you will not say anything of Miss Sheila, but you will call Miss Sheila Mrs. Laffenter, for she is marriet now, as you know, and a verra fine lady in London;" and I will say to him, "Mr. Lewis, you are the schoolmaster, and a verra cleffer young man, but the old way is the good way, and Miss Sheila when she waz in Borva waz as fine a lady as she is now, and as fine a lady as there is any in London, and she will not mind the old way of speaking of her among the people that knew her manys the day before the London people knew her, when she waz a lass in her father's house." And if there is any fault in it, Honored Madam, it was no harm I had in my head when I was writen to you; and if there is any fault in it I will ask your pardon beforehands, and I am verra sorry for it if there will be any offense.

And I am, Honored Madam,
Your most humble servant to command,
ALISTER-NAN-EACH,
but his own name is Alister Maclean.

P. S.—I waz not telling you, Honored Madam, of the lies that John the Piper will be speaking about me, for they are verra foolish and of no consequence mirover. But if you will hear of them, you will know, Honored Madam, that there is no truth in them but only foolishness, for there is no one in all the island as sober as me, and what I haf seen I haf seen with my own eyes whatever, and there is no one that knows me will pay any heed to the foolish nonsense of John the Piper, *that was trunk no further ago than the yesterday's mornin.*

WILLIAM BLACK.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

SEVASTOPOL.—As you turn to the right into the harbor strictly so called, instead of a crowd of merchant vessels lying at anchor, you see only two English steamers being repaired upon the slips. The landing place itself seems to sum up the history of the town. A fine broad flight of steps leading down to the water's edge, surmounted by a Doric colonnade, with the date 1846, marks the era of hope and growth; while the pillars themselves, scarred here and there with shot, and contrasting strangely with the mean, ruinous buildings about them, mark the downfall of the hopes and the cessation of the growth. Sevastopol, indeed, is only just beginning to emerge from the despondency of the last twenty years. The docks are still a wilderness, overgrown with grass and weeds, with old guns and anchors imbedded in the earth, showing that the work of destruction was well carried out by the allies. Fresh docks and arsenals, meanwhile, have been erected at Kertch and Nikolaieff; and no attempt has until quite lately been made to develop the commercial resources of Sevastopol. In many places you may pass through streets silent and desolate as the streets of Pompeii; houses shattered partly by bombardment, partly by the destruction wrought by the Russians when abandoning the place, principally perhaps by the want of fire-wood felt by the allies during the occupation of the Winter, 1855-56. Add to this that the sun beats down upon the arid rock with frightful force, that there are scarcely any trees to relieve the eye, and that the dust is at least ankle-deep in all the streets and squares; and it follows that Sevastopol is scarcely more desirable as a place of residence in the Summer than in the Winter. There are, however, not wanting signs of life and improvement. The old barracks at the head of the harbor, between that and the Dockyard Creek, still stand up against the sky-line a ghastly row of empty windows and roofless walls four stories high; but there are new barracks further north, between the old docks and the roadstead, where a large garrison is now accommodated. A railway station is now open at the head of the harbor, from which you can go direct in three days and two nights to Moscow. Fresh houses have been built during the last two years, and more are building. Churches are springing up again with all the glittering ornament that marks the Russian style of architecture. The high ridge in the centre of the town, from whence, according to Kinglake, the Russians first marked the English defiling across the heights of Mackenzie's farm, is now laid out as a boulevard, with a café and club-room. On Sundays this club-room is devoted to dancing; and the sight of this boulevard, thronged with people, while the darkness conceals the ruins of the houses round about, makes you fancy that you are in the midst of a thriving and populous town. The most thickly inhabited part has indeed strayed down from the eastern to the western side of this ridge, away from the Man-of-War Harbor toward the creeks which Kinglake calls Artillery Bay and the Quarantine Harbor, so that a traveler on first landing is more, perhaps, struck by the appearance of desolation than is strictly fair. The great sea forts, however—Fort Nicholas, Fort Alexander, and the Quarantine Sea Fort—which guarded the entrance to the roadstead on this side, are an indistinguishable heap of ruins, and their site was marked only by some surveying posts recently set up. The two chief hotels of the town are both near the landing-place, and though neither of them very sumptuous, will supply all that you can fairly ask.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE FRENCH VOLUNTEERS.—Every Frenchman (with a few inevitable exceptions) must now be a soldier for a longer or a shorter period. The "good" numbers now award the short (one year), the bad ones the longer period (five years) of military service. Practically, both those periods are abbreviated, in the case of good conduct and rapid progress in drill. The only mode, at present, of avoiding the chances of the Conscription (which, as we have seen, might assign to the drawer of a "bad" number a five-years' term of military service) is to forestall it by volunteering for a year. But it is not everybody who is in a position to do that—for, first, an examination has to be passed; and, secondly, the sum of fifteen hundred francs (sixty pounds sterling) has to be paid to the State. The two conditions imply both a better education and more affluent circumstances, (or at least a greater willingness to part with spare cash,) and therefore a higher social position, than are enjoyed by the mass of the people. Volunteering in France differs widely, not only from volunteering in England, but also from volunteering in Prussia, where it is a purely military institution. The volunteer pays the State a sum of from sixty to eighty-two francs for his equipment. His board and lodging are at his own expense. As soon as he is outside the barracks he is as much his own master as a student returning to his room in town. The object is to make officers and subalterns for the landwehr. In every regiment the volunteers form a little group of collegians under the surveillance of an officer. When they are more than twenty, they have two officers to instruct and keep an eye upon them. In two months they are taught how to handle their arms and the material details of military service; then they have to draw up reports, and to direct patrols and reconnoitring parties. They are expected to know theoretically all infantry, cavalry, and artillery exercises. At the end of ten or twelve months, they pass an examination and receive their certificate of officer of the landwehr. In France, the volunteer is not a student who puts on a uniform for three or four hours a day, in order to learn how a patrol marches, how an outpost is placed, and how requisitions are made in an enemy's country. After exercise or errands he enters the messroom or the dormitory, a real soldier, undistinguished from the other soldiers. Prussia regards the volontariat from an exclusively military point of view; France looks upon it both in a military and a social light. Prussia, moreover, is aristocratic, while France is democratic. Any difference in their treatment would cause French soldiers to regard volunteers as a knot of little favorities and protégés. What pleases them in the volontariat, is the idea of absolute equality (except the fifteen hundred francs) between rich and poor, students and farm laborers. From this equality a good feeling may spring up between the bourgeois of the Boulevard Haussmann and the artisan of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. From the first moment of their meeting in uniform they must be comrades, and not superiors and inferiors.—*All the Year Round.*

LIFE IN A BOARDING-HOUSE.

Mr. and Mrs. Threestars, a young couple blessed with very moderate means, began their wedded life by taking a room in a well-known hotel, but after some months of felicity Charles Threestars became dissatisfied. He pined for more domesticity, and he seriously doubted if it were possible to cultivate the home virtues in the atmosphere of a hotel. His bride, his spouse, his Lily, seemed to him to be leading an aimless, shiftless existence, and to be acquiring a distaste for home pleasures, and a relish for those entertainments which are both costly and vapid. And, having expounded this view to her in a moment of tenderness, he was delighted to find that she shared his thoughts, and was herself thoroughly dissatisfied with the life she had begun to lead. To spend the morning in gossiping with other idle married women, and the afternoon in promenading on the avenue or going to the matinée, was after all not the life she had dreamed of, but one into which she had drifted. And when she admitted this and said, "Charley, I'm the most dissatisfied woman in New-York, and would be only too glad of a change," the heart of Charles Threestars glowed within him, and a great thought burst radiantly upon him. "Let us keep house," he cried. "Delightful!" she cried. "I should love it above all things," said he. "It would be the most charming thing in the world," said she. And they both looked so bright, so eager, and so undaunted by the dangers and difficulties of life, that they were both more in love than ever, and kissed each other with greater rapture than on the bridal day.

Throughout the evening they talked and laid their plans, and Charles Threestars told his wife what a good hand he used to be, when a boy, at sawing and cutting wood, and how handy his mother always said he was about a house. Lily Threestars explained to her husband how she had once seen bread made, and how easy it was, and how she had once with her own hand stirred some cake, and thought she could make it too. "It's not difficult, I'm sure," she declared, "when once you know how much butter to use, but that I could easily find out, and though I don't quite remember how much sugar Mrs. Hawkins used to put in, yet that doesn't matter, because you can't have cake too sweet, you know." As she said this with sweet smiles and angelic enthusiasm, her husband readily assented, and they both saw clearly that there was no bother in keeping house when you give your mind to it. And so filled were they with these high resolves that they could hardly fall asleep, but kept talking throughout the night. Charles would awaken his wife to tell her how he once mended a chair, and Lily would awaken her husband to give him a recipe for pickles which she had once learned, and by dint of beating her brains had contrived to recall. At length they managed to fall asleep, and both dreamed of the coziest little home that poet has ever sung or painter drawn.

In the morning they were rather silent, however, and immersed in reflection. Before Mr. Threestars went down town he took his wife aside—for she had breakfasted with him in spite of 9 o'clock being a cruelly early hour—and said to her, "Lily, I am sorry to say that, in thinking it over, I don't see how I could raise the money to furnish the house, and the rent of a furnished one is so awful that I couldn't do it. No; I really could not afford it. And I have been thinking it over, and it seems to me that the best thing we can do will be to get board in some private family, and economize until we have saved up money enough to furnish the house." "Then," said she, with something of a pout, "we're not going to keep house for ever so long." "We can't do it," he replied; "we haven't the money." "Well," she said, thoughtfully, "perhaps after all that will be best, because I have thought it over, and I really don't think I know as much about housekeeping as I ought. Things would be rather awkward at first, but if we board in a private family I can pick up a good many hints, you know." So they began to cogitate about the private family where they should live. Said Charley: "The Tigginses are friends of yours, aren't they? Couldn't we live with them?" "My dear," said his wife, "you must be crazy. Mary Tiggins hates me like poison; but why can't we board with your uncle Ben?" "For a very good reason, my love," answered the husband. "He strongly objected to my marriage, and won't speak to me ever since." "Well, then," continued Mrs. Lily, "don't let us go to any friend's house. It is always better to be with strangers, for you can be freer with them, and if we are not satisfied with them we can go. But if we live with friends they will expect us to put up with anything." "Lily!" exclaimed the husband, "you're a well of wisdom—I tell you what I'll do, I'll advertise in THE TIMES." "Capital!" cried the wife, and they adjourned to their room, where between them they produced the following:

"Wanted—By a young married couple, a sunny room, with board, in a strictly private family; the best references given, and fair price offered. Address 'Bub,' Office NEW-YORK TIMES. P. S.—Boarding-house keepers are requested not to respond."

This Charles Threestars ordered inserted on his way to the office, and was informed that if he would call every day for a week he would probably receive answers, which he did, and was blessed with exactly forty-seven responses.

He and his wife agreed that they would not answer any until they had all they could expect, and then they would classify them and take the most promising. Six were selected, and as Mrs. Lily's preference was for the handwriting which seemed the most lady-like, that was chosen for the first essay. The house was a large four-story brown front, close to some Catholic institution, which permitted windows on the side walls. The bell was rung and the bold adventurer, Mr. Threestars, found himself in the parlor awaiting the coming of the lady of the house. She entered smilingly, but was somewhat cold, prim, and angular of aspect. And in fact her smile was so grim that the husband thought with a little apprehension of his little Lily, and how she would be able to support so Gorgonish a glance. However, there he was and there was the lady, and so nothing remained save to introduce himself as "Bub" who had advertised for a sunny room. The lady came at once to business. "Would you like to see the room?" "Most certainly," he replied. "Then please walk up with Bridget—Bridget, show the gentleman the room." Up stairs trudged the Irish woman of that name, and Mr. Threestars followed. The first room shown was pleasant enough, but faced directly to the west. "This is not a sunny room," said he. "I' dunno," replied Bridget, "yer'll have to spake to the misthress about that. There's another room, sure, the wan anenst it." This, however, faced to the north, and could never have any sun whatever. "Why, Bridget," said he, "this is worse than the other. The setting sun does show itself in the first for an hour, but it is never visible at all in this room." "Arrah, I dunno," replied she carelessly; "shure, wan room's as good as another, but spake to the misthress." Down stairs they filed, where the landlady in grim expectancy awaited her promised prey. "I'm afraid neither of those rooms would suit," he commenced, hesitatingly. Incredulity manifested itself in the large eyebrows of the lady. "The fact is, my wife is very particular about a sunny room—." "Those rooms are both exceedingly sunny," she said, firmly, as if the subject did not admit of any discussion. "That's why I took this house, on account of the side windows. Those rooms are both of them very sunny, especially the one you first looked at. Why, people have often complained to me of the glare of the sun of afternoons. I know those rooms, and know they're sunny. Of course you couldn't be expected to know them, being a stranger, as one may say, and the day being cloudy, so that the sunlight is not visible. But sunny they are. That I know." "I suppose, madam, they may be of afternoons in the Summer time, but as this is Winter I wanted a room with southern aspect which gives the morning sun." "Very good, Sir. I haven't a southern room, and didn't know you required one, answering only your advertisement, which said sunny room, and sunny room I've offered you." Feeling himself quite unable to understand so much eloquence, Mr. Threestars took his leave hurriedly, and went to the next upon his list, which fortunately was not far off.

He rang the bell, but no one came. He rang again, and a third time, and the door was finally opened by a perspiring negro, who muttered something about having to do everything at once. He took his seat in the parlor, which was exceedingly small, and the folding-doors were not only locked, but the key-holes appeared to have been plugged up with paper. Making a tour round the room, and wondering where the hideous pictures and photographs could have been found, he heard an "ahem" of a suave and conciliatory character; and looking around, saw a stout personage in rusty black, who smiled inquiringly at him. Explaining that he was "Bub" of THE TIMES advertisement, he asked if he was speaking to the master of the house. "The same, Sir, at your service. Would you like to see the sunny room that I am fortunately enabled to place at your disposal?" Assent following proposition, the pair ascended innumerable flights of stairs, and at last found themselves on the garret floor. Mr. Threestars thought it was rather high, though not quite so elevated as the top floor of the Sturtevant, but resolved to see what was to be seen. The arrangement was peculiar. The hall-rooms were as usual, but the rest of the floor was queerly contrived. The central space, which was considerable, for the house was very deep, had been originally fitted up as a bowling alley. The pins were gone, but the elevated channel down which the balls were rolled back to the casters remained standing, and had become a resting-place for umbrellas and odds and ends, out of which a smutty-faced, wild-looking cat had made a nest for herself and an interesting family of kittens. A battered, rusty, and exceedingly unornamental stove occupied the centre of the room, and the pipe meandered up to the skylight. At each end of this chamber were two small rooms, looking north and south. To one of the latter the stout man led the way. He opened the door and showed a room absolutely destitute of all furniture, save a chair, a washstand, and a small mirror about a foot square in size. The wainscoting projected from the wall, and made a sort of shelf, and on the wall were numerous nails for the support of clothing. "Do you," said Mr. Threestars, "really consider this room large enough for a man and his wife?" "Most certainly, young man, it is. Here, a man beginning the voyage of life, can economize; can live in comfort, and put by his earnings until he has enough to buy the house itself. This is a superb chance that I offer you; one that may be the means of securing to you habits of saving that may make you a millionaire." He said this with so much unction, and with such a friendly smile, that the adventurous husband, with a great inclination to be in a rage, did not exactly see how he could commence to storm, so he said gruffly that the room didn't suit, and left the house as quickly as possible.

Despair now began to stir in his bosom, and the thought of the nice family nest into which he and his wife were to be admitted began to grow very vague and dim. He resolved, however, on trying the entire list, so he made for the third, which was at some distance. Here his ring was promptly answered by a neat servant, and he was ushered into a large double parlor, very handsomely furnished. The mistress of the house, accompanied by a handsome daughter, made her appearance, and, on his explaining the reason of his visit, the bell was rung and he was placed in charge of a servant, who showed him a handsome room, with a sunny aspect, well furnished, and with two things which his Lily had particularly charged him to secure—deep closets and a large mirror. Everything was satisfactory, and when he went down stairs he rather congratulated himself upon his success. The ladies were below waiting for him, and probably read his approval in his face. He asked the price, and was exceedingly mortified to find it was $5 per week more than he was paying at the hotel. "Not much economy here," he muttered. "Would you allow me to see your dining-room," he asked, "as my wife is very particular about not dining in the basement?" "Oh, ours is not in the basement, but in the third room on this floor, beyond the parlors. Pray come and look at it." He followed, and was very much surprised at the extraordinary number of seats provided for a private family. There were three large tables, at each of which were eight seats, and from the variety of the napkin rings he was compelled to doubt if it was a private family. He asked, in as insinuating a tone as he could command, "Have you not a very large family?" "Oh, no, only myself and daughter," said the lady. "I have a son, but he is in Chicago." "Then, for whom are all these seats?" he inquired. "For the ladies and gentlemen who are stopping with me," she answered. "Then," rather hesitatingly, "this is not a private house?" "Most certainly it is," she said firmly. "Well, I mean it is not a private family." "Certainly it is." "But the ladies and gentlemen, are they not boarders, as my wife and I would be?" "Certainly." "Then, isn't this a boarding-house?" Cries of indignation from mother and daughter. "No, indeed. My house is a private house. I have always considered it so. I would not keep a boarding-house on any account, but having a small family of my own, I am willing to take respectable, *respectable*, [she repeated the word and italicized it vocally,] parties into my house. But I have always kept it strictly private." "Is the house your own, then?" asked Mr. Threestars, rather dazed at the fine distinction, but thinking it turned upon the point of ownership. "No," replied the lady; "I rent it, and have to pay a very high rate on account of the fine furniture." Mr. Threestars, giving up all hope of making out the dividing line between the boarding-house and the private family, murmured, in a very abject and terrified manner, that he was afraid it would not quite suit his wife, and fled ingloriously. When he got outside he swore that he wouldn't visit another house, and that Lily might take her turn next, for he was done with room-hunting.

Having subsequently in the day communicated this fact to his spouse, she did not exactly cry, with *Lady Macbeth*, "Infirm of purpose! give me the lists," but she looked at him rather contemptuously, and observed that men had no tact. He feigned to be too busy glancing over the evening paper to notice this remark, and thinking it a fine opportunity for a little bribery, got up an immense interest in a new piece at the Union Square Theatre, and proposed to go there. His Lily immediately jumped at the chance to go to the theatre. So it came about that next morning he walked down town to his office with a lightsome heart, relieved of the burden, and when he returned found his wifey in high glee. She had found the loveliest room imaginable—$10 a week cheaper than the hotel one, with a southern exposure, and everything desirable. It was not, however, in a private house, but the locality was highly eligible, and there were only seven families, whom she was sure she would like very much. In a few days the transit was made, and the Threestars family, trunks, canary, and pet cat were all transferred to No. 1471 Onety-oneth street, where the first days, being spent entirely in unpacking and settling things, passed off pleasantly enough. Charles, who thought considerably of his food, owned that the things were good and well cooked, and that the change from hotel fare was less noticeable than he had expected. The other families seemed pleasant, though rather reticent and not inclined to be sociable; "but this," said wise Mrs. Lily with a shake of her head, "is to be expected, and will wear off; and then, love, we are economizing."

About the end of the second week Mrs. Threestars thought she would mention her grand scheme of getting hints of housekeeping to the lady of the house. So when she took down the weekly money and asked for the receipted bill she introduced the subject. But the landlady pursed up her mouth dubiously and shook her head disparagingly. She would like, of course, to do anything in her power, but hadn't the time to give lessons in housekeeping; and, then, housekeeping in a boarding-house wasn't exactly what it would be in a private house. As for learning to cook things, why, the cook was exceedingly ill-tempered, not to say insolent, and she would rather not mention the proposition to her, unless Mrs. Threestars insisted on it, for she would get in a rage and spoil the dinner, and that made the gentlemen so savage. Perhaps the best way would be for Mrs. Threestars to talk it over with the house-maid on her floor, and she might use her influence with the cook, who, being Irish, too, might be more pleasant with her than with a boarder. Poor Lily took her receipted bill and went up stairs sadly enough, resolving most certainly not to employ the intercession of a house-maid, and rather to die in ignorance of cooking forever, than to learn it under such unpromising circumstances. Meanwhile there was some balm in Gilead, for she had commenced to be quite friendly with a lady of an uncertain age, a spinster daughter, who, with her widowed mother, occupied one of the best rooms in the house. This lady took an immense fancy to Mrs. Threestars, invited her to her room, played for her on an old piano considerably out of tune, the three airs she knew, showed her some sketches in water colors which she took in Italy, and a manuscript story which had been nearly accepted by a magazine, and displayed all her store of jewelry, garnets, and coral, and seed pearl, and malachite, and amethyst, which had been bought in Vienna, Paris, Sorrento, and other places familiar to travelers.

For several weeks Mrs. Threestars was delighted with her friend, of whom she spoke repeatedly to Charlie, but wondered why the other families were not friendly. In the hotel everybody was so pleasant and sociable, but here every one save Miss Minniken seemed to shun not only intimacy but even pleasant sociability. Every table was a little world, and those who sat in the central table did not recognize those whose table occupied the right hand corner, or those who sat at the eastern end of the room. There was not only no interchange of words, there was not even an expression of recognition—neither bows nor smiles. Charlie said that probably everybody came to a boarding-house to economize and were embittered by the contemplation of the slowness of the process. Whether this was true or not is doubtful, but this much is certain that every one seemed to surround his family with a halo of reticence and discontent, and the two or three young men who were sandwiched in among the families were equally silent and gloomy. Every table had its acknowledged talker, who pitched upon some one else as the vehicle for his communications and addressed him upon the topics of the day, the rest of the occupants listening moodily, neither interested nor indifferent, but in a state of mind compounded of both. Sometimes the talkers at the other tables would listen sneeringly to the Sir Oracle who happened to be talking in a louder and more dictatorial tone than usual, but as a general thing each Jupiter Olympus controlled his own empire without disturbing that of another. "What would happen, Charlie dear, if somebody was to come who would contradict one of them," said Lily once to her husband. "There would be a squabble, my Lily," he answered, "which would be dignified by the name of argument, and the man who, in the opinion of the table, had the worst of it, would give the lady of the house notice and would retire to some other house and set up his throne there." "But why don't they all talk? Miss Minniken says it's because they haven't traveled in Europe." "Well, my dear, I'm generally thinking about how many years it will take to save up enough money to furnish a house at this rate, and I have about come to the conclusion that if I live to be ninety years of age I shall fetch it. And when I don't think of that I'm pondering upon the awful question of how long this steady deterioration of the table will continue. If it goes on much longer we shall have to cook things for ourselves on a gas stove. Fortunately, there is a capital burner in our room, and we can try experiments in cookery, so that by the time I have got money enough to furnish the house you may have become a real *cordon bleu*."

It was too true. The table, which had been excellent when they first came, at last settled down to a zero of badness which was almost unbearable. For the rooms were all rented, the tables were all full, the Winter had now set in, and the streets were so sloppy with melting snows that no human being in his senses would ever think of moving. Consequently, the lady of the house was now enabled to turn the screws, which she did to some purpose. The occasional prune, the semi-occasional olive, and the semi-weekly banana disappeared from the table. The anchovy sauce was suppressed, the English pickles were replaced by dark green cubes of American make, strongly impregnated with garlic; the soups became mere colored water; the fine fresh butter was replaced by a compound often sour and sometimes rancid. The number of dishes of vegetables became diminished, the small green peas, the *petit pois*, beloved of the gourmand, vanished, and large dry peas took the place of them. The beef was tougher than American teeth can well bear, and was often cut in savage barbaric masses, instead of delicate slices, the infrequent turkey was either ferociously muscular or suspiciously and odorously tender. The oysters became rare treats, and were served in little plates, containing at the most three, the bread formerly sweet delicate crusty lengths of French construction, was now stale and bitter and aluminous; the beefsteak was tougher than the beef, and, having become frozen on its road to the market, would not be broiled, but showed itself raw and *sanglant* on the chilly plate. All was changed, and the heart of Charles Threestars waxed sad within his breast.

One evening he appeared with numerous packages in his hands and coat pockets, which he placed on the table before his Lily. "There," said he, "this thing, like a funnel, is a cooking-stove. You put that funnel part over the gas burner, turn on the gas, and light at these holes you see here. This is a pot for boiling water, and this is a little pan for stewing or frying. Here in this tin pail is some turtle soup prepared for immediate consumption, which we will have after our dinner, and here is a French loaf which I bought to eat with it. Here is a cruet-stand containing condiments, and here is a cookery book, written by Miss Marion Harland, a bad novelist, but an excellent writer on this topic. We will now cook for ourselves. We will get up a course of suppers, by which we shall feed our famished bodies and prepare ourselves for the great future of housekeeping, which, with these additional expenses, is now only 130 years distant. In the meantime let us at least live." And from that time forward the Threestars went to cooking secret and stealthy suppers, of which the landlady had early intelligence, but made no other comment than that the Threestars were burning a great deal of gas. She, indeed, attempted to get an additional dollar per week from Mr. Threestars for the additional gas he burned, but he at last succeeded in convincing her that whether the stove was on or off the burner only the same amount of gas could come from the pipe. And so, as a favor to a young couple who were very respectable and prompt about their payments, the mistress of the mansion generously consented to waive the additional dollar for the extra gas that was not burned.

In the meantime the friendship with Miss Minniken had not deepened into a life-long attachment. Having idolized Mrs. Threestars for a month, her love began to grow a little less strong about the fifth week, and in due course of time cooled down to polite indifference. Mrs. Threestars thought Miss Minniken's jewelry rather poor and cheap, and could not be made to understand that a garnet brooch bought in Vienna was any more valuable than a garnet brooch bought in the Bowery. Miss Minniken thought Mrs. Threestars in want of foreign polish, and deficient in æsthetic culture, and pronounced Charles a soulless bear. At this a quarrel would have taken place only that Miss Minniken was too high minded to notice Mrs. Threestars angry protest against any abuse of her dear husband. So polite indifference was the word, Miss Minniken now being nearly dead of *ennui* and having no opportunity of making a new friend to whom she could display her accomplishments and her foreign jewelry, in sheer despondency attacked the Sir Oracle of the table. War then was declared, and the two fought in daily battles over the dining table. Public opinion was suspended for some time, but finally veered over to the lady whose foreign travel gave her an advantage over the untraveled American. But he unfortunately was behindhand with his board and could not leave the field, and therefore was compelled to stay and fight. The result was that all through the Winter, the one place of reunion, the table, was a scene of squabbling and discord, and the disgusted Threestars with the return of Spring, fled back again to the hotel they had quitted, and are now waiting to keep house until Uncle Ben shall die and leave them a fortune. In the meantime he has married a girl from a dollar store, and the prospect of the Threestars keeping house is far from bright. Charles has, however, said that if Rapid Transit is a success he will keep house in Westchester where the cider is very fine.

GAR.

BEES.—Previous experiments, which showed that bees did not by any means in all cases bring their friends to share stores of food which they had discovered, having been much questioned by bee-keepers, I have repeated them again. No doubt, if honey is put in an exposed place, so that it is found by one bee, it is most natural that others should also find their way to it; but this does not, according to my experience, happen if the honey is concealed. For instance, I put a bee to some honey in a flowerpot placed on its side, and so arranged that the bee had only a small orifice through which to enter. Under these circumstances, from 6:45 in the morning till 7:15 in the evening, she made fifty-nine journeys, and during the whole of this time only one other bee found her way to the honey. I found that bees soon accustomed themselves to look for honey on papers of particular colors. For instance, on Sept. 13 I placed a bee to some honey on a slip of glass on green paper, and after she had made twelve journeys to and from the hive, I put red paper where the green had been, and placed another drop of honey on a green paper, at a distance of about a foot. The bee returned, however, to the honey on the green paper. I then gently moved the green paper, with the bee on it, back to the old place. When the bee had gone, I replaced the green paper by a yellow one, and put the green again a foot off. After the usual interval she returned again to the green. I repeated the same proceeding, but with orange paper instead of green. She returned again to the green. I now did the same with white paper; she returned again to the green. Again I tried her with blue; she again came to the green. I then reversed the position of the blue and green papers, but still she returned to the green. I repeated this experiment with other bees, and with the same result, though it seemed to me that in some cases they did not distinguish so clearly between green and blue as between green and other colors. In other respects they seemed to adhere equally closely to any color to which they were made accustomed.—*Nature.*

CURIOUS CHRISTENINGS.

It ought not to be considered surprising, if at a christening, the child receiving the ordinance of baptism should misbehave, or display eccentricity, or fail in any way to deport itself in a manner becoming the occasion and itself, for it is usually the first public performance of any note which a person undertakes. And in point of fact many children do surprise the officiating clergyman and the congregation assembled as well as their sponsors, who may be supposed to have had opportunities to study the child's disposition. But the curious incidents and laughable circumstances which frequently attend these ceremonies are more often the result of carelessness or thoughtlessness on the part of their elders, than of any failure in dignity on the part of the children themselves, and when, as it frequently happens, a laugh is aroused, it is seldom at the expense of the child.

Concerning the ceremony itself and the ways of administering it which are held to be orderly, at least by the Roman Catholic Church, some interesting anecdotes are related. It is universally known that in a case of emergency the ordinance of baptism may be administered by any one who may chance to be at hand. This doctrine was carried once to a great extent in a decision of the Church in relation to the question of the baptism of a convert who was afterwards called one of the fathers of the Church. On his conversion he said that when a child he had, together with a friend, witnessed the administering of baptism by Christians, and that afterward he was engaged in play with this friend when it was proposed that they play at baptism. This play, it may be observed in passing, is very popular among children who are almost always greatly impressed on witnessing a christening. The two children played at baptism, and the one who was afteward converted to Christianity was baptized with the regular formula by his companion. The church held that the baptism was binding, and that the name by which his friend called him was his christened name, or as it is now called, although improperly, his Christian name.

It might be expected that persons who are not ordained ministers of the church, when they undertake to christen a child, would make mistakes. A notable instance of this gained considerable notoriety from the fact that the child christened had become a Bishop before the irregularity was discovered. The child was of humble origin, being born of poor parents in Portugal. When he was born it seemed as though he would not live until a priest could be called. The midwife therefore christened him. Contrary to all expectation he lived to grow up, took holy orders and went among the heathen as a missionary. When well advanced in years he returned to his native country, a bishop. He preached one day in his native place, and after the service he was accosted by an old crone who asked if he did not remember her. He said that he did not, and she told him that she had baptized him. In the conversation that ensued he asked her in whose name he was baptized, and was astounded at the reply. She had baptized him in the name of the Holy Virgin, and had used the same formula on some thirty similar occasions. The Bishop was immediately baptized again, and this time in the regular form.

Different children, as might be expected, behave as differently while being christened as they do on other occasions, and a hint to those mothers, who are anxious that their children should not cry at the altar, may be of service. There is a great difference in ministers. While some clergymen seem to attract the liking of almost all children, and the ceremony, as they perform it, is likely to be interrupted by the child's laughing and crowing and playing irreverent tricks with the minister's head and nose, others inspire dislike in children, and the babies cry, and kick, and struggle to get away. What governs the children's moods it is hard to say. In many instances it is probably awkwardness, as in a case told lately in an exchange. A very young clergyman, who had just taken orders and had never before held a child in his arms on any public occasion, was called upon early in his ministry to officiate at the christening of a child already over a year old. The child was very vigorous and disliked the awkward way in which he was taken by the minister, and his struggles were so great that the inexperienced young man was almost unable to hold him. Slowly the child's head began to disappear among the embroidered garments, while every fresh hold that the minister took served only to bring the long skirts further up, and at length the little legs appeared, kicking and squirming their way downward. Unversed in the ways of babies, the minister was seized with apprehension lest the child should slip through his clothes entirely, and he made a quick grasp at the child's sash. Setting the little one astride the chancel rail he said to the mother, while his cheeks flamed at the titters of the congregation: "You'd better hold the baby yourself. If you don't he will go through his clothes to the floor, and I shall have nothing to baptize but his dress."

The apprehension he expressed was fulfilled literally in a case where the clergyman, long since dead, was an old and much respected minister in Westchester County. On one occasion, many years ago, when there were Indians living in his parish, one of them appeared in church with his squaw, who carried a bear-skin in her arms, which evidently contained something which she prized highly. After the service the couple walked up to the chancel-rail and presented a papoose, snugly nestled in the bear-skin, to have it christened. The worthy Doctor proceeded with the ceremony, and, just as he reached the point at which he was to sprinkle the water on the infant's face, the latter's struggles to escape proved successful, and he slipped through to the floor, while the minister baptized the bear-skin.

On another occasion this clergyman made almost as serious a mistake as christening a bear-skin. An infant was given into his arms to be christened, and the mother handed it to him, as mothers frequently do on such occasions, wrong end first. This is a thing which clergymen learn to expect, and instead of straightening the child up with its head downward, when the mistake is noticed in time they reverse the child's position and hold its head up. This minister, however, did not notice the mistake soon enough, and, to the mother's horror, he calmly commenced to sprinkle the child's feet instead of its brow, and the ceremony was concluded in that way. The child's astonishment at its unusual position was probably what kept it from announcing the mistake by its cries.

The awkwardness displayed in handing a baby to the clergyman, by presenting the wrong end, is frequently shown, and is annoying enough to the clergymen officiating. It is generally found easier by them, however, to rectify the mistake themselves, than to attempt to explain matters to the person offering the baby. On one occasion a minister who had not found this out, inadvertently caused a ludicrous scene in his church. A sailor came with his wife to have their child christened. He had just returned from a long cruise, and had been on shore so little during his life, that the sight of a baby, especially when it was his own, was ecstacy to him. He insisted on carrying it himself, and, despite the mother's misgivings, she was obliged to give way. All went well until the time came to give the child to the clergyman, when, as might have been expected, he presented it in the wrong way. The clergyman expostulated. "Please reverse the position of the child," said he. This was entirely unintelligible to Jack Tar, who was not used to that kind of language in the forecastle. He stared and stammered, clutching the baby tightly enough in his bewilderment to make it cry. This added to the confusion, and when Mrs. Tar undertook to explain matters he was in more confusion than if he had been "all at sea." Some kind of a climax was inevitable, but it came in an unexpected way. A shipmate of the unlucky father was in the gallery, having been induced to go to see the ceremony. He saw the predicament, and being less excited than Jack, saw the way out of it. In stentorian tones he called out, "Avast there! Eend for eend, you lubber, eend for eend." Jack comprehended this, and the mistake was at once rectified.

Jack's excitement was hardly greater than that of the loving mother who took her little one to the altar, and when she was asked by the minister what name he should bestow on it, was unable to remember which name she had chosen out of several that had been under consideration. The more she tried to think the more nervous she became, and being unwilling to give a name with which she would be afterward dissatisfied, she left the church and hastened to the house of an intimate friend who lived near by to inquire of her what name had been selected. Learning this she returned to the church and the ceremony was duly performed.

Names are often given with a disregard of the sex of the child, which arises from different causes. Of course there is no statute against a boy's receiving a girl's name, or *vice versa*, and this is occasionally done. Thus one of the belles of a certain city in Georgia ten years ago was Miss William Slade.

In this case the name, it is said, was deliberately chosen, as the child's parents wished her to be named after the father, but it happened once in Georgia that a similar thing was done from a different cause. A young clergyman was visiting his cousin, who had several hundred slaves, many of whom were deplorably ignorant. The clergyman was zealous, and, as his cousin made no objection, he spent a large portion of his time in attending to the spiritual needs of the negroes. One day he visited the cabin of a woman with a young child who had never been baptized, and who was very sick. The clergyman asked her if she did not wish to have the child christened, and the mother assented. He asked her what name he should give it, and she expressed the desire which was common among the slaves of the South that "Massa" should choose the name. He was used to the request, and had ceased to puzzle himself in choosing romantic names. He, therefore, suggested Jane as a good, durable name that would stand service. The mother looked a little surprised, but made no objection, and the baby was christened Jane. Jane did not die, but lived to be the recipient of great ridicule from the other boys with whom he played.

As an example of the way in which parents will insist on curious names, a gentleman says that he was visiting a clergyman of the Church of England, and one evening as they sat together after dinner a summons came to the rector to go and christen the child of a gypsy couple that were encamped with their tribe in the parish. The gentlemen went with the clergyman to the camp, when, ascending a short flight of steps, they found themselves in the four-wheeled covered wagon that served the gypsies as a house. The babe, four or five days old, was presented, and the mother, already recovered from her confinement, stood up as one of the godparents. The clergyman asked by what name he should call the child and she answered Jacky. "John?" said he, somewhat suprised. "No, Sir, Jacky," she replied. "But you surely don't want him christened Jacky. You mean John, do you not," said he. But the mother insisted on the name she had chosen, and the child was christened Jacky.

Numerous stories are told of the methods adopted to shorten the service of christening or baptism, in cases where there are a large number to receive the ordinance. It is authentically stated that the Jesuit missionaries, who made many converts among the Indians of North America, would, on such occasions, wet a cloth with holy water, and, passing it across the foreheads of a row of converts, baptize as many as twenty at once. Whether each one was called by name is not stated but probably a list of their names was read during the service. At the present day in many of the churches of this City, when there are many children presented at once and a baby shows signs of being restless, or threatens to cry, the clergyman will direct the mother to take her place among the last, for the example of one child in crying is very apt to be followed by others until the whole line of sixty or eighty babies will be crying at once. On such occasions the solemnity of the service is apt to marred. In some churches the christening of infants is usually performed at the afternoon service, as that is largely attended by children, and young children never tire of seeing the performance of this ceremony, whereas the grown portion of the congregation frequently find it wearisome. Even when the babies cry the elder children do not lose their interest in a rite which is to them but half understood. A comical story is told of two little girls who were near neighbors and inseparable friends. Each had a little baby sister, and each took almost as much pride in the other's sister as in her own. They were separated for a week or so, one being taken to the country on a visit to her grandmother. On her return she ran over to see her playmate, and when they met each was eager to tell a whole budget of news. "Oh, May," said Florence, "Little Addie was christened last Sunday, and she was just as good as a kitten. She never cried one bit."

"Wasn't that nice?" said May. "Did it take?" Her own little sister had been vaccinated, and May had learned the importance of having it "take."

The crying of children while being christened is perhaps natural, but is generally very annoying to the fond young mother, who desires that her baby should show off to the best advantage on all occasions. A lady who was born in Ireland, however, says that when she was christened she yelled lustily, and kicked so violently that the Rector could scarcely hold her while administering the ordinance. Her mother was greatly mortified and almost in tears as she hastened from the church. The Rector's wife, however, met her at the door and exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. M——, I was so glad to hear your baby cry the way she did." "Why so?" asked the astonished mother. "Why! because the *old one* was going out of her, and that was what made her cry." Should this idea be correct there would hardly be occasion for sorrow on the part of mothers, no matter how hard the little ones cried.

Perhaps an amplification of the same idea would indicate that the boy of four or five years old who was taken to St. Paul's Church in this city to be christened some years ago was especially unfortunate in the way of demoniac possession. For some reason he had not been christened when a baby, and seemed to be averse to undergoing the ceremony when he was finally taken. He was a sturdy little fellow, and, watching his opportunity, slipped away from his godparents just as the Rector was about to christen him. He started for the door down a side aisle, but, seeing the Sexton coming up the aisle with the evident intention of capturing him, he turned quickly, and, dodging past his astonished sponsors, made for the middle aisle, and almost reached the door before the Sexton caught him and bore him back to baptism.

A genial gentleman who is Rector of a church in this City says that frequently the children he is christening will play tricks with his face, pulling his nose or beard, and sometimes they will put their little hands up and clap repeatedly on his mouth, making gibberish of the solemn words he is pronouncing. They have learned from their nurses a trick more fit for the nursery than for such an occasion, and do not know the difference. Some clergymen who are not fortunate enough to attract the liking of children are very greatly annoyed by the crying of the little ones, and on some occasions have been seen to pour water from their hands into the little wide-open mouths. A baby may sputter, but has seldom been known to cry very loud with a mouthful of water, and this clerical device is generally successful for a few moments at least. It is said of one kind-hearted old clergyman of England that so far from having to employ any such means to quiet the babies, none were ever known to cry in his arms. But then, he always kissed every baby that he christened after the ceremony was over, and the babies may have known what was coming by some occult power.

The water of the River Jordan is often brought to England and to America for the purpose of using it at christenings, and although there is no superstition known to attach to its use, the thought which dictates it is a peculiarly happy one.

KISSING HANDS.—In Morocco the number "five" is never mentioned in the Sultan's presence, because five is the number of the fingers of the hand; and the hand, as the wielder of sceptre, sword, and pen should be, is the symbol of authority all the world over. This gives a meaning to the custom of saluting a ruler's hand by way of homage, and no courtly ceremony can boast a greater antiquity than that of kissing hands. Priam, supplicating Achilles to restore the body of Hector, calls himself the most miserable of men in being forced to kneel before the murderer of his children, and kiss the hand yet reeking with their blood. Roman soldiers kissed the hand of their Generals; Consuls, Tribunes, and Dictators permitted a favored few to pay them the same mark of respect. Under the Emperors, kissing the Imperial hand was held an essential duty, on the part of courtiers of high rank; and, taking a leaf out of the Pagan's book, as was too much their habit, the bishops of the early Christian Church gave their hands to the lips of inferior ministers. The wearers of the triple crown were content with being honored in the same fashion, until one of the Leos, not caring to exhibit a mutilated hand, substituted his foot, and no one daring to protest against the innovation, his successors were careful not to resort to the less abject ceremony. It may be doubted if any Pope would have persuaded Cardinal John, of Lorraine, to kiss his toe. When the Duchess of Savoy proffered her fair fingers to that lip-loving churchman, he declined the favor with disdain, declaring he was accustomed to make free with the lips of the greatest Queen in the world, and was not going to do less by a dirty little duchess; then seizing the astonished lady by the waist, the bold Cardinal, spite of struggles and perturbations, kissed her thrice upon the mouth. With equal disregard for etiquette, but with more simplicity did the country dames, to whom Charles II. presented his hand, put up their lips for the king to kiss, a breach of custom the Merry Monarch readily forgave. forgave, we may be sure, with more sincerity than James I. forgave Sir Henry Yelverton for speaking disrespectfully of his countrymen, when, in token of pardon, he allowed the indiscreet orator to kiss his royal hand thrice ere he left the presence. Kissers at court are, we believe, forbidden to appear with their hands gloved. It was not always so, for in a letter dated 1625 we read: "This day my Lord Coke, with his gloves on, touched and kissed the King's hand, but whether to be confirmed a councilor or cashiered, I cannot yet learn." From kissing hands at court came kissing hands in courting, a practice the learned Selden considered as foolish as to eat the paring of an apple when one might taste the fruit itself; and from kissing hands for love came kissing hands for politeness' sake, and the use of the phrase, "I kiss your hand," as a salutation upon leave-taking, without a thought of suiting the action to the word. A story is told of an old laird, who, being presented to George the Fourth at a levee, in his ignorance and anxiety to get through the business, ignored the hand extended to him, and, with a hasty bow, edged toward the door with all speed. Brought up by Lord Erroll's whispered reminder, "Kiss hands! kiss hands!" the startled old gentleman, facing about, kissed both his hands at the king, as if wafting a cordial recognition to a friend at a distance. All unconsciously, the laird was acting according to ancient rule, for only the greater subjects of the later Cæsars were permitted to press their lips upon imperial fingers. Inferior folks kissed their own hands, as they were wont to do upon entering the temples of the gods; a custom Pliny set down among those which were followed for no known reason but their antiquity. —*All the Year Round.*

PET MONKEY ON BOARD SHIP.—Some years ago, just before the Russian war, there was on board her Majesty's ship Bellerophon an ape, which belonged to the Captain. Like all the rest of his tribe, he was very fond of mischief, and therefore was kept chained by the waist to a kennel in which resided. This he used to drag about with him on the main deck, where he was kept, always taking care to hold the chain in one hand to keep the strain off his belt. He was very fond of sitting before the galley fire, warming himself, sometimes much to the inconvenience of the cooks, who, however, were on very good terms with him in general. He saved them a good deal of trouble at last, for one day, finding the galley quite clear, Jacko tried his hand at cooking, and very nearly succeeded in producing a dish of boiled monkey. A kettle was fizzing away merrily, and, of course, Jacko began to examine it with his hands, and the result was he turned the boiling water over himself. He was on the sick list for some time afterward, and lost a good deal of hair and some skin. He could not bear the sight of a kettle after that, and the cooks found it out, so when Jacko got in the way they used to show him a kettle (full or empty)—this was quite enough to start him off for an hour or so. He nearly came to grief once with another experiment. One cold night he found the oven door open, and though the fire was out the oven was warm. Oh, ho! thought Jacko, here are snug quarters at all events, so in he walked unperceived, and was soon comfortably asleep. By and by, the cook came and lighted the fire, and not knowing there was a stranger on the premises, he shut the oven door. When the fire grew brisk, a most extraordinary noise emanated from the oven; when the door was opened by the sentry—who thought his sable majesty was in it—out jumped Jacko, grinning and chattering at a tremendous rate, no doubt feeling unpleasantly hot. He never tried that sleeping apartment again. After a time he hit upon another and safer way of keeping himself warm at night. He discovered that by standing on the top rail of the sheep pens he could reach the fowl-coops which were hung to the beams above them. Up he went, and watched till a fowl put its head out between the bars. Jacko at once made a grab, and pulled the unfortunate fowl out by the neck. Finding the fowl was warm, he dragged his kennel back to his place before the fire, taking his game with him, and there he slept all night, with the bird in his arms, like a baby. Next morning, when the fire was lighted, out he came with his living blanket. He allowed the fowl to walk about, but the moment it showed signs of going out of reach of his arm he pulled it back again, and gave it a fresh start; and so on, till the fowl was returned to the coop. After that Jacko often took a fowl to bed with him, and, strange to say, he never did them any harm, though the process of being dragged through the bars could not have been pleasant for the victim. The officers used to smoke near the galley, and Jacko was very found of getting inside our monkey-jackets in cold weather. He was very fond of smoking, too, but we could not teach him to draw the smoke. We used to put the stem of a pipe in his mouth and blow down the bowl, and he would smack his lips over the smoke. I am sorry to say he now and then got drunk when the grog was being served out. He was very amusing when in that state, but I think the poor fellow had a bad headache afterward. On the whole, he was a good-tempered animal, but he had a great dislike to some of the boys, who, no doubt, had given him a sly blow now and then. By way of revenge, Jacko used to look out under the ladder when the boys were bringing down their hammocks in the evening, and suddenly pounce upon one of the hammocks. The unlucky owner, knowing that Jacko could bite, as a rule would drop the hammock, and thereupon Jacko would sit on it, and grin and chatter and jump till he was tired, when he would give up possession without further trouble. Of course, now and then he got loose, and then there was a grand hunt. One day he disappeared for some time, and no one knew where he was, as he kept quite quiet, which was not usually the case. At last one of the clerks went into the office, which was under the poop, and no sooner did he open the door than he saw Master Jacko going out of the window, which had been left open, and by which he had got in. He had been making up the ship's books in his own fashion. The ink was splashed about all over the place, and Jacko himself was nearly as black as an Ethiopian serenader. He did not go empty-handed, however, for he took the Articles of War in his hand, and, of course, he took to the rigging. "Boys, catch monkey!" was the boatswain's mate's pipe; but before he was captured the Articles of War were torn to shreds. Fortunately for the discipline of the ship, there were other copies on board. I believe poor Jacko was at last killed in the attack on Sebastopol; but I left the ship, so I cannot be sure about his end.—*Land and Water.*

A WAIL OVER OXFORD.—The hammer and the chisel resound throughout Oxford. The great court of Christ Church is to be surrounded with useless cloisters. The University Church, having been restored thirty years ago, is to be re-restored in a more critical manner. The beautiful old library of the Bodleian is in no small peril. The secret of all this is easy to read. A new distribution of the funds of the University and colleges is believed to be imminent. From one point of view it is desirable that these should be husbanded to the last penny, in order that new endowments for study and research may be adequate and comprehensive. From the other point of view it is only desired at Oxford *stare supra antiquas vias*, and the money must be got rid of before the time of redistribution arrives. Oxford, alas!—and those who regard her most lament it most—has grown careless that her life should pulsate with the life outside her. What new word in science ever now resounds from Oxford laboratories? Her energies seem lulled in the lethargy of a fastidious, almost feminine, culture. Her professors cannot be denied the possession of capacity and laboriousness, yet if perchance any new teacher is summoned from without to join their number, his friends lament him as one who has fallen away into an intellectual Capua.—*Nature.*

GAMBLING IN MACAO.—The great game pursued by the Macanese is called "Yat, ye, sam, se"—being the first four of the Chinese numerals, one, two, three, four. The counters employed are small copper coins, called *cash*, with a square hole in the centre. Near a pile of cash is a square metal plate, each side numbered—one, two, three, four. On any of these numbers the gamblers deposit their stakes. When all is ready the president banker takes a handful of cash from the heap, and setting it apart, draws the coins one by one toward him with an ivory stick, repeating aloud, as he does so, "Yat, ye, sam se," ("One, two, three, four,") when whatever remains is the winning number. For instance, suppose that in his grasp he had picked up eighty-six; the fours divided into it would be twenty-one times and two remaining; consequently, two would be the winning number. Supposing you had staked a dollar, say on number two, an assistant of the banker would then hand the winner four dollars (the dollar staked, and three added) less seven per cent. discount upon the three dollars won, which discount he claims as his share. These houses are frequented by all classes—high and low, rich and poor, and cannot but be considered sources of demoralization.—*Chambers's Journal.*

WOUNDS RECEIVED IN BATTLE.

"Of guns, and drums, and wounds—God save the mark!" protests valiant Hotspur; and these are assuredly subjects which should not be dealt with save by him who knows from experience whereof he speaks. Reading over the noteworthy explanation of the excellent fighter, as above, in which these strong words occur, I was just now led to reflect that an interesting article might be penned upon the subject of wounds; not from the professional standpoint by any means, but in the way of giving some details of curious experience during the war of the rebellion as to the nature and effects of wounds inflicted by bullets, shells, cannon-balls, grape, &c., propelled by that "villainous saltpetre," which Hotspur's fop declared "it was great pity, so it was," that it

> "——should be digged
> Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
> Which many a good, tall fellow had destroyed,
> So cowardly!"

Those who have had much experience with the effects wrought by the missiles of modern warfare have been impressed by two very curious facts—first, that a very slight wound is often sufficient to produce death; and, second, that a human being may receive a most desperate and apparently fatal injury from these dreadful causes, and yet survive a long time, possibly just as long as though no wound had been received, and finally die from other causes. The experience of almost every soldier of the late war abounds in illustrations of these facts, and also of the other interesting fact that the most disfiguring and inconvenient wounds often do not produce death. A few instances from my own observation may be set forth.

A soldier accidentally wounded in the great toe by the discharge of his musket, before Port Hudson, in June, 1863, died while chloroform was being administered to him preparatory to amputation. It may be questionable in this case whether the fatal result is properly attributable to the nervous attack, the fright, or the effects of the chloroform. It is well known that in rare cases the administration of this anæsthetic is necessarily fatal.

Spent balls have sometimes produced death. At the battle of Winchester, in September, 1864, the present writer was knocked down by a musket-ball, which did not even indent the skin. In some cases of this kind the shock to the nervous system has been sufficient to kill, without drawing a drop of blood.

At the assault of Port Hudson, June 14, 1863, one of our soldiers in reserve saw a cannon-ball, apparently spent, rolling over the ground near him. He carelessly reached out his foot and tried to stop it. The result was a mangled foot, which had to be amputated.

In marked contrast with the above were the following cases, all occurring within my personal knowledge:

A Major of Connecticut volunteers, before Port Royal, on the 27th of May, 1863, was struck in the breast by a grape-shot, which traversed the body and was taken out from the back. Contrary to expectation, he did not die immediately, and was laid aside without attention until he should die. But a couple of days passed, and he still survived. He was sent down the river to New-Orleans, with some hundreds of others, and lay there in hospital for months. Still he did not die—would not die, and becoming well enough to travel, was sent home. At that time it was not within the expectation of any person who knew anything about the case that he would ever be able to perform the slightest military duty again. And yet, on Oct. 19, 1864, just sixteen months after the wound was received, the Major was in command of his regiment at the bloody battle of Cedar Creek, Va. He escaped the perils of that day unharmed, and for aught I know to the contrary is alive and well now.

Not to speak too much in the first person, at the assault of Port Hudson, June 14, 1863, I was prostrated by a buckshot just above the hip. After being taken to the rear the wound was probed by a surgeon, and the shot could not be found. "This is serious," he said; and his face expressed his sincerity. I was laid aside to die, and others for whom something could possibly be done were placed on the table. Three days passed, and I lived; ate vigorously, and felt well, except for the condemnation of the surgeon, which seemed to settle it that I ought to have died within twenty-four hours. My persistency, not alone in living, but in feeling well, excited renewed attention, and the case was re-examined. It was then discovered that the buckshot had struck a rib, followed its general course around to the front, and buried itself in the abdominal integuments so deeply that it could not be extracted. And there it lies to-day. A heavy feeling in that vicinity sometimes reminds me of it, and occasionally a pain from the spot where the shot entered; but my life has probably not been shortened a day by the wound.

Before Port Hudson, June 10, 1863, Corporal Medbury, of my company, on duty with a fatigue party constructing a military road, was seriously wounded by a minie ball striking him just back of the right shoulder joint. The wound was probed, the ball lay too deep to be extracted, the patient was considered as fatally hurt. He was sent down to New-Orleans and taken to hospital. A week later I found him there, with his arm in a sling, walking about, feeling cheerful and well, and expecting to recover entirely in a few days. In five days after that Medbury was confined to his bed; in two days more he was dead! A post-mortem examination showed that the bullet had passed through one lung and half through the opposite one. The death was caused by gangrene—mortification—and was necessarily fatal from the first. The curious part of the matter was that a man should carry a fatal bullet in his body for two weeks before his death, should apparently recover from the wound, and should shortly afterward die of it.

On the assault of Port Hudson, before referred to, a Sergeant of my regiment was struck in the mouth by a buckshot. It took out every tooth on one side of the upper jaw, front, as cleanly as a dentist's saw could have done it, and inflicted no other injury.

I saw, after the surrender of Port Hudson, a Colonel, who, during the siege, had received a minie ball in one cheek, just forward of the angle of the jaw. It had passed entirely through the face, through both cheeks, taking out at least four double teeth on its course, but happily escaping the tongue. The wound had entirely healed and the disfigurement was great; but the gallant Colonel could talk and eat as well as before.

At the St. James' Hospital, New-Orleans, on the pallet next me, in June, 1863, lay a Captain of the Fourth Wisconsin Volunteers, helpless and suffering with one of the strangest wounds that I ever saw. He had received it on the 27th of May, in command of his company of skirmishers, creeping over the ground in advance of the line of assault, among the tangled forests and ravines before the enemy's works. While working forward upon his hands and knees he was struck by a minie ball just below the hip. The ball took a circular course round the leg, never touching the bone, but running round through the muscles at least twice between the hip and knee, thence, skipping the kneepan, it circled around twice in the same way between knee and ankle, and was finally extracted near the foot. The wound was one of the most debilitating and confining, as well as painful, but not necessarily dangerous; but its course and nature was most unusual.

At hospital in Winchester in November, 1864, I saw, among others, a soldier who had been shot by one of a squad of Mosby's guerrillas while out on a reconnoissance. The wound was inflicted by a heavy navy revolver or carbine. The ball entered behind one eye, and apparently took a straight course through the head. It did not come out on the opposite side, and probing failed to discover it. The man was sent to hospital and given up as one who was certain to die. Yet when I saw him almost two months had elapsed since the wound was inflicted; the sight of one eye was gone, but that of the other was perfectly good. The general health of the patient was good, and everything seemed to indicate his speedy recovery.

A Surgeon of the Second New-York Mounted Rifles told me that while before Petersburg, in 1864, a cavalryman came in on his horse one day from a skirmish with one leg entirely torn off below the knee by a shell, and hanging from the seared and ragged stump was the dangling end of the great artery, effectually closed up by the heat of the shell. It was impossible that the patient could live with such a wound; the great wonder was that he could have traveled a mile or two on horseback without bleeding to death; and it was quite as strange that he lived three days after being placed in hospital.

I. F. F.

The New-York Times.

TRIPLE SHEET.

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, JAN. 2, 1876.

THE NEW-YORK TIMES.

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The sentimentalists write and talk a good deal at this season of the year about the "progress" made by the human race, the advance of civilization, and other pleasing topics of the kind. The signs of this wonderful progress, however, are not very marked, and are certainly not to be detected in the events recorded in the newspapers of the period. No doubt we make better machines than we used to do, and have brought into existence a number of inventions more or less noisy and useful. But whether mankind is either happier or better than it was before these great discoveries were made, may reasonably be questioned. A glance over our news columns this morning will fail to give much encouragement to those who boast of the moral progress of our large communities. A man was shot on Friday evening at the Westminster Hotel, and died yesterday. Two other men were stabbed early yesterday morning. A boy was shot. A milk driver, going peaceably about his business, was shot in the back, probably by way of a "lark." Three men were shot (not dangerously) while they were passing through Delancey street. Another man was shot in Thompson street. A girl was "severely wounded" by a pistol-shot in Sixty-fifth street. Finally, the Coroner's records show that during the year just past, forty-nine murders were committed in this City, and that there were 165 cases of drowning, "not including suicidal drowning." It would puzzle the most resolute optimist to discern in all this any great change for the better in human nature, or in popular manners and customs.

The murder of Mr. DILLEBER by ROMAIN DILLON, at the Westminster Hotel, will tend to impress on the public mind the necessity of insisting on a distinct and definite punishment for assassins who are alleged to be insane. A man now takes out a pistol and shoots another, in the full confidence that his lawyer will be able to convince a thick-headed jury that he was not in his right mind at the time. A murderer is only mad when he fires the fatal shot—ten minutes afterward he is sane again. If ROMAIN DILLON is insane, he ought to be put in some place where it will never be possible for him to kill another man. All such murderers as STAUDERMANN and SCANNELL should be shut up for the rest of their days in a State lunatic asylum. We hope the Legislature will make this change in the law. When a murderer escapes from the gallows on the plea of insanity, he should be confined for life in an institution where his dangerous disease could be properly treated. Human life would be held much more sacred than it is now among us, if it were generally understood that life-long imprisonment in a lunatic asylum was the inevitable doom of "insane" assassins.

There is some talk of removing Mr. WALLING from the post of Superintendent of Police in this City, but we hope there is nothing in it. Mr. WALLING is an experienced, sensible, and practical man, and if he were only allowed to manage the force which he nominally commands, there would soon be less reason for complaint about it. He has served nearly thirty years in the Police, knows all about it, is energetic and shrewd in the discharge of his duties, and has done nothing whatever to justify his removal. We hope, therefore, that no job will be attempted in this direction. There is but one thing the matter with the Superintendent of Police—he has not power enough. Is it not absurd, on the face of it, to expect him to keep the Police force in good order, when he has not even the power to suspend one of the Captains, however inefficient or corrupt he may know that Captain to be? How would such a system work in any firm, or other place of business—the subordinates being allowed to know that their nominal chief had no power or authority over them? We advise the new Police Board to strengthen the hands of the Superintendent, to meddle with him as little as they can help, and to put an end at once to this disheartening talk of removing him in order to find a place for some friend of their own. Let well enough alone.

Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON'S account of Gen. SCHENCK'S connection with the Emma Mine serves to prove—what has long been reported—that our Minister to England lost nearly all his money in the enterprise, and went into it originally under the impression that it was a legitimate business transaction. He agreed to purchase 500 shares at £20 a share, and Mr. PARK advanced him the necessary money as a loan, taking the shares as security. The same dividend was paid to him as to other stockholders. He became a Director thirteen months after buying the shares, but held the post only for a month. He repaid the loan to PARK, parting with nearly all his property in order to do that; he still holds the stock, and, of course, is a great loser by it. That seems to be the true history of the affair. The General's great mistake was in consenting to allow his name to be used as a Director of the company, and this he seems to recognize himself now. It is a pity he did not see it sooner. The less a public official has to do with stocks or companies, the better for him and the credit of the Government which he serves.

Gov. HENDRICKS is evidently determined not to be left behind in the Presidential race on the school question. He "says ditto" to President GRANT. Probably Gov. TILDEN will join in the chorus this week, and thus our school system does not seem likely to lack defenders. Mr. TILDEN will certainly not allow Gov. HENDRICKS to mark a single point ahead of him. Schools and politics are to be pretty thoroughly mixed together this year. Gov. TILDEN'S great card is his alleged identification with the Reform spirit of the age, but how do his claims compare in that respect with those of Secretary BRISTOW? Not very brilliantly, in our humble opinion.

MORE OF SECRETARY BRISTOW'S WORK.

Secretary BRISTOW has effectually traced the responsibility for the fraud committed on the Government in the prosecution of the claims of FORT and WITKOWSKI. These were finally passed and accepted by certain officials in the Treasury Department, Third Auditor RUTHERFORD and Second Controller BRODHEAD being specially responsible. They were prepared, presented, and pressed by Congressmen—Mr. R. R. BUTLER, of Tennessee, being chiefly active in this branch of the business. The law may reach BUTLER and his accomplices; the officials in the Treasury who failed to scrutinize the fraudulent claims have been obliged to resign. WITKOWSKI professed to have furnished logs to the Government to the value of $20,700, and FORT claimed to have supplied the Army in Tennessee with $23,000 worth of pork. The WITKOWSKI claim was preposterous, but it was rushed through the Treasury and paid. FORT'S demand had on its face a more plausible appearance, and was presented to Congress with a mass of documentary evidence. But there does not appear to have been any original foundation for the pretense that the Government ever owed FORT one dollar. After Congress had rejected this claim, and when its fraudulent character was yet a matter of common notoriety, BUTLER, then a Congressman from Tennessee, secured from the House archives, enough of the documents in the case to prepare a new statement. Armed with these, he went to the department in the last days of that fiscal year, and actually pushed his claim through before he left the building. The attention of Secretary BRISTOW being directed to the matter, he caused an investigation to be made into the affair. The inquiry was conducted by a committee, at the head of which was ex-Senator PRATT, Commissioner of Internal Revenue. The result of this examination, which was conducted on business principles, was given in THE TIMES on Friday. It has caused the retirement of two heads of bureaus, one deputy, and three clerks.

So far as the Auditor and Controller are concerned, nobody lays at their door any accusation of dishonesty. Culpable negligence in the discharge of duty is the offense of which they are found guilty. Nobody pretends, so far as we know, that these officials have shared in any possible way in the spoils which the claimants secured. They were negligent while on duty, and, in one case, they permitted a pertinacious claimant, on the last day of the fiscal year, to force through his case after office hours. The methodical usages of the Treasury Department would have required two or three weeks for the examination and auditing of SUGG FORT'S claim. On the assurance of BUTLER that it was "all right," the officers "put it through" in one afternoon, and the Congressional Attorney went away with the money.

So far as Controller BRODHEAD is concerned, it seems deplorable. He is over seventy years of age, and has been in the employment of the Government nearly forty years. But here is a plausible and pushing Congressman, who, because he is a Congressman, is supposed to be an honorable and intelligent man, and who insists that the claim is all right. If it is not all right, he "will be responsible." Congressmen have influence in the departments, because they control machinery which seriously affects the officers of those departments in the discharge of their legitimate duties. Controllers, Auditors, and their subordinates do not like to refuse anything reasonable when a Senator or Representative asks it. In that way great errors are sometimes committed. Fraudulent claims on the Government, amounting to more than forty thousand dollars, were in this instance paid by the Third Auditor and Second Controller. It is to be hoped that the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia may be able to reach and punish the prime movers in this conspiracy. The shameful exposure should make accounting and disbursing officers wary of claim agents who come in the guise of Congressmen with "influence."

DANGERS TO VILLAGE PROPERTY.

Our remarks on the imperfect organization of the suburban towns and villages of this State have been received with much discontent by the residents of these localities. Two events during the past week have justified all that we said. A fire in Avon destroyed the principal business portion of the village and a large amount of property, while the only means of extinguishing it, if we are correctly informed, were water-pails passed by individuals. Another fire occurred on Monday at Hastings, upon the Hudson River, destroying a large sugar refinery and much property, valued at $500,000, and throwing some two hundred men out of employment. There was no village fire-engine, no steam-engine of the factory that was of any use, and the only implements for preventing the spread of the conflagration were chance water-pails, supplied by the citizens. Had a wind from the west prevailed, the fire would, in all probability, have swept over the whole village.

The first engine that arrived by the river was some four hours after the beginning of the fire, and was too late to be of any essential service. Here are two New-York villages within a week losing a vast amount of property, and in danger of destruction through the want of a fire-engine, and fire organization. The same danger threatens every village on the Hudson. Dobb's Ferry and Irvington, two of the most lovely and valuable villages on the river, with great numbers of costly villas, must depend on water-pails to put out a fire. More than half of the villages and towns near the City, and some in the interior, are in the same plight.

The chief cause of this miserable state of affairs must be traced to the organization of our villages. Very few of them have any legal existence, except as parts of a large and loose township. The citizens of a locality do not govern themselves, except in certain matters, such as the formation of schools and the building of roads and bridges. They have no Police of their own, no Constables, no local courts, no fire organization, sometimes not even a "Poormaster," and the alms-house and jail may be far away. Everything is loose in organization. The county is the principal factor, and the county town will have all the elements of civilization. The villages, even if possessed of considerable property, and with a population of several thousands, are disorganized communities. It is true that the village can incorporate itself or can turn itself into a town, and then into a city. But the villages dread any change which may involve an increase of taxation or a formation of rings. They prefer this semi-wild existence, depending for their great necessities on the township or the county. The consequences are the occurrence of such events as we chronicled last year—an unchecked raid of burglars on our suburban villages, and society obliged to enroll itself as police to protect property, and such disastrous conflagrations as have just occurred. The caution of our New-York villages as to enlarging their governing bodies is to be respected. Yet the success of New-England villages in forming complete town governments, without either forming new rings or increasing taxation, is a proof of what can be done.

A mode of avoiding the difficulty, however, is this: Let these villages—such, for instance, as Hastings, Dobb's Ferry, and Irvington, all within a few miles of one another—obtain an act of the Legislature empowering them to act together, and to combine taxation proportionally to property, for certain distinct objects, such as a local Police and a fire company. The Police could patrol the roads for a few miles, preventing the possibility of such night burglaries as occurred a year ago. The fire-engine could be manned by volunteers from each village, and be well supplied with hooks, and ladders, and buckets, the want of which is so dangerous in village fires. It should be stationed at some central point between the three settlements. Then, public hydrants should be placed at fixed points—only to be used for conflagrations—connected by pipes with the ponds on the next range of hills. These ponds, now scarcely used at all, contain plenty of water for such a purpose as this. If the fire occurred near the river, the water could be pumped from it by hand-pumps. In this way, with but little expense when the value of the property is considered, a police and fire organization could be formed, which might save large amounts of property. These lovely sites, the pride of the State, should not be exposed to such dangers as threaten them now. We earnestly invite the attention of our Republican friends in these villages to the proposed improvements. Let the party, as before, be at the head of practical reform.

PIES.

This season of social festivity recalls to the memory of many of our older readers a domestic "institution" which has fallen into disfavor in modern times. We refer to pies. Of late years it has become fashionable to sneer at this once popular article of food. In the pomp and circumstance of what is called "a classic cuisine," there is no place for the homely pie of fruit, mince, or pumpkin, which has graced alike the boards of the Knickerbockers and the Pilgrims. It is true, too, that ignorant persons have, in the preparation of pies, given cause for the anathemas which doctors have pronounced on all kinds of pastry. As statuary may be debased by worthless casts, or dishonored by vicious models, so pies may be, and have been, discredited by dishonest departures from a good old rule. The pie, such as our fathers and mothers knew it, has fallen upon evil days.

This is unjust. The pie of commerce is chiefly responsible for the mischief. The pie which comes out of bakers' carts, or is exposed in the windows of a French pastry cook has no relation whatever to the home-made article. It is vain for designing people, who admit the baseness with which they appeal to an old prejudice, to advertise their abominable preparations as "Mrs. Bakewell's home-made pies." The dish honestly called by that name is not hawked about the streets. It belongs to the home, and can no more be transferred from thence than the comfort of the fireside, the laughter of the children, and all the rest of that nameless charm which we call domesticity. The pie of New-York and New-England, where it still lingers in a few favored homes, is nourishing and delicate as to its interior, and crisp, but flaky and melting, as to its crust. French cooks have vainly tried to imitate that soft flakiness, of which one may speak as CHARLES LAMB did of a quality in roast pig—"*crackling.*" The pastry of the foreign imitator is dry as shivered glass above, and deadly with indigestible grease beneath. The Frenchman's structure is pretentious when puffed up on a plate. But it is not comparable with that substantial but delicate mold of pastry in which the old-time housewife laid a compound of orchard fruits, spicy with odors, and bringing to the grateful palate undefined recollections of flowers and sweets and sunshine. The delusive pies of the confectioner's art should be given over to destruction. They advertise themselves wherever they go. They need deceive nobody. Like the pies of the baker, and like Mark Twain's hash, they are "mystery." But the honest fruit-pies of Summer and Fall, and the mince and pumpkin of Winter, are sacred to the family. The secret of making them healthful and alluring may be partially lost; but against such pies there is no law—hygienic or otherwise.

There is something national in the prevailing taste for pies. Wherever the passion may have originated, it has firmly rooted itself in our own soil. The smallest curbstone vender of eatables must have pies, or he has no customers. A well-regulated eating-house can no more exist an hour without pies than a well-regulated theatre can be without an injunction; and the establishment of a pie-dealer in a corner of Mr. MULLETT'S granite pile in this City was lately made a matter of national concern. It is by no means certain that the Armies of the Union did not conquer on the very indifferent pies to which they were notoriously addicted. Certainly, they carried the pie of the North to regions where it was before unknown. When the Army of the Potomac pursued STONEWALL JACKSON'S men through Maryland, they spared the rebel sympathizers who had refused to imitate the conduct of BARBARA FREITCHIE, but they devoured all the pies in the land. One of LINCOLN'S favorite stories was of the Union soldier, who, borne to the rear, with both legs shot off, grimly asked an aged pie-vendor, who drove her trade close to the edge of battle, "Say, old lady, are those pies sewed or pegged." The American tar, returning from a long voyage, seeks his pie before he looks for any other eatable thing. Even in the primitive and frugal days of the New-England Puritans, it was thought necessary for the fathers to preach against mince pies and Christmas, because they savored of Papistry. The New-Englanders have survived that early prejudice, and the whole nation rejoices in freedom to eat pie after the dictates of its own conscience. It is a pity that this natural, and we may say national, desire for a dish that might be harmless and useful should be so imperfectly met. It cannot be possible that the domestic pie of our forefathers (and foremothers) has gone out with the fireplace and filial respect. This is the age of restorations and revivals. Perhaps some apostle of good living will bring back the pie of other days. One of our own poets, JOEL BARLOW, himself honored by two continents, celebrated the praises of hasty-pudding. Some other patriotic bard may rise to sing the revival of the home-made pie.

BARKING DOGS.

Alderman MORRIS makes no more raids against the dogs, but the spirit of hostility to the canine race still survives in the Board of Aldermen. That body has adopted an ordinance declaring it unlawful for any person to keep or maintain upon his premises any dog, or other animal, "whose barking, howling, or any offensive noise, in any out-house, yard, or in the street, may be annoying, disagreeable, or injurious to any person or persons residing in the vicinity." There is some confusion of language in this decree which suggests a loophole through which a barking and howling nuisance might escape. But the intention is admirable, and many persons whose nights have been made sleepless by the pets of thoughtless neighbors will hail this as a promise of relief. Hereafter, the man (or boy) who keeps a noisy dog in town must choose between paying five dollars for each and every complaint brought against him, or giving up said dog to the official killer. To guard against malicious and ungrounded complaints, it is provided that the fining of the owner, or the execution of the dog, shall depend on the word of at least two citizens, who, however, must be "reputable." This certainly affords an innocent cur every opportunity he could ask for self-vindication; and if a dog is property, as has sometimes been denied, his owner has a chance to maintain his rights before a Police Magistrate, or to pay for the privilege of keeping a dog that barks.

It is not certain that "other animal" can be held to include parrots. Certainly it could not be made to apply to pianos, although some witty sage has spoken of the last-named instrument of torture as "a bow-legged megatherium." The object of the Board of Aldermen was undoubtedly to suppress a nuisance which has been too long tolerated in this City. The electric burglar-alarm has long since superseded the watch-dog's honest bark as a means of household safety, and there never was any other vocation for a dog in town. But, while they are about it, could not the Aldermen include in their decree of destruction a few other nuisances of equal offensiveness? Tray, Blanche, or Sweetheart bark and howl without incurring the slightest moral responsibility. But the man or woman who arises in the middle of the night, or in the gray dawn of a Summer morning to pound a piano, or roar through a brazen trombone, is more than a nuisance. They sin against humanity with their eyes and ears open. It is true that the barking of dogs is, to all human appearances, wholly purposeless, and the thrumming of a piano may, if intelligently persevered in, be of benefit to the player. But this inordinate or untimely "practicing" on any musical instrument, to the annoyance of neighbors, is a nuisance that ought to be abated. And a parrot's fiendish squall is certainly more terrifying, and consequently more depressing in its effects, than either of these noises. It is clear that we have yet a great deal to learn in the way of neighborly duties; but the Aldermen have made a good beginning in this direction.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE VON BULOW CONCERTS.

Dr. Von Bülow will play at Chickering Hall to-morrow, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, and on the afternoon of Saturday. These concerts will be the last the eminent pianist will give in this City for some weeks. The complete programme for to-morrow is as follows:

1. Beethoven, Grand sonata for piano and violin, Opus 47, (dedicated to Kreutzer,) Dr. L. Damrosch and Hans Von Bülow. 2. Song, Miss Lizzie Cronyn. 3. (*a*) Scarlatti, "Cat's Fugue; (*b*) J. S. Bach, Sarabande et Passepied: (*c*) Gluck, Gavotte, from the ballet "Don Juan;" (*d*) Mozart, Menuet et Gigue. 4. Chopin, (*a*) Nocturne, Opus 9, No. 3: (*b*) Ballade, Opus 23; (*c*) 3 Valses, Opus 34, No. 1. A flat; No. 2, A minor; No. 3, F major; Hans Von Bülow. 5. Song, Miss Lizzie Cronyn. 6. Schubert, Introduction et Rondo Brillant, Opus 70, piano and violin, Dr. L. Damrosch and Hans Von Bülow.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

Last evening that charming adaptation, "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," received its final representation, with the same cast with which it has been played during the week. In fitting Feuillet's work to our stage, Mr. Wallack and Mr. Pierrepont Edwards have done good service, while the company which have been recently playing the piece is especially capable of setting off that service to the very best advantage. We can think of no more agreeable representative of the hero than Mr. Montague, and, in all other respects, too, the play is admirably cast. To-morrow evening Mr. Wallack returns to the stage of his own theatre, where he will no doubt be warmly welcomed. He appears in Robertson's play called "Home," in which he has lately performed in Brooklyn. It is to be regretted, however, that "Home" will not remain long before the public, as preparations are now rapidly going forward with a view to the presentation of a new play. Meanwhile, the representations of "Home" will be supplemented by the farce, "A Quiet Family," in which Messrs. Beckett, Shannon, and Holland, and Miss Ione Burke, Miss Effie Germon, and Mrs. Sefton have prominent parts. Following is the cast of "Home":

Col. White	Mr. Wallack
Mr. Dorrison	Mr. Gilbert
Capt. Montraffe	Mr. Carroll
Bertie	Mr. Willie Seymour
Mrs. Pinchbeck	Miss Ada Dyas
Lucy	Miss Maye
Dora	Miss Kate Bartlett

BOOTH'S THEATRE.

Now that the imperfections and delays which belong to the earlier performances of a great spectacular play have been entirely removed, the representation of "Julius Cæsar" at Booth's must be esteemed one of the worthiest theatrical enterprises of our time. It leaves, in fact, no room for cavil or objection. As a pageant it is an affair of the most dazzling splendor; as an acted play it takes its place on a very high plane of art. In the conjunction of these two qualities it is superior to "Henry V.," where the wealth of pageantry overweighted the essentially dramatic qualities of the play. Here all the splendors of ancient Rome, her stately architecture, her temples and palaces, the minute elaboration of all her symbols of the power and majesty of the commonwealth, go hand in hand with the severe dignity of the great men who move through her scenes. In "Henry V.," too, the eulogistic muse is too prominent, and the young King, for all his gallant bearing, and the sturdy valor of his brave Englishmen, finds it hard enough to realize all the florid pictures with which *Rumor* precedes him. In the distribution of the principal rôles in "Julius Cæsar," the management has done as well as could possibly be desired. The three parts of *Brutus, Cassius,* and *Marc Antony* are so fairly balanced in respect to prominence that no actor could well decline any one of them on the ground of its inferiority. The difference between them is in the texture, not in the prominence, of the character, and in the demands which they make on the temperament of the actor. Their requirements in this latter particular are especially well complied with. All are admirably played. The frankness and nobility of the character of *Brutus* find an excellent exponent in Mr. Davenport. That his conception is beyond his execution seems pretty certain, for, with all the intellectual attributes which he brings to his work, it cannot be overlooked that time has wrought some ravages with his once noble voice. Nevertheless, his *Brutus* must be held a very delightful personation, and worthy of the triple alliance in which we behold it. We have already indicated our favorable opinion of the *Cassius* of Mr. Barrett. Still it might be improved if the actor would not drop his voice so much toward the close of a sentence. A good many of the finest utterances in the part are thus lost. It would be difficult to find an actor so well fitted as Mr. Bangs to the rôle of *Marc Antony,* nor can we think of any piece of elocution to be compared to his delivery of the famous oration over the dead body of *Cæsar,* in which he incites the populace to mutiny. All the subordinate parts are well distributed, and everything is in favor of the supposition that the tragedy will run long and to full houses.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.

There is nothing to be said concerning the management of Mr. Daly's handsome theatre beyond continuing the chronicle of the great success of "Pique." Its frequent repetition only seems to make its many merits more conspicuous, and despite the numer of themes with which it deals, it is unquestionably one of the strongest plays now before the public. At this time, when it is only in the early flush of its success, it would of course be idle to speculate how long it will be potent to attract audiences.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

"Rose Michel" has, so far, satisfied all holiday requirements at the Union Square Theatre, and is still on the bill, without any definite limit to its representation in the future. As it is intrinsically a drama of very strong qualities, and as it is excellently acted and put upon the stage with great liberality of setting, there is no reason why it should not keep up the character of the theatre for the presentation of extraordinary successes.

WOOD'S MUSEUM.

The enterprise of the management of Wood's Museum was again exemplified yesterday. As on Christmas Day, there were three performances, one in the morning at 11 o'clock, a matinée at 2, and a performance again in the evening at 8. At the morning entertainment Mr. A. H. Sheldon filled the principal rôle in "Gil, the Miller," and at the matinée and evening performances Mr. F. S. Chanfrau appeared as *Salem Scudder* in "The Octoroon." Mr. J. B. Roberts is engaged for the coming week, and will fill the rôle of *Mephistopheles* in "Faust and Marguerite." Miss Louise Sylvester is *Marguerite,* Harry Colton *Faust,* and A. H. Sheldon *Siebel.* A special attraction, Mr. Barnum's living baby hippopotamus, has been added to the museum department.

BROOKLYN THEATRE.

The representations of "Henry V." at the Brooklyn Theatre were brought to a termination yesterday, and during the week Mr. Byron's lively comedy, "Our Boys," which ran so successfully at the Fifth avenue Theatre, is to be presented. It will be given with new scenery and a strong cast. Mr. John E. Owens, whose benefit is announced for Friday next, will portray the principal personage in the comedy.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

The Comique has an entire change of bill. A new tableau has been added to the other attractions. On and after to-morrow, the admission to the family circle will be fixed at the low figure of fifteen cents.

There is no change at the Park Theatre, "Crucible" and Mr. Oakey Hall still keeping that establishment in the eye of the public.

The entertainment given by the San Francisco Minstrels at their pleasant opera-house is, according to custom, one of the most amusing in the City. Mirth, at their establishment, knows no flagging.

The special class of variety entertainment to be found at the Parisian Varieties still wins the favor of its numerous patrons. The programme has been enlarged by the addition of several holiday attractions.

The spectacular pantomime, with the transformation scene representing the four seasons, will be the attraction during the week at the Eagle Theatre. There will be matinée performances on Wednesday and Saturday.

The Colosseum maintains its reputation among the various places of attraction in the City. The panorama of the Franco-Prussian war and the vivid picture of the shooting of the Archbishop of Paris by the Communists are exhibited daily.

Mr. Tony Pastor has no lack of admirers. The entertainment which he offers is one of the best of the variety order, and he claims to have the finest company of specialty artists ever assembled on a stage. Mr. Gus Williams is prominent among the performers.

The French Company concluded their performances at the Lyceum, last evening, with a representation of "Gavaut, Minard et Cie." The season has now terminated at this house, but the company will probably have a supplementary season on its return from Boston.

The pantomime "Nimble Nip" still occupies the bill at the Olympic, but the attractions of this popular variety house have been otherwise enlarged. Laurline, the celebrated subaqueous performer, and Watson, known as the "Man-fish," have been re-engaged, and the popular comédienne and vocalist, Miss Adah Richmond, will make another appearance before the public.

SHOULD CHURCH PROPERTY BE TAXED?

LETTER III.

To the Editor of the New-York Times:

The President, in his demand for the taxation of church property, suggests the exception "possibly, with proper restrictions, of church edifices." This exception, with that before noticed of burial places, would practically include all the church property now exempted by the laws of this State; that is to say, the church building and the several lots upon which the same is situated. This has not been construed to mean a merely perpendicular exemption, running up and down the sides and ends of the building, but to include such adjacent land belonging to, and inclosed with, the church edifice, as is necessary and desirable for light and ventilation in cities; and in the country, for the accommodation of the vehicles of the congregation. The area of these lots varies, of course, with circumstances. The law has fixed no limit, but usage has restricted it to the area inclosed. In Pennsylvania, by a law recently passed, the area exempted is restricted to five acres, without reference to location or value.

What the proper restrictions to which the President refers are proposed to be he does not state. If of land, it may be said that the needs of a country church for room are greater than those of a church in a city. Practically, however, the area of land in a city is limited by the dimensions of a block or square, within which the edifice must be inclosed. If the limitation is to be in value, it is obvious that a sum which would be a very liberal allowance for the cost of land and edifice for a rural church would fall very far short of the sum necessary to purchase a site and erect an edifice, however plain, adapted to the convenience and necessities of a city congregation. What other "restrictions" may be harbored in the Presidential mind it is impossible to say. Many others may be suggested. It may be proposed to limit the exemption to churches without steeples, or those built of wood or of brick, or held in a peculiar form of trust. It is unlikely, however, that any form of restriction would be adopted by any State, other than a limitation of area. In all other respects there should be but one law for the poor and the rich.

In the tables given in a previous letter the distribution of church property in the United States among the several leading denominations is given. From these it appears that the relative proportion of each denomination to the whole is substantially as follows:

Methodist, one-fifth of the aggregate.
Roman Catholic, one-sixth of the aggregate.
Presbyterian, one-seventh of the aggregate.
Baptist, one-ninth of the aggregate.
Episcopalian, one-tenth of the aggregate.
Congregational, one-fourteenth of the aggregate.
Reformed, one-twenty second of the aggregate.
Lutheran, one-twenty-third of the aggregate.
Unitarian, one-fifty-ninth of the aggregate.
Universalist, one-sixtieth of the aggregate.

These proportions vary in different cities and States. By a report made to the Mayor of New-York in 1875, by one of the departments, the valuation of church property in the City of New-York was given as follows:

Dutch Reformed	$3,401,000
Baptist	2,432,000
Protestant Episcopal	10,709,000
Roman Catholic	6,999,000
Unitarian	900,000
Universalist	440,000
Congregational	417,000
Jewish	2,007,000
Lutheran	537,000
Methodist	2,818,500
African Methodist	93,000
Presbyterian	6,874,000
Reformed Presbyterian	62,000
United Presbyterian	50,000
Friends	295,000
Swedenborgian	100,000
Total	$38,140,500

These valuations are understood to include the burying grounds connected with the church edifices. The relative proportion of the property of each of the larger denominations to the whole is substantially as follows:

Episcopalian over one-fourth of the aggregate.
Roman Catholic nearly one-fifth of the aggregate.
Presbyterian nearly one-fifth of the aggregate.
Reformed about one-tenth of the aggregate.
Methodist nearly one-fourteenth of the aggregate.
Baptist about one-sixteenth of the aggregate.
Jewish about one-nineteenth of the aggregate.
Unitarian about one-fortieth of the aggregate.

Discarding all circumlocution, it is as well to get down at once to the bottom fact, which is that whatever euphemistic phrases may be resorted to, a desire to obstruct the growth and circumscribe the influence of the Roman Catholic Church gives whatever vitality it may possess to the proposition to tax church property. And this is said without reference to and with all possible respect for those political economists who have discussed the subject dispassionately, as an abstract proposition, based upon the true principles which should underlie the science of government. The rapid growth of that Church, (owing chiefly to immigration,) its exclusiveness, its attitude upon the question of public schools, and its recognition of a foreign head have all combined to arouse jealousy and hostility, which are aggravated by its supposed practical unity in political action. Now I am neither of nor for that Church. I owe it no allegiance, and am not the recipient or expectant of any of its favors, spiritual or secular. Nor, on the other hand, do I fear that Church, either in my own person or as a member of the commonwealth. Its indulgences would not tempt me; its anathemas would not terrify me. I am able to look with equal tranquillity upon its blandishments or its threats.

To me it seems obvious that the expectation is that those who belong or are allied to other sects will, from dislike to or fear of the Roman Catholic Church, impose a burden upon it, even if in doing so they are obliged to assume an equal burden themselves; or, in other words, that the owners of $294,000,000 of church property will subject it to taxation in order to impose a similar tax upon the owners of $60,000,000 of church property. So that the adherents of every other sect, at variance among themselves about sundry matters of doctrine and practice, essential and non-essential, can be brought to act in concert, and to give effect to a common spirit of hostility to Roman Catholic doctrine, to Roman Catholic exclusiveness, Roman Catholic aggression, and Roman Catholic influence, by placing a tax upon Roman Catholic church property. In effect, arousing a spirit of persecution, qualified by the condition imposed by the Constitution, that the would-be persecutor must share in the penalty he may succeed in imposing upon the object of his dislike. It would seem a vain task to attempt to produce such results by such means. But those who doubt the possible success of such a scheme do not make full allowance for the blind vindictiveness of religious enmity when once fully aroused.

This expression of judgment is merely incidental, and does not preclude the present consideration of the broad question of the wisdom, justice, equity, or expediency of subjecting to taxation church property, so far as that term includes the buildings and appurtenances devoted to religious worship. It is to be understood that parsonages are not included in the appurtenances, for those are very properly subject to taxation in this State.

GEO. H. ANDREWS

GEN. SHERMAN'S MEMOIRS.

ANOTHER VINDICATION OF GEN. M'PHERSON—EXTRACTS FROM GEN. SHERMAN'S OFFICIAL ORDERS AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Editor of the New-York Times:

In a spirit of friendly concern for Gen. Kilpatrick's success as a military writer, I, one of his followers in the old Army of the Potomac, respectfully call his attention to the official records published by Congress, where he will find a complete vindication of Gen. McPherson's conduct at Snake Creek Gap, repeated again and again over the signature of Major Gen. W. T. Sherman himself. Gen. Kilpatrick begins his second article by admitting that McPherson had discretionary orders to fall back to Snake Creek Gap after breaking the railroad to Resaca, but he makes the point that he was also ordered to await developments and use his judgment and the information that should be obtained. From which Gen. Kilpatrick argues that a good use of judgment and of the information he [Kilpatrick] obtained for McPherson would have constrained the latter to have marched out of the Gap and plant his army directly on Johnston's line of communication to the rear, failing to do which he was wholly responsible for the escape of Johnston's army. Nowhere in Sherman's report to the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War does it appear that he held McPherson responsible. In that report the balance of the dispatch to Gen. Halleck, 8 P. M., May 9, partly quoted by Kilpatrick, is as follows:

* * * I heard from McPherson up to 2 P. M., when he was within a mile and a half of the railroad. After breaking the road good, his orders are to retire to the mouth of Snake Creek Gap, and be ready to work on Johnston's flank in case he retreats south. * * * McPherson has the Army of the Tennessee, 23,000, and only encountered cavalry, so that Johnston did not measure his strength at all.
(Signed,) W. T. SHERMAN, Major General.

Also, the day after Kilpatrick struck the railroad:

MAY 10—7 A. M.

To Gen. Halleck, Washington, D. C.:

* * * Yesterday I pressed hard to prevent Johnston detaching against McPherson, but to-day I will be more easy, as I believe McPherson has destroyed Resaca, when he is ordered to fall back to the mouth of Snake Creek Gap and act against Johnston's flank when he does start. * * *
(Signed,) W. T. SHERMAN, Major General.

Same day, to Maj. Gen. Thomas:

* * * Could your army and McPherson's surely whip Joe Johnston? * * * Do you think any danger to McPherson should make us delay one day? Please give me the benefit of your opinion on these points.
(Signed,) W. T. SHERMAN, Major General, commanding.

Same day, to Gen. Schofield:

* * * I shall attack Johnston through Snake Creek Gap. I will take your three infantry divisions along, * * * (and) leave Gen. Howard here, so light that Johnston cannot strike him. * * * I propose to take McPherson 23,000, Thomas 30,000, and you 12,000. * * * McPherson is already there. * * *
(Signed,) W. T. SHERMAN, Major General, commanding.

Same day to McPherson:

* * * I will undertake to attack Johnston through Snake Creek Gap in this manner. Gen. Hooker's corps is ordered already to support you. * * * Another corps of Gen. Thomas' (Palmer's) will follow, and then Gen. Schofield's. We expect all to be in motion the day after to-morrow. Gen. Howard will remain here to keep up the feint till the last moment. * * * Once through the Gap, I * * * may * * * attack Resaca, or Johnston. In the meantime, mask your own force as much as possible, but hold your own, and look well to secure the mountain range to the east and north. If you think it practicable you may order Gen. Kilpatrick to make a strike at the railroad. If Johnston passes down, can't you hit him in flank, or has he too many roads? * * *
(Signed,) W. T. SHERMAN, Major General, commanding.

Same day, to Gen. Halleck, Washington:

Gen. McPherson reached Resaca, but found the place strongly fortified and guarded, and did not break the road. According to his instructions he drew back to the debouch of the gorge, where he has a strong defensive position, and guards the only pass into the valley of the Oostawania available to us. * * * (Signed,) W. T. SHERMAN, Major General, commanding.

Not until the 11th, when Hooker was in close support, do we find Sherman earnestly preparing to move beyond Snake Creek Gap in force, and on that day (same report) he says in a letter to McPherson that Johnston "can't afford to abandon Dalton," and that he "would rather he would stay in Dalton two more days, when he may find a larger party than he expects in an open field," meaning the very same spot where Kilpatrick urged McPherson to take position on the 9th with his 23,000 men. Hoping Gen. Kilpatrick will make this correction and then proceed with his interesting recollections, I am truly yours,

W. R. M.

NEWTON, N. J., Thursday, Dec. 30, 1875.

OBITUARY.

HON. BURTON CRAIGE.

Hon. Burton Craige died at Concord, N. C., last Thursday. Mr. Craige was born in Rowan County, N. C., March 13, 1811. In 1829 he graduated at Chapel Hill, with honors, and at once entered into the profession of the law. In 1832 he was elected to the North Carolina Legislature, serving as a member of the Assembly for four years. Subsequently he was elected to the Thirty-third, Thirty-fourth, and Thirty-fifth Congresses, serving toward the last as a member of the Judiciary Committee. He was re-elected to the Thirty-sixth Congress, serving on the Committee on Revolutionary Pensions, but as soon as the civil war commenced he took part in the rebellion as a member of the Confederate Congress. He was a prominent lawyer in his native State at the time of his death.

AN INTERESTING RELIC.

To the Editor of the New-York Times:

The old bell in the steeple of the Collegiate Dutch Church, Fifth avenue and Forty-eighth street, has just rung out the proclamation of the Centennial of the nation, and its own one hundred and forty-fifth anniversary. This bell was cast at Amsterdam in 1731, and presented by Col. Abraham De Peyster, to the Old Middle Dutch Church—afterward the Post Office. During the Revolutionary War, it was concealed from the sacrilege of the British soldiers—who used the church as a riding-school—by removal from the steeple to an obscure place. Upon the evacuation of the City by the British, it was swung from its old position, and took its part in the joy of our secured independence. Its tongue is, perhaps, the only one in the City of those which once rung with the patriotism of 1776 that has not been silenced by time. It is significant that in these days of mutation, both political and moral, it has not changed its tone.

L.

NEW-YORK, Saturday, Jan. 1, 1876.

MR. LINCOLN AND THE CATHOLICS.

Rev. John Larmer, a Catholic priest, writes to the Chicago *Times* to contradict a reiterated statement that the late President Lincoln was once a Catholic. He says: "When I read the assertion in the *Univers* I was then Missionary Superintendent of a district which included seven counties in Illinois, Hancock being one of them, where Bishop Lefevre and the Abbe St. Cyr had labored as early missionaries. In the centre of Hancock County there is a small town named Fountain Green. Near it was a Catholic church, and early American settlers from Maryland and Kentucky located in the neighborhood, among whom was a branch of the Lincoln family, and others named Cameron and Geddings. Consequently it was at John Lincoln's, or 'old Johnny Lincoln's,' (as he was familiarly named by the old settlers,) that these priests stopped. John was a brother of President Lincoln, not his father, and this John Lincoln joined the Catholic Church with his wife. Abraham Lincoln was not a Catholic, nor had he ever lived in the district which Bishop Lefevre and the priest St. Cyr attended. I had charge of the district over seven years, and I read the statement of Abraham Lincoln's Catholicity in my churches from the Paris *Univers* at the time, and I talked with John Lincoln's widow and others familiar with the truth. Hence I defy contradiction to the above."

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE CELEBRATION IN NEW-YORK.

REMARKABLE WEATHER FOR THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY—MORE CALLS MADE THAN USUAL—LESS DISORDER THAN IN PREVIOUS YEARS—THE DAY IN THE INSTITUTIONS.

Yesterday opened bright and pleasant for the thousands who were anxious to celebrate the new year in the accustomed manner. The weather was beautifully fine, very mild for this season of the year, very pleasant for the numerous pedestrians who, in previous celebrations of the day, were forced to undergo considerable personal discomfort before their visits were brought to a close, and very enjoyable to all who had occasion to be out of doors. Such being the state of the weather, the streets were thronged from an early hour in the morning until late at night with crowds of well-dressed persons paying the usual complimentary visits to their respective friends. The number of persons who paid the accustomed "calls" yesterday was, judging from appearances, far beyond the number in previous years. One thing is certain, that the old-fashioned custom is not by any means dying out, as has been imagined by some. Greater decorum is, however, observed, less intoxicating liquor is partaken of, and a large number return to their homes pleased with their day's visit. These annual calls do much good. They bring together many who have not met for years, they cement old friendships, they form new ones, and on the whole, they create and foster kindly social feeling among thousands of families who would be strangers to that blessing were the custom abolished. New Year's Day to the poor was just as pleasant as it was to the rich. They received their visitors, to be sure not with the good things of this world, but the salutation "Happy New Year" was most cordially received, and each visitor went away perfectly happy and contented with his reception. The mild weather argues well for the poorer classes this Winter, as it denotes more employment, and consequently less poverty and less suffering. Toward evening the weather became damp, and a thick fog settled over the North and East Rivers, impeding navigation, so that the ferry-boats, especially those on the North River, were considerably delayed and had much difficulty in crossing. With few exceptions, the day was celebrated in a peaceable manner, and the number of arrests for disorderly conduct or other breaches of the law were fewer than in previous years.

A QUIET DAY IN THE INSTITUTIONS.

NO CELEBRATION AT THE TOMBS—A GENEROUS DINNER AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

Perhaps at no charitable institution was the day more pleasantly commemorated than at the New-York Juvenile Asylum, near High Bridge. A grand turkey dinner, similar to that served to the 550 inmates on Christmas, was spread before the boys and girls, and demolished with every indication of satisfaction and approval upon the part of the recipients. In the evening the cantata "Little Red Riding-Hood," which proved so successful in providing amusement on Christmas night, was again revived and furnished a very enjoyable evening's entertainment. This was followed by many games in which the boys and girls heartily joined. When they rested from their sport, an apparently inexhaustible quantity of candies, cakes, and fruits was distributed among them, making the conclusion of the celebration quite as appreciable as its commencement.

The homeless boys who are cared for at the Rivington Street Lodging House of the Children's Aid Society enjoyed a rich treat yesterday through the generosity of a gentleman who has long taken an interest in the institution. The boys were treated to a free supper at 6 o'clock, consisting of cold meat, coffee, and cakes. After supper they met in the school-room and entertained their visitors by singing, reciting, and speech-making—the latter exercise creating much amusement. At 7:30 o'clock each boy was served with a generous bagful of raisins, almonds, and fruit cake, and at the close of the exercises the poor fellows were delighted to receive presents of warm flannel shirts, the gift of the Children's Aid Society.

At the Girls' Lodging-house, in St. Mark's place, one of the many excellent institutions under the superintendence of the Children's Aid Society, the pleasant memories of the Christmas festival were revived by a farewell party to a number of the inmates who, on Tuesday, next, are to start for homes in the West. After partaking of a bountiful dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, and spending the afternoon in pleasant pastimes, the girls in the evening began their reception to their departing playmates by dancing, followed by games and kindred amusements, which served to happily pass away the hours until bed time, when they all retired well satisfied with the day's enjoyment.

At the House of Reception of the above institution, situated in West Thirteenth street, special provision had also been made for the celebration of the day. First, the advent of the New Year was appropriately commemorated by the reading of the Declaration of Independence, the sentiments of which were greeted by the boys with all the warmth of youthful patriotism. The boys were next summoned to dinner, where they partook of a right royal spread of holiday fare. The evening was given up to games and exercises similar to those enjoyed at the asylum proper.

The newsboys and other poor boys staying at the Lodging-house at New Chambers, William, and Duane streets, had a happy time on New-Year's Eve. After an excellent supper they proceeded to the large audience room, where each boy was presented with a good substantial pair of shoes, socks, two shirts, and other articles of warm clothing. The exercises of the evening—instructive reading and hymns well sung—passed off very agreeably.

In the Tombs there was nothing of consequence. There was an absence of the roast turkey and pudding which made red-letter days in the calendars of the prisoners on Thanksgiving and Christmas. The only ceremony was comprised in a service held by Rev. Mr. Betker at 10:30 A. M., in which many of the imprisoned participated.

The Randall's Island Nursery having been nearly emptied of inmates, by order of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction the day was passed very quietly at that place. Only a few children remain on the island, and they will be removed as soon as proper provision is made for them.

The inmates of Bellevue Hospital were treated yesterday to a dinner which comprised "the delicacies of the season," and was, moreover, most abundant in quantity. Aside from this no special event marked the day for them. Warden O'Rourke received his friends throughout the day and evening.

At the various institutions under the supervision of the Department of Charities and Correction, the day was commemorated by a turkey dinner and such amusements as the inclinations of the inmates suggested.

At St. Vincent's Home, in Warren street, the boys, after finishing their devotional exercises, were treated to a free breakfast.

IN THE POLICE COURTS.

FIRST CRIMES OF THE NEW YEAR—YESTERDAY AT THE TOMBS, ESSEX AND JEFFERSON MARKETS.

The morn of New Year's Day at the Tombs Police Court was not especially marked. There were about sixty-five cases of persons who had celebrated New Year's Eve with frequent potations, and who consequently found themselves arraigned as being drunk and disorderly. Some of them, too, found time to commit assaults, for which they were duly committed. Justice Flammer presided, and adjourned the court shortly after noon. Among the more noteworthy cases was that of Patrick Curtis, a bar-tender in a concert saloon at William and Chatham streets, who was charged with felonious assault in stabbing James Keating in the abdomen with a pocket-knife. He was committed to await the result of the injuries. Keating's wound, however, being found to be very slight, he was sent to the House of Detention as a witness. Charles Anderson, of Blissville, Long Island, accused James Burns and Thomas Graves of stealing a silver watch valued at about six dollars. From his complaint it appeared that while walking down the Bowery at 6 A. M. yesterday he was detained by the prisoners, who forcibly removed his watch from his vest pocket. Both of the accused pleaded not guilty to the charge, but were committed to answer, the complainant being removed to the House of Detention. Benjamin George, a Cuban sailor, met a woman named Esther Brown late on Friday night and accompanied her to her residence at No. 41 Baxter street. While there she relieved him of $17 in currency, for which he had her arrested. She was held in default of $500 bail to answer. Daniel Casey, a foreigner from New-Jersey, invited one Sarah Murphy to take a drink with him on New-Year's Eve. She consented, and the drinks were disposed of at a cost of twenty cents to Casey. Miss Murphy, however, took the trouble to relieve him of twenty cents in addition, for which she was arrested. When brought before Judge Flammer yesterday Casey remarked that it might as well have been $20. In this view the Judge seemed to coincide, for he held the woman in $500 to answer.

SURROGATE VAN SCHAICK IN OFFICE.

Surrogate Van Schaick took possession of his office yesterday morning. The clerks and employes were assembled to greet him. Mr. Van Schaick delivered a short address, during which he read a list of the employes who would be retained, and appointed several new clerks. He said that as the appropriation was lower than it had ever been before since the establishment of the department, he would be unable to conduct the business as he would like to. He next addressed each clerk individually, instructing him in his duties, and informed the employes in general that no smoking or reading newspapers would be permitted during business hours, which would be from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M.

CELEBRATIONS IN THE SUBURBS.

In Brooklyn a mantle of fog and mist made a shroud for the departing spirit of the old year and furnished, too, the swaddling clothes for the vigorous youngster who was ushered into existence amid the clanging of bells, the booming of cannon, the rattle of small arms, and a grand chorus of steam whistles. Ordinarily the busy thoroughfares of the town are deserted at midnight, and in most of the streets a single footfall will awake the echoes. A very different scene was presented at midnight on Friday. The streets were filled with people; the stores were brilliantly lighted, and on every side was heard the cheery salutation, "I wish you a happy New Year." Those who were religiously inclined flocked to the churches to take part in the night-watch services, while the more worldly-minded thronged the theatres and dancing halls, or assembled together in public places to drink farewell to the old year and a health to the new. At St. Ann's on the Heights the watch-night services began at 11:30 on Friday night, and were of a peculiarly beautiful and impressive character. The church was crowded and the services opened with the "Dead March in Saul." Scriptural sentences and the recitation of creed, followed by Mendelssohn's solo and chorus, "Look down on us from Heaven;" aria, "O Rest in the Lord;" solo, "Let the bright seraphim," and solo, "Sound an alarm," by the choir. The collects were then read, and as the church bell tolled out the hour of midnight the congregation knelt in silent prayer. The exercises were brought to a conclusion by the singing of Mozart's anthem, "Glory to God on High." In the Methodist churches watch-night services were held and largely attended.

After a few hours the fog and mist that covered the earth lifted. The day broke propitiously with a promise of good weather, which, as the hours wore on, was abundantly fulfilled. At noon the sun shone brilliantly from a sky of pure, unclouded blue, making glad the hearts of the many who purposed receiving or making New Year's calls. The official celebration was confined to an elaborate decoration of the City Hall and other public buildings. The new Mayor, Frederick A. Schroeder, and the outgoing Mayor, John W. Hunter, received the calls of their friends and fellow-officials at the Mayor's office in the City Hall.

New Year's Day was observed on Staten Island very much as Christmas Day was—all work being suspended and all business places being closed excepting the liquor saloons. Watch-meetings were held in most of the Methodist churches on Friday night. Many public and private houses in the east shore villages were illuminated at midnight, when bells were rung, cannon fired, and steam-whistles blown. The chimes of St. John's Episcopal Church at Clifton were rung. Morning services were held in all the Roman Catholic churches at 7:30 and 10:30 o'clock, and several of the Episcopal churches had forenoon services, which were all well attended. The inmates of all the public institutions on the island were well looked after. Those of the Seamen's Retreat at Stapleton were feasted with roast turkey and other good things, and those of the Child's Nursery, at the Four Corners, and of the County Poor-house had extra dinners. The old sailors at the Snug Harbor, New-Brighton, over 400 in number, also had a bountiful dinner.

The observance of New Year's Day was very general in the cities in New-Jersey. In most of the Catholic churches midnight mass was pronounced, and watch services were held in some of the Methodist churches. The firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, the blowing of horns, and other noisy devices at midnight of Friday announced the coming of the Centennial year. In Newark a novel entertainment was given at the Rink, which was largely attended. The exercises consisted of singing, music, &c., and at about midnight Gen. J. T. Jackson delivered a Centennial oration.

THE CENTENNIAL YEAR.

CELEBRATIONS AT PHILADELPHIA, CINCINNATI, GETTYSBURG, AND IN OTHER CITIES.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 1.—At an early hour this morning the untired revelers of the night previous and the public in general were again on the streets, still full of enthusiasm evoked by the greatest event of this generation. At Independence Hall the throng was so great that the Chief of Police found it necessary to detail men to preserve lines of egress and ingress. Carpenter's Hall, in which the first Congress of the new nation met, was also a shrine at which patriotic devotions were paid by an innumerable multitude. The "New Year's Shooters" and other societies, in Indian and fantastic costumes, accompanied by some of our first-class bands of music, paraded the streets. Girard College celebrated the event in good style, and all the public institutions marked the eventful day by various holiday observances. The Caledonian Club opened their new club-rooms, and had a good time generally. The illuminations of the previous night were repeated. All places of amusement were well filled, and the first day of the Centennial year closed with no abatement of the fervor which marked its inception.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 1.—The Centennial celebration last night surpassed the expectations of its most sanguine projectors. At an early hour throngs began to gather in the streets, and as the evening progressed the illuminations became more general and the crowds in the streets thicker. As midnight approached the excitement became intensified, and the shooting of fire-crackers and cannon reminded the spectators more of the Fourth of July than of mid-Winter. At 11:30 P. M. promptly the procession moved, completing its line of march at 1 o'clock A. M. While the procession was moving, at midnight the fire-alarm bells struck the numbers of the new year, which was the signal for a salute of one hundred guns from the hills surrounding the city and a general ringing of church and other bells. Steam whistles were blown, and the city given over to a general jubilee. The crowds in the streets were immense and the illumination was general. The whole affair passed off without the slightest accident.

WATERTOWN, Jan 1.—The Centennial year was ushered in with great enthusiasm at this place All the business portion of the city and a majority of the private residences were brilliantly illuminated and decked with mottoes and flags, from 9 o'clock until midnight, which hour was greeted by ringing of bells, blowing of steam whistles, and the firing of one hundred guns. The night was very dark, but the bonfires, which were kindled at midnight, illuminated the whole city. The streets were thronged with people; but a procession of the military, Fire Department, and other organizations which was to have formed, was abandoned owing to the rain. Mayor Levi A. Brown, ex-Mayor Winslow, Judge Hubbard, Senator Starbuck, and others addressed a large assembly in Washington Hall this afternoon.

SARATOGA, Jan. 1.—The advent of the Centennial year was celebrated at midnight in the most enthusiastic and patriotic manner. The new year was ushered in by the ringing of all the bells in the town, firing of cannon, pyrotechnic displays, parade of the Fire Department, and a general scene of unrestrained joy. The population turned out almost *en masse*, and the general roar and excitement was interspersed with continuous cheers from the assembled multitudes. Saratoga sustained well her historical record for patriotism. The populace were fairly wild with excitement.

LEBANON, Penn., Jan. 1.—The display of bunting, firing of crackers, discharge of musketry, playing of bands, illumination of dwellings, ringing of bells, fireworks, cheering, singing, parade of fire companies, and sounding of horns, ushered in the Centennial year here. The streets were crowded, and the entire town was in a great uproar. There was a grand display of fireworks at the residence of Chief Burgess Roedel.

WILKESBARRE, Jan. 1.—The Centennial year was ushered in by an illumination of the Court-house, public offices, business places, private residences, by ringing of bells, a salute of 100 guns by Capt. Finch's battery, and a parade of the Fire Department. The night was mild, and the demonstration surpassed anything ever held in the north-eastern part of Pennsylvania. To-day is bright, clear, and as mild as a May day.

GETTYSBURG, Jan. 1.—Never but once since its existence has Gettysburg heard a noise like that of last night. Then all was anxiety, for the fate of the nation hung on the result. Last night all rejoiced; cannon were fired, bonfires burned, bells rung, bands played, locomotives whistled, houses were illuminated, and every man, woman, and child was out on the streets.

NEWPORT, R. I., Jan. 1.—The Centennial year was ushered in by ringing of bells for an hour after midnight. Soon after two fires occurred, one destroying the barn of Mr. William J. Monro and the other the barn and house of Patrick Kellion. The weather is very warm here to-day. The thermometer exposed to the sun on Weybosset Bridge marked 100°.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 1.—The most beautiful night of the season ushered in the new year. At 12 o'clock the fire bells rang out 1876, and a centennial round of 100 guns was fired. The city building was illuminated, there was a display of fire-works from the new *Courier-Journal* building, and the whole town was ablaze with the spirit of patriotism.

HORNELLSVILLE, Jan. 1.—The Centennial year was ushered in by the ringing of bells and the blowing of locomotive whistles, large bonfires, and the whole Fire Department, with torches, in procession. Buildings were illuminated, and the population were all in the streets.

NORWICH, Jan. 1.—A salute of 100 guns was fired here at 12 o'clock last night, by order of Col. J. Loomis, commander of Post Smith, Grand Army of the Republic, in honor of the incoming of the Centennial year.

DOVER, N. H., Jan. 1.—The Centennial year opened here with the ringing of bells at sunrise and ringing of the new chimes of the Methodist Church, &c. Similar demonstrations took place at Concord.

PROVIDENCE, Jan. 1.—The Centennial year was ushered in at midnight by the ringing of bells, which continued for an hour after midnight.

THE SUFFRAGE.

NECESSITY OF GENERAL EDUCATION FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE REPUBLIC.

Rev. Andrew S. Peabody, D. D., Professor in Howard College, delivered an address at the recent thirty-first annual meeting of the Massachusetts Teachers' Association in Boston, upon education and the right of suffrage, of which we find a pretty full abstract in the Boston *Transcript*. Prof. Peabody, who of late years has seemed to take rather a despondent view of public affairs, said:

"A strictly democratic Government, *i. e.*, a Government conferring equal rights and responsibilities on all citizens of suitable age, has never yet been a self-sustaining experiment. If our experiment in this country is destined to succeed, it must be by conditions that have been wanting in former like experiments, or by the absence of conditions which proved fatal to them. Among popular Governments the principal historical examples are those of Athens and Rome, in which for considerable periods all the free citizens were voters and potential office-bearers. The sunshine and wind of an April day are hardly so fickle as was the political condition of Athens. Her entire annals are checkered by revolution and disaster, while her best men were as likely to be exiled or put to death as to be raised to the head of the State; many who merited political favor were hurled from places of trust and power into the most abject misery, and not a few were both heroes and renegades, patriots and traitors alternately; for organized depravity and legalized corruption, the Athenian courts bear the palm away from all institutions that have left their record in history. It is a very common idea that the Athenians were a highly intelligent people. They were pre-eminently susceptible of intelligence, but we have no reason for supposing that the mass of the community were educated, or were conversant with books or with any literature except that which came to them from the stage. They lived a large part of the time in public; the paltry wages paid for attendance at the public assemblies and for serving in the joint offices of Judge and jurymen were sufficient to keep large numbers of them strangers to all useful arts and occupations; and a body of slaves far exceeding the freemen in numbers was the consequence. Information came chiefly through the ear, and was liable to be exaggerated, distorted, or transformed in its passage. Never was any other people so accessible to oratory, never one so easily swayed, inspired, energized, maddened by demagogues. The intense power of eloquence, or its counterpart, could indeed at intervals wake them to glorious ambition, or arouse a patriotism as noble as it was for the time sincere; but it as easily lured them into weak submission, or arrayed them in the internecine strife which often threatened and finally extinguished their independence and left the championship of liberty to 'voices of the dead.'

Rome, under republican power, became a veritable democracy by slow degrees. Though all free citizens were nominally endowed with the right of suffrage, the centuries, the higher ranks, were so sparse and those of the lower ranks so crowded that the patricians long retained the ascendency and held a monopoly of the chief offices of the State. As the people gradually encroached on the aristocracy and obtained access to the higher places, civil and military, and especially as the freedom of the city was extended to the Italian cities, and subsequently in part to the provinces, it became evident there was no longer any sure road to office but force or bribery. The course to the Consulship was by the ruinous expenditure of money, to be refunded only by the plunder of the province assigned to the successful candidates at the close of their term of home service. The people, too, were dazzled by the phantom of military glory, and were ready to violate the Constitution by prolonging the allotted term of office in behalf of successful chieftains, especially as the booty of foreign or provincial campaigns provided an affluence of the largesses, games and shows by and for which the populace lived. It was easy for the man who thus remained in power beyond the legal limit of his service so to influence the elections, and so to dispose of subordinate places, by his own dictation, as to insure for himself an ever firmer seat until he was displaced by revolution or assassination. From illegally prolonged to perpetual and hereditary empire, the transition was easy and even for the time propitious, for it was certainly far more for the peace and well-being of the people to come under the rule, say of a single despot, than to wade from one tyranny to another, through proscriptions, conscriptions, and seas of citizens' blood; and the republican constitution of Rome was not one whit less sound under Augustus Cæsar than it had been under Julius Cæsar. Rome never had an intelligent, much less educated, populace. A more despicable, beggarly people never trod the earth than were the lower orders of the sovereign city."

The speaker then went on to speak of universal suffrage, and the great danger that threatens the Republic from the fact that the intelligent, cultivated voter is often absent from the ballot-box, while the uneducated, the drift, and the masses are always present, having been driven or deluded into casting their ballot for some political fortune-hunter. In this connection he came home to this district and also to the much-talked-of question of the "third term," saying that the vast patronage of at least one department—the Navy—has in recent elections been used, with hardly an attempt at concealment, in purchasing and pledging voters; and also that this influence may be so organized as to be almost absolute in our large cities, and to make itself felt in every village and postal district in the land, and that the more corrupt the Administration is the more it is for the interest and within the very ability of those who live on its spoils to perpetuate its ascendency. There are at this moment indubitable tokens of a conspiracy among office-holders throughout the country to simulate the old Roman game by which the Consul of a year was made Dictator for life, in securing for our present Executive the extension of a prescriptive limit, which after the venerable precedents of the really great men who founded our Government had until now been regarded as an imperative though unwritten article of its Constitution.

The speaker then went on to say that in the education of the people would be the safety of the Republic, and that this education must be obtained in the public schools. The tendency of the public schools was to modify sectarian prejudices and tone down the harshness and bitterness fostered between those of different races. The system in vogue in the schools half a century ago was compared with the present system, and with some-what disastrous results as regards the modern system. The old system was thorough, and while there was not a great deal said of teaching as an art, and while teachers never once thought they were professors of an art, much real teaching was done. He deprecated the system which compelled the bright, intelligent pupil who was in the van to await the arrival of the slow, stupid scholar who was invariably in the rear. He compared the schools which had a large percentage of foreign scholars to those which were mainly composed of native-born pupils, to the disparagement of the former. Coming down to the question of system, he gave some exceedingly humorous examples of the overdoing of school methods which he had witnessed in his visits to various schools. In relation to the teaching of reading, he would have more attention given to quantity than to quality. The children should read much, and he would like to see everything called a school reader banished from the schools. He doubted whether formal instruction in grammar was of any use to a large proportion of the pupils. He would not have the names of obscure cities and rivers and obscure men learned. He would have the principles and laws of moral science taught; he would have the young boys know something of supply and demand, of currency, of labor and capital, and he doubted not that a first class in a grammar school might be taught as much of these things as is known by the average Congressman. In concluding, he said the teachers were the fathers and mothers of the coming generations. The Centennial year presents no more important theme than this school question forms. "What our next Centennial may be, whether our posterity will have one that shall be worth their jubilant celebration, depends more than all else on the work that our public schools shall accomplish. Heaven grant that those who stand where we do a century hence may cherish for you, as restorers and preservers of the State, such honor and gratitude as we now render to those who laid its foundations a hundred years ago!"

A CHAPLAIN TO BE PROUD OF.

Rev. Jesse H. Jones, a Representative-elect to the Massachusetts Legislature from Plymouth County, makes a fervid appeal in behalf of Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, for Chaplain of the House. Hear him: "Mr. Cook is a man of stature, of grip and strength and power of body; but in stature of mind, in grip and strength and power of thought, he far excels. He wields his subject as a farmer would wield a flail. He tramples down wrong with an elephantine tread. Mr. Cook has great philosophical acumen and logical power. He handles the teachings of the chief thinkers of our day as the toys of an athlete. Not one of them is a labor to him. His keen discernment cuts right through all their sophistries, and he brushes them aside as cobwebs. Mr. Cook has marked originality and freshness of thought and expression. He does not say the same thing over twice. He is a man of immense brain, of great heart, and of mighty power; and he is fully abreast of all that is best and most truly progressive in the movements of the thought and life of the world. One hardly needs to add that Mr. Cook is every inch a man. He is cast in a heroic mold. He moves steadily forward in his purpose with a tread that it rests one just to feel the power of. He is made up on a rare scale of greatness and completeness."

A MYSTERIOUS SHOCK.

A telegram from Lowell to the Boston *Herald* says that a shock as if from an earthquake was distinctly felt in Massachusetts, on the line of the Stonybrook Railroad, from Ayer to Westford, and at Littleton and other places in northern Middlesex Friday forenoon. At some places dwellings shook from the concussion and crockery was rattled together in the closets. The opinion was expressed that the accompanying noise was occasioned by the explosion of a powder-mill at Acton, but it was ascertained afterward that no explosion had taken place there.

THE BEST ITEMS BY MAIL.

A CHINESE DINNER.

HOW DISTINGUISHED GUESTS ARE RECEIVED AND ENTERTAINED.

In one of his letters to the Troy *Times* Hon. John M. Francis gives the following agreeable account of Chinese hospitality:

Some idea of Chinese hospitality and the house and garden of a wealthy Chinaman may not be uninteresting. The house is surrounded by a high wall, as the Chinaman at home likes to be private. Having previously sent in his card, the guest is conducted through a side gateway and shown into the reception hall, a spacious chamber, quite open on one side to the court-yard. From the ceiling depend a number of gorgeous lanterns of large size, inscribed with Chinese characters. Here the guest is received with great politeness by the master of the house. After an interchange of compliments, he is invited into an inner pavilion and requested to take a seat on a raised dais covered with red cloth. As a matter of etiquette the guest declines this honor, but after considerable pressure he reluctantly accepts it, the host taking a lower seat, thereby showing the greater honor for his guest. Here tea is immediately served and the usual Chinese pipe is offered. Several servants are in waiting to do the slightest bidding of their master. After a half-hour's social chat a walk in the garden is proposed. The terrace in front of the reception-room presents a wonderful profusion of flowers; goldfish in large numbers are seen in the clear waters. On the other side of this pond, what appears to be a huge rock is covered with rare trees and flowers. On inquiry it is ascertained that this apparent rock formation was constructed of masses of sea-worn stones, put together with marvelous skill, the interior forming intricate grottoes and caverns, the passage from one to the other contrived with artistic ingenuity. Comfortable seats are found in the grottoes, and into the walls are fixed marble tablets, upon which are inscribed various mottoes and sayings of sages. The floor is paved with mosaic and the light admitted from an opening above gives quite a Rembrandtish effect to the scene. On the summit of the rock work, about fifty or sixty feet high, is built a pavilion filled with art work and hung with elegant lanterns. A curiously formed zig-zag bridge leads across the pond (which from its considerable size may be called an artificial lake) to the rock work briefly described. There are covered ways around this miniature lake, and in these are a profusion of objects to admire. The walls are of polished Canton marble, built in octagonal slabs, wherein are fixed tablets and antique carvings cut in the manner of cameoes. Rare porcelain vases and antique bronzes are seen, and the fanciful trellis work is both quaint and beautiful.

The time has now arrived for dinner; the guest is invited into the spacious dining-hall, where a table is laid with several small dishes of fruits and condiments piled up in the queerest and most fantastic shapes. The roof of this hall is of carved wood, of a rich brown color, and brilliant with gilding, beautiful chandeliers depending therefrom, relieved at intervals with Chinese lamps of curious construction. The walls on two sides are of inlaid marble, in which are placed mirrors. The chairs and tables are of dark rose-wood, inlaid with variegated marble, and in convenient nooks are hung water-color drawings in the form of scrolls, which, aprrt from their absurd perspective, evince considerable merit and originality. The floor is inlaid with a fine sort of native tile. The north and south sides of this room consist of windows of stained glass, admitting a soft and most delicious light. Standing on the tables and pedestals are splendid enameled vases and incense burners of great value, beside bronze and jade stone ornaments.

Dinner is now waiting, and the great difficulty is to sit down, every one for politeness sake trying to persuade his neighbor to sit down first. After an absurd display of this sort—bowing, scraping, smiling, gesticulating, and arguing—a compromise is finally effected, and all bob down together. The dinner commences by an attack on the sweetmeats and condiments, each person dexterously handling his chop-sticks and picking out anything he may fancy in an indiscriminate sort of way. No plates are used, and the viands have to be conveyed direct from the dishes to the mouth. Dried melon seeds are usually first served, and the host generally takes a handful of these and passes them to his guests; at the same time hot wine is offered; it is distilled from rice, and has something of the flavor of sherry. After skirmishing sometime among the various small dishes, the more important viands are brought forward, and continued in almost endless succession. Of course, the expensive and highly-appreciated bird's-nest soup forms one of the courses. This and shark's fins, sea slugs, pigeon's-egg soup, boiled ham, shrimps, various kinds of fish, pork in many forms, and some of the sweets, are most relished by foreigners. The dinner is often continued to tedious length, occupying three to five hours. The difficulty in using the chop-sticks and the absence of plates cause some embarrassment to the inexperienced foreigner, but the host passes over all mishaps with pleasant words, and the guest is made to feel quite at his ease after a little time. No mutton or beef, or anything in the shape of joints, is served. The Chinese do not like the mutton flavor, and beef is rejected because Confucius has pointed out that it is improper to take the life of an animal so useful in agriculture. Wishing to do special honor to his guest at the table, the host selects some choice bit, and with the chop-sticks he had only a moment before had in his own mouth, passes the morsel to him; it would be considered extremely rude if the proffered food were rejected, and the favored guest must fortify himself to receive and eat it. The hot wine is frequently sipped, and the pipe is at intervals introduced. During the meal and at its conclusion, bowls of rice are brought in, held up close to the mouth, and shoveled in quickly. Finally, and as a close, tiny cups of tea of choicest flavor are served, supplemented with a little more smoking. The sedan chair is now in readiness, the host escorts his guest to the outer door, compliments are exchanged, the host shakes his own hands for a good-bye, and the affair is ended. This is a brief sketch of actual experience and observation by a gentleman who, with others, was complimented with a dinner at the yaman of a wealthy Chinaman. It should be said in this connection that only intimate acquaintance, important official position, or the most favorable and influential introduction, can secure such consideration from a Chinaman toward a foreigner. No ladies appear on such an occasion; the women of the household are kept isolated and out of sight and always treated as inferiors.

COULDN'T FORGIVE HER YET.

A lady writing from Washington to the Cleveland *Leader* says: "No feature of Washington affairs has interested me more than the experiment of ex-slaves trying the life of freemen. Nearly nine-tenths of the colored population here have once been slaves, and among them are, oh! such battered relics of humanity. I know one poor old woman who has not a finger-joint or toe-joint that was not dislocated or broken in her childhood by the heavy blows of a thick stick or other weapon in the hands of a most inhuman mistress, a mistress who was the sister of a murderer, and who, upon her death-bed, away from her home, writhed in agony of mind because she could not gather her old slaves about her to receive their forgiveness for her brutal treatment during a long life. Her attendant, to soothe her feelings, wrote to a daughter still living on the plantation a letter that should be read to the slaves. The daughter took the letter to the negroes' quarters, and read it with tearful eyes. Sobs and groans arose all around her, and protestations of forgiveness from all lips but this old woman's who told me the story. She said, 'Indeed, Miss, I looked at my poor hands and feet and thought on my face all jammed out of shape by being hit and knocked against the wall, and left senseless on the floor many's the time; and I thought it was just as well to leave the forgiving to the Lord, leastwise till I comes to die myself, then I s'pose likely I'll forgive her, but I couldn't then and I can't now.' This was an extreme case, no doubt; but the streets are full of maimed and stunted growths; of the lame, the halt, and the withered, whose early lack of proper food and shelter and of suitable hours of rest have blighted their lives forever. There are many stolid and uninteresting faces among them: but here and there I see a countenance that thrills me, perhaps of some old crone, looking out upon the street from a basement stair-way with snowy wool and scarred, seamed visage, and a 'Wake Nicodemus' look in her wonderful, sibylline eyes. My old wash-woman of last year used to sit in the glow of my comfortable grate-fire, rubbing her poor rheumatic limbs, and say, 'Yes, Miss, 'pears like dis great blessin' of bein' free came to our folks a little too late in my day. Dese poor ole arms and legs was mose worn out on de plantation 'fore de good Lord sent Massa Linkum to make um let us go.' 'Don't you think, Minnie, that it would have been really better for you, so old and so ignorant of earning your own living, never to have been set free?' I asked this as a test question, not from any such belief in my own mind. 'No, Miss, nebber tinks such a ting, not when I'se de hungriest and de coldest and de tiredest. Why, don't you see, dey can't whip me no mo'!' Poor old Minnie! to whom the crowning joy of freedom was comprised in this one fact—'dey can't whip me no mo.' As a laundress, truth compels me to say that my venerable friend and retainer was not a success. Her exhausted muscles and half-blinded eyes made it a more and more critical problem each week in what state my clothing would return to me, or whether, in fact, it would return at all; for her clothes-lines were at the mercy of her more enterprising and alert competitors, and to make good the deficiencies, I being her only lady customer, she had the knack of bringing me instead a highly unfeminine lot of apparel, with an air of pious fidelity that quite disarmed me."

SAD DEATH OF A PAINTER.

The Charleston (S. C.,) *News* of Tuesday says: "A few months ago a young man named William H. Coutart came to this city from Elmira, N. Y., as a portrait painter. He occupied rooms over Archer's Bazaar, and executed some creditable work. He was steady, and made a number of friends. On Saturday, the 18th inst., he told one of his friends that he was going to Florida, and would be back in ten days. Those who knew him heard nothing of him, and imagined that he was gone, but on the following Tuesday his room was opened, and he was found sitting on the floor in the act of packing his trunk, completely paralyzed, unable to speak or move a limb. He had been in this position, without food or drink or medical aid, since the Saturday previous. He was taken to the hospital where every attention was bestowed upon him, but the stroke proved fatal, and after lingering two days without speaking, he died. Justice Levy, with whom the deceased was acquainted, telegraphed North to his friends, and received a reply to send on the body. The deceased was a Mason, and the Masonic Board of Relief took charge of the body and sent it North by the steam-ship which left this port on Sunday morning last."

TEMPERANCE IN MAINE.

A mass temperance convention is to be held in Augusta, Me., on Wednesday, 19th inst. The call says: "This being the centennial year of our national existence, it is highly important and fitting that we should meet in convention and declare ourselves free and independent of King Alcohol, and take every means in our power to declare against him a war of utter extermination. Among the many questions that it may be proper to consider, the following are important: What can be done to aid the reform clubs in their noble work? How can we encourage and help those noble women who are organizing crusade movements and women Christian temperance societies? Is there not a necessity that something should be done to more effectually suppress the sale of intoxicating cider and domestic wines? Should not the various religious denominations of the State take more decided and active measures in this great cause? Ought not the legislative, judicial, executive, and municipal bodies of our State to take stronger and more decisive measures for the suppression of the great evil of intemperance? Should not the various temperance organizations of the State receive the encouragement of every friend of temperance? It seems to us that there has not been for several years a more favorable crisis in the temperance movement in this State than the present. The work done by the several temperance organizations, together with the co-operation of the faithful women engaged in this work, should encourage every friend of the cause and prompt to renewed diligence."

TWO PARISIAN DRAMAS.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Echo* writes to that journal: "The papers report two little social dramas of the type rendered so notoriously attractive by the writings of the Alexandre Dumas school of moralists. A clerk in the employ of a firm on the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle recently got married to a young actress at one of the minor theatres. The couple lived happily for a short time, but the husband eventually grew jealous of his wife's admirers on the stage. The other day the actress contracted to play for a short time at Abbeville. The husband objected to her leaving Paris, but she persisted, and started on her journey. The man's suspicions being aroused, he followed her, and on arriving at Abbeville discovered his wife in the society of an officer. He at once stabbed her to death with a dagger, and then gave himself into custody. The second drama is reported from a town in the Sarthe, but in this case it was not the guilty woman but her paramour who paid the penalty of the crime. A farmer, named Desnos, on returning home suddenly from mass, found his wife in criminal conversation with a neighbor named Froger. A fearful struggle followed between the two men. Desnos at length got Froger down on the ground, and smashed in his skull with a heavy piece of wood which he had snatched from the fire. The woman ran away, and has not since been heard of. The farmer at once informed the Police of what he had done.

A TEACHER'S CRUELTY.

A letter from Ravenna, Ohio, to the Cleveland *Leader* tells this painful story: "Two months ago T. G. Murphy, teacher of the Ravenna Catholic school, having occasion to correct a child eight years of age, named Kelly, for the trivial offense of whispering, lifted him by the ears and bumped him up and down upon the floor with such violence that a hopeless case of hip disease is the consequence. Over two hours after the little fellow dragged himself homeward and crept into the bed from which he has never since risen, and which he will doubtless never leave again save as a corpse or a helpless cripple. His sufferings have been intense. It being impossible to move him, his lower limbs have become paralyzed and wasted to a skeleton. The bones of his body are pricking through. Dr. Joseph Waggoner, one of Ravenna's ablest as well as most humane physicians, has been in constant charitable attendance, and gives it as his opinion that suppuration has taken place at the hip joint and that the child's recovery is impossible, for, though his life should be spared, he will be hopelessly crippled. When these facts became generally known and indignantly commented upon, Father Carroll, the village priest, poured upon the unfortunate mother a torrent of invective for her imprudence in disclosing this tale to Protestant ears, denouncing her and her boy in severest terms, and vindicating to the utmost Mr. Murphy and his discipline."

BOB-TAILED MICE.

The Bangor *Whig* has this report from Orono, Me.: "Some four years ago Mrs. B., living on that part of Marsh Island now known as Webster, visited her neighbor, Mrs. P., one afternoon, for a social chat, and was ushered into the parlor by the attendant to await the arrival of Mrs. P., who soon made her appearance. The ladies conversed very pleasantly for a few minutes, when suddenly a novel sight attracted their attention, and on stepping to the mantle they discovered that eleven mice had during the preceding cold day coiled themselves up on the warm chimney, and their tails stuck out upon the mantle, through a crack in the finish of the room. As quick as thought Mrs. P. left the room, and returning with a carving knife, deliberately cut off the tails of every one of them, with evident satisfaction, and kept them to show to her husband as proof of the truth of the story, when he should return home at night. The next day she performed the same operation upon four more, and our informant adds that for the next three years the cat would bring in, occasionally, bob-tailed mice."

A LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

Among the curiosities exhibited at a centennial tea-party in Northampton, Mass., on Wednesday evening, was an autograph letter of Gen. Washington, which read as follows:

HEADQRS, VALLEY FORGE, 18th Mar. 1778

Sir,

I yesterday received your favor of the 8th Inst. and accompanied by so warm a recommendation from Genl Parsons that I cannot but form favorable presages of the merit of the work you propose to honor me with the dedicating. Nothing can give me more pleasure than to patronize the essays of genius, and a cultivation of the Arts and Sciences, which had begun to flourish in so rich a degree before the hand of oppression was stretched over our devoted country and I shall esteem myself happy if a Poem which has employed the labors of years will derive any advantage or bear more weight in the world by making its appearance under a dedication to, Sir,

Yr Most Obed. & Hble. Ser.
G. WASHINGTON.

A HINT TO MR. TILDEN.

The Ithaca *Journal* says that the petition which we copy below is being widely circulated and universally signed in Schuyler County:

To the Legislature of the State of New-York:

Whereas, we desire to have the recommendations of his Excellency, Gov. Tilden, of our State, made to the farmers of Utica, that they should take measures to reduce the taxes of the State one-half, fully carried out:

Therefore we, the undersigned farmers, residents and tax-payers of this State, respectfully petition your honorable body to take measures or action to reduce the salary of the Governor from $10,000, which he now receives per annum, to $4,000, the latter being the amount Govs. Dix, Hoffman, and Seymour received, with former Governors, and we have never heard of the office being refused on account of the salary.

We notice that in eight States of the Union the Governors receive only $1,000, and in six States only $2,000 each. And your petitioners will ever pray.

A FRANTIC NEGRO.

The Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser* says: "A negro in the south-eastern part of the city, becoming crazed by continued ill health, stripped himself and child last Tuesday and made a bonfire of his bedclothes. Into this fire he threw his mother's little horde of gold and silver—about $15 in all—and followed it up with an attempt to make a grand holocaust of himself and the child; but the screams of the latter brought those within hearing to its aid, who rescued both before they had suffered irrecoverable injury. The crazy man was afterward conveyed to the hospital, but not before he had fought the officials to the last limit of his strength."

ANOTHER METEOR.

The Chicago *Tribune* has a telegram from St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 28, which says: "One of the most remarkable meteoric phenomena ever witnessed here startled our people about 9 o'clock last night. The light from the flying body was so great as to exceed for a moment the light of day. From the time of the appearance of the light till the explosion was something above a minute. The concussion was distinctly felt, and was sufficient to shake the windows of houses, and, in some instances, to shake entire buildings. Its direction was from west to east."

INVESTIGATION CHALLENGED!

No sewing-machine in the world, except the "New Automatic," of the Willcox & Gibbs Sewing-machine Company, has an automatic tension, or any other of the characteristic features of that marvel of sewing mechanism. The public should not be imposed upon by statements to the contrary, made by rival companies.

Among other high distinctions lately received by the New Automatic, is the grand "Gold Medal of Progress," awarded at the American Institute Fair. Willcox & Gibbs Sewing-machine Company, No. 658 Broadway, corner Bond street, New-York.—*World.*

To-morrow morning Baldwin the Clothier will publish his own Declaration of Independence, and all who pass the north-east corner of Canal street and Broadway may read it in front of the famous retail clothing ware-rooms.—*Exchange.*

"For the Blood is the Life."

See Deuteronomy, xii:23. The blood being the source from which the system is built up, and from which we derive our mental as well as physical capabilities, how important that it should be kept pure! If it contain vile, festering poisons all organic functions become enfeebled. Settling upon important organs, as the lungs, liver, and kidneys, the effect is most disastrous. Hence it behooves all to keep their blood in a perfectly healthy condition, and more especially does this apply at this particular season of the year than at any other. No matter what the exciting cause may be, the real cause of a large proportion of all diseases is bad blood. Now, Dr. PIERCE does not wish to place his GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY in the catalogue of quack patent nostrums by recommending it to cure every disease, nor does he so recommend it; on the contrary, there are hundreds of diseases that he acknowledges it will not cure; but what he does claim is this, that there is but one form of blood disease that it will not cure, and that disease is cancer. He does not recommend his Discovery for that disease, yet he knows it to be the most searching blood-cleanser yet discovered, and that it will free the blood and system of all other blood poisons, be they animal, vegetable, or mineral. The Golden Medical Discovery is warranted by him to cure the worst forms of skin diseases, as all forms of blotches, pimples, and eruptions; also all glandular swellings, and the worst form of scrofulous and ulcerated sores of the neck, legs, or other parts, and all scrofulous diseases of the bones, as white swellings, fever sores, hip joint, and spinal diseases—all of which belong to scrofulous diseases.

CONFIRMED.—HIP-JOINT DISEASE CURED.
W. GROVE STATION, Iowa.

Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR: My wife first became lame nine years ago. Swellings would appear and disappear on her hip, and she was gradually becoming reduced and her whole system rotten with disease. In 1871 a swelling broke on her hip, discharging large quantities, and since that time there are several openings. Have had five doctors, at an expense of $125, who say nothing will do any good but a surgical operation.

July 16, 1873, he writes thus: My wife has certainly received a great benefit from the use of your Discovery, for she was not able to get off the bed, and was not expected to live a week when she commenced using it a year ago. She has been doing most of her work for over six months. Has used twenty bottles, and still using it. Her recovery is considered as almost a miracle, and we attribute it all to the use of your valuable medicine. I can cheerfully recommend it as a blood purifier and strength restorer. J. M. ROBINSON.

Golden Medical Discovery is sold by druggists. —*Advertisement.*

TO ACCOMMODATE persons who cannot attend week days, the ELASTIC TRUSS COMPANY, No. 683 Broadway, opens Sundays from 10 till 2. Their new effective appliance has superseded all other trusses in treating hernia.—*Advertisement.*

YOU CAN HIRE a dress coat and vest once or more. You buy finest custom GARMENTS, Broadway tailors' misfits, &c., for half real value at D. SHEA'S, No. 434 Broome st., between Crosby st. and Broadway.—*Advertisement.*

CORNS, BUNIONS, INGROWING NAILS, &c., cured without pain. Corn Cure by mail, 50c. Dr. RICE, No. 212 Broadway, corner Fulton st., Knox Building.—*Advertisement.*

ACT WISELY and examine POMEROY'S $4 ELASTIC TRUSS, at No. 744 Broadway, before buying any other.—*Advertisement.*

DR. HASBROUCK—NITROUS OXIDE GAS.—Teeth extracted without pain. Office corner of Broadway and Twenty-sixth street.—*Advertisement.*

Alkethrepta is a New and Pure Preparation of chocolate. Sold by all grocers. Samples free.

Wm. Everdell's Sons, No. 104 Fulton st. Established 1815. No branch offices. Card Engravers, Label and Job Printers, Stationers, &c.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Tablets keep the teeth clean and white.

Eminent Physicians recommend WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY for lung difficulties. 50c. and $1.

MARRIED.

RICHMOND—MORSE.—At the Church of the Transfiguration, by Rev. Dr. Houghton, Dec. 30, 1875, ALFRED W. RICHMOND to ROSALIND C. MORSE, both of this City.

DIED.

BARNARD.—On Friday evening, Dec. 31, Capt. BENJAMIN BARNARD departed this life, in the 75th year of his age.

Relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend his funeral at St. Luke's Church, Hudson st., corner Grove, on Monday, Jan. 3, at 12 o'clock.

"The faithful actions of the just
Shed fragrance o'er their sleeping dust."

BACOT.—Suddenly, at Cardenas, Cuba, on Saturday, Dec. 4, 1875, MARY VIRGINIA, wife of Oscar L. Bacot, and daughter of Levi Apgar, of this City.

Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral from the Anthon Memorial Church, West 48th st., on Monday Jan. 3, at 10 o'clock A. M.

COLVILL.—Suddenly, of disease of the heart, at the Delaware Water Gap, on Wednesday, Dec. 29, JOHN COLVILL, of this City, in the 61st year of his age.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral from the Church of St. Francis Xavier, West 16th st., on Monday, Jan. 3, at 11 o'clock.

COREY.—On Thursday, Dec. 30, ADELIA COREY, relict of the late Edwin F. Corey, in the 73d year of her age.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her daughter, Mrs. A. P. Brainerd, No. 173 East 64th st., on Monday, at 10 A. M.

CARR.—On Saturday evening, Jan. 1, LIZZIE, youngest daughter of David Carr, in the 22d year of her age.

Notice of funeral hereafter.

DAVIS.—On Wednesday, Dec. 29, 1875, BENJAMIN W. DAVIS, in his 78th year.

Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral on Sunday, Jan. 2, at 2 P. M., from his late residence, No. 14 Willow st., Brooklyn.

DILLEBER.—JOHN R. DILLEBER, at the Westminster Hotel, Jan. 1, 1876, in the 40th year of his age.

His funeral will be held at the Church of the Holy Trinity, corner of Forty-second street and Madison avenue, on Monday, Jan. 3, at 1 o'clock P. M. Relatives and friends are invited to attend. The remains will be taken to Woodlawn Cemetery.

HALSTEAD.—On Saturday, Jan 1, SARAH C. HALSTEAD, daughter of the late John Halstead, in the 80th year of her age.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of Jacob Dunn, Esq., 94th st. and 4th av., on Tuesday, 4th inst., at 1 P. M.

KORTZ.—On Friday, Dec. 31, 1875, JOHN KORTZ, stepson of W. B. Bishop.

Funeral services will be held at the residence of his parents, No. 10 West 57th st., on Monday, Jan. 3, at 4 o'clock P. M.

LOCKWOOD.—At New-Rochelle, on Thursday, Dec. 30, 1875, ALFRED LOCKWOOD, aged 48 years.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from the residence of his father, Huguenot, New-Rochelle, on Monday, Jan. 3, 1876, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. Train will leave New-Haven Depot, 42d st., at 12 M.

MAIRS.—JAMES MAIRS, M. D., at his residence in this City, on Saturday morning, Jan. 1, of a lingering illness in his 81st year.

Notice of funeral hereafter.

☞ Kingston and Saratoga County papers please copy.

NEWTON.—On Thursday, Dec. 30, MARY M., wife of Edmund Newton, aged 59 years.

Funeral at her late residence, No. 163 East 62d st., on Sunday, Jan. 2, at 2:30 P. M. Friends are invited. Remains will be taken to Gardner, Mass., for interment.

PORTER.—On Friday, Dec. 31, JULIUS C. PORTER, formerly for many years a resident of China.

Friends are invited to attend the funeral from the residence of his brother, Samuel A. Porter, No. 226 East 124th st., on Monday, Jan. 3, at 12:30 o'clock. Interment at Woodlawn.

RADCLIFFE.—On Thursday, Dec. 30, ANNA G., wife of the late Charles Radcliffe.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral at 1 P. M., on Sunday, Jan. 2, at Faith Chapel, No. 423 West 46th st. Interment at Trinity Cemetery.

THOMPSON.—On the 1st inst., at his residence in New-Haven, E. F. THOMPSON, aged 72 years, late President of the Mechanics' Bank, of New-Haven.

TRIGG.—On Friday, Dec. 31, Mrs. MARY POWELL TRIGG, in the 96th year of her age.

Funeral on Monday, 3d inst., at 10:30 o'clock, from the residence of her son, Geo. P. Trigg, No. 260 West 23d st. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend.

WHITTEMORE.—On Friday, Dec. 31, JOHN WHITTEMORE, in the 79th year of his age.

Funeral services at his late residence, Clinton av., New-Brighton, Staten Island, on Monday, Jan. 3, at 12 M. Boat leaves foot of Whitehall st. at 10:45 A. M.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

The foreign mails for the week ending Saturday, Jan. 8, 1876, will close at this office on Tuesday, at 7 A. M., for Europe, per steamer Nevada, via Queenstown; on Wednesday, at 8 A. M., for Europe, per steamer Parthia, via Queenstown; on Thursday, at 11:30 A. M., for Europe, per steamer Salier, via Southampton and Bremen; on Saturday, at 11 A. M., for England, Wales, Ireland, and France, per steamer Celtic, via Queenstown, and at 11 A. M., for Scotland direct, per steamer Ethiopia, via Glasgow, and at 11 A. M., for France direct, per steamer France, via Havre, and at 11:30 A. M., for Europe, per steamer Neckar, via Southampton and Bremen. T. L. JAMES, Postmaster.

APOCALYPSE AND PENTATEUCH, INCARNATION and Atonement, Trinity and Second Coming, Resurrection and Judgment, are rationally and logically expounded by the doctrines of the New-Jerusalem Church revealed through Emanuel Swedenborg, and reconciled with scientific discovery and modern research. Services at the new Church Temple, on East 35th st., between Park and Lexington avs., by the Pastor, Rev. Chauncey Giles, on Sundays, at 11 A. M.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY FOR Gout and Rheumatism, BLAIR'S PILLS; sure, safe, effectual; universally used in Europe many years. Prout & Harsant, London, proprietors. H. PLANTEN & SON, No. 224 William st., New-York, agents. Sold by druggists. Sent by mail.

R. STUART WILLIS, ATTORNEY AND Counselor at Law, Notary Public, No. 182 Broadway, Room No. 4 New-York.
N. B.—Special attention paid to settling "estates," conveyancing, and City and country collection.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

HIMROD'S CURE—UNEQUALED FOR ASTHMA, CATARRH, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, and COMMON COLDS. Try it. Sold by all druggists, $1; wholesale depot, No. 112 Chambers st. P. O. Box 2,480.

TAPEWORM AND JAUNDICE POSITIVELY cured; heart and lung diseases also successfully treated by Dr. UHLEIN, No. 50 West 24th st.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JUST ISSUED. PRICE 40 CENTS.

ITALY AND HER CHURCH,

BY

RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M. P.

Reprinted from the

CHURCH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

With an Introductory by

REV. HUGH MILLER THOMPSON, D. D.,

Editor in Chief of the CHURCH JOURNAL.

AUGUST BRENTANO,

Publisher,

No. 39 Union square, New-York.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES, corner 9th av. and 28th st., on Sunday, at the 10:30 A. M. service, Rev. D. L. Schwartz, of Albany, will preach. A reunion service, under the auspices of the Young People's Missionary Association, will be held at 7:30 P. M., at which Rev. Dr. Dix, Rector of Trinity Church, is expected to be present, the sermon being delivered by Rev. George Jarvis Geer, D.D., Rector of St. Timothy's Church, and addresses by Rev. Dr. Howland and Rev. D. L. Schwartz.

All friends and former members of the Parish are cordially invited to be present at this service.

ANNIE EVA FAY, THE CELEBRATED SPIRITual physical test medium, lately from the Queen's drawing-rooms, Hanover square, London; also, Crystal Palace, Sydenham; indorsed by William Crooks, F. R. S., and other members of the Royal Society, will give her marvelous séance in the light, this evening, at parlors No. 19 West 24th st. (opposite Fifth Avenue Hotel,) 7:30 P. M.

AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, CLINTON ST., corner Carroll, Brooklyn.—Rev. J. F. Jowitt will officiate at morning service (10:30) and at evening service (7:30.) Choir of men and boys. Strangers are invited and will be made welcome.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH, 4TH AV., CORNER 20th st.—Dr. Bellows will preach morning at 11, on "The Wisdom of Hope," and at 7:45, evening, on "The Gospel's Way of Wishing a Happy New Year." All are invited. Sunday-school 9:45 A. M.

ANTHON MEMORIAL CHURCH, 48TH st., west of 6th av., Rev. R. Heber Newton Rector.—On Sunday at 10:30 A. M. holy communion and address by the Rector. Even service at 7:30 o'clock; Rev. J. W. Paige will preach.

A YOUNG LADY WITH A FINE SOPRANO voice, under good cultivation, desires a position in some church in New-York, at a moderate salary; can give references. Call or address SOPRANO, No. 50 West 24th st.

BLEECKER STREET UNIVERSALIST Church.—Rev. C. P. McCarthy will preach this (Sunday) morning and evening, at 10:45 and 7:30 o'clock. Morning subject, "The Dead Year; or, Time Expiring;" evening, "The Divine Inspiration of the Scriptures." N. B.—Holy Communion during morning service.

CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR,
Fifty-seventh st., near Eighth av.
JAMES M. PULLMAN, Pastor.
SUNDAY MORNING AT 11.
A NEW YEAR'S SERMON.
EVENING AT 7:45.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SAVIOUR,
(Protestant Episcopal,)
East 25th st., near Madison av.,
Morning service, 10:30 o'clock.
Evening service, 7:30 o'clock.
Music for this evening will be selections from Cerutti's Mass, a Christmas anthem, and soprano solo from the oratorio of "Eli."

CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH, 23D ST., between 5th and 6th avs. Rev. R. S. MacArthur, Pastor, preaches. Morning subject: "The Watchman's Outlook." Evening—Suggestions for the New Year. Prayer-meeting every night during the week except Saturday. Strangers cordially invited.

CHURCH OF THE DISCIPLES, MADISON av., corner 45th st.; Rev. George H. Hepworth.—Morning, "The Old and the New;" evening, a New Year's Sermon to Young Men. Meetings every evening during the week. Young men's meeting, Thursday evening.

CHURCH OF THE DIVINE PATERNITY, corner 5th av. and 45th st.—Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin will preach this morning at 11 o'clock; communion after regular service. Vespers and extemporaneous address by the Pastor in the evening at 8. Sunday-school and Bible-class at 9:30 A. M.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, 34TH ST. and Park av.—Rev. Wm. R. Alger will preach at 11 A. M.; subject—"The Morals of an Hour-glass," a New Year's sermon; evening, 7:30, "The Awaking of the Sleepers," a discourse for the New Year.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE—74th st. and 4th av., Rev. J. Tuttle Smith, Rector.—Thursday, Feast of the Epiphany; Holy Communion 11 A. M.; Christmas tree 6:30 P. M.; Sunday services 10:30 A. M., and 3:30 P. M.

CHURCH OF THE ATONEMENT, MADISON av. and 28th st., Rev. C. C. Tiffany, Rector.—Sunday-school at 9:30. Divine services at 11 A. M.; evening at 7:30; subject—"Joseph, the Man of Virtue." The Rector will preach.

CENTRAL M. E. CHURCH, 7TH AV., NEAR 14th st.—Rev. C. S. Harrower, Pastor. Preaching at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school services, 2:30 P. M.

CHARLES H. GOSS, OF AUBURN THEOLOGICAL Seminary, will speak to young men Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock, at Association Hall.

CHURCH OF THE HEAVENLY REST, (5TH av., above 45th st,) Rev. Dr. Howland, Rector.—Divine services, 11 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.

FIRST REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Madison av., corner of 47th st., Rev. Wm. T. Sabine, Rector.—Sunday-school at 9 A. M. Divine services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Rev. George Howell, of the Second Reformed Episcopal Church, of this City, will preach in the morning; the Rector will preach in the evening.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, CORNER Park av. and 39th st.—Rev. Walter H. Brooks, of Richmond, Va., Superintendent of Freedmen's Sunday-schools, will address the Sunday-school. Meeting on Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, CORNER PARK av. and 39th st.—Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. T. D. Anderson, D. D., at 10:30 A. M. Lord's supper, 3:30 P. M. 7:30 evening, Sunday-school meeting. Cordial invitation.

FIRST SABBATH IN THE NEW YEAR.—Rev. Thos. T. Hastings, D. D., Pastor, will preach in the West Presbyterian Church, West 42d st., between 5th and 6th avs., on Sunday, Jan. 2, services will be held at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

GOD IS WITH HIM.—THE HERALD OF THE coming King of glory and Pastor of Mount Zion, Bishop Snow, will preach in the University, Washington square, on Sunday at 3 P. M. Seats free. Subject: "The Glory of God to Fill the Earth; How and When?"

GRACE BAPTIST CHAPEL, WEST 29TH st., near 9th av.—Preaching by Rev. N. L. Rowell at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Subjects: Morning—"The Present Outlook." Evening—"Power from on High."

MASONIC TEMPLE, 23D ST., 6TH AV.—MONCURE D. CONWAY will speak on SUNDAY MORNING at 10:45. Subject: "The New Testament." In the EVENING at 8 Mr. Conway will lecture on "Science and Religion," with illustrative references to Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, and other leaders of opinion. Admission 50 cents.

MEMBERS AND PATRONS OF ALL churches are notified by this advertisement that I have for sale one, two, or three vacant lots in Woodlawn Cemetery, purchased ten years ago, and located in the improved and most beautiful part. Address "Omega," Box No. 277 TIMES UP-TOWN OFFICE, NO. 1,257 BROADWAY.

MRS. E. F. JAY BULLENE (TRANCE speaker) lectures 10:30 A. M. and Prof. S. B. Brittan lectures 7:30 P. M. for Society of Progressive Spiritualists at their hall, No. 55 West 33d st., near Broadway. Children's Lyceum meets 1:30 P. M.

MACDOUGAL STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, opposite Vandam st.—Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. Joseph J. Muir, at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school at 9 A. M. and 2 P. M. All are welcome.

REV. WM. P. ABBOTT, PASTOR WILL preach at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. in St. Luke's M. E. Church, 41st st., west of 6th av.

ST. IGNATIUS' CHURCH, 40TH ST., BEtween 5th and 6th avs., Rev. Dr. Ewer, Rector.—Services: celebration at 7:30 A. M.; morning prayer, 9; litany, 10:30; celebration, (choral,) 11; evening prayer, 7:30 P. M., (Rev. Dr. Weston, of St. John's chapel.) Strangers cordially invited.

ST. ANDREW'S P. E. CHURCH, HARLEM, (127th st. and 4th av.,) Rev. George B. Draper, D. D., Rector.—Morning service at 10:30; evening service at 7:30. Sunday-school, 9 A. M.; singing-school, 3:30 P. M. Strangers welcome. Sermon by the Rector.

ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, 5TH AV., CORNER of 53d st., Rev. Dr. Morgan, Rector.—Services Sunday, Jan. 2—Morning prayer at 9 o'clock; litany, sermon, and holy communion at 10:30 o'clock; afternoon service and sermon at 3:30 o'clock.

ST. MARK'S, 2D AV. AND 10TH ST., REV. J. H. Rylance, D. D., Rector.—Services on Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. The Rector will officiate.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, BETWEEN NOS. 57 and 59 West 46th st., Rev. A. B. Hart, Rector.—Services on Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 4 P. M.

THE PEOPLE'S SERVICE,
IN
CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY,
Madison av. and 42d st.,
SUNDAY EVENING, AT 7:30 O'CLOCK.
Rev. STEPHEN H. TYNG, Jr., will preach.
The "Gospel Hymns and Spiritual Songs," by Mr. Sankey, are used.
Other services, 10:30 o'clock A. M. and 3:30 P. M.

SANTA CLAUS' CHILD-GIFT.

CHAPTER I.

Helen Martraud Willard sat in her study in the picturesque gothic villa known as Shadow Lawn, situated about three hundred feet back of the old post road lying between Stamford and Darien, Connecticut. It was early in the Summer of 1871, long to be remembered in this locality for its extreme heat. Shadow Lawn was as shady in-doors as drawn blinds could make it, and, although no spot was cool this hot afternoon, this cosy, tastefully arranged cottage was as inviting as a country house in shining neatness could be. Shadow Lawn had been earned by its mistress from the labors of her pen, and like all homes that have been made a beau-ideal of the imagination years before their existence, this one, when it took the form of reality, was so complete in each apartment as to bespeak the mind of its projector having dwelt there long before its walls were raised. This was but a simple cottage home; yet on entering the visitor felt impatient to roam about and carefully examine each evidence of refined taste, so striking was the impression produced. There was no piazza encircling the gray-tinted house, but a broad portico, from the arched roof of which, on each side, were vines trained, making it appear like a covering of solid green over the two rustic chairs that stood upon this porch. The double doors were closed, but being composed in part of iron open-work, from the back of which the glass was thrown back, you could look into the corridor that ran through the house, at the end of which was a lattice door. The hall was covered with green three-ply carpeting, but the rugs lying at the foot of the staircase and by the several doors were of Persian pattern and costly manufacture. There was no hat-rack, but a substantial rustic wooden table, on which was a deep dish filled with velvet-like pansies of every shade of yellow and purple, with vines of German ivy drooping to the floor. Back of this stood a bronze card-plate. There was a rustic umbrella-stand in one corner of the corridor, in which was placed a lady's cornelian-handled umbrella and an ivory-sticked parasol. The wood-work of the lower part of the house was an imitation of walnut, polished. It was without scratch or blemish. The drawing-rooms were uncarpeted, the floors being handsomely tiled. There were rugs before each fire-place, one by the walnut-cased upright piano and under the centre table, and in front of the long, comfortable-looking Turkish lounges, which were tufted and covered with rose-color and black crétonne. A bow-window, jutting from one side, also contained a large shaggy rug, not an expensive one like the others, but suitable for the resting-place of Fido, the great Newfoundland dog, an important member of the Willard family, who had his especial place in the parlor as well as in the other rooms of Shadow Lawn cottage. Besides the tasteful designs in growing plants, the statuettes, pictures, freshly-fluted curtains, and the many articles evincing the refinement of the mistress of this home, there were fauteuils, foot-stools, large willow rockers, near to which stood tables with books and magazines, which took away any air of primness and relieved the severe neatness of this inviting apartment. There were bright andirons in the fire-places, on which were piled new logs; but as the match would not be put to these until the cool evenings appeared, mosses and cut flowers were carelessly thrown over these wood-piles, from which emanated delightful perfume, uninterrupted by the richly-embroidered screens which stood at angles on each side the hearths. Back of the drawing-rooms, and connecting by long French windows, which to-day were thrown open, was Mrs. Willard's study. This room was covered with a bright-patterned moquet carpet, and furnished in chintz glazed muslin, even to the curtains, which matched the coverings of lounges and chairs. There was a library table in the centre of the room, a tripod with a dainty work-basket thereon, and an oval stand, on which exactly fitted a dish filled to overflowing with white garden lilies. The afternoon was exceedingly sultry, and Mrs. Willard, dressed in a white Swiss muslin wrapper, her long brown hair tied back with a blue ribbon and hanging to her waist, seemed by her *deshabille* to be aiming at coolness and comfort.

Helen Willard was in her twenty-fifth year—at the height of womanly beauty. It required but a glance to awaken strong admiration for this woman, so handsome in face and figure; as she raised her thoughtful eyes of deep blue, the comprehensiveness and the largeness of her nature made themselves understood; her chief fascination, and she was unmistakably fascinating, was her unconsciousness of her charms. To describe Helen Willard would be to say she was perfection in feature, expression, in her clear bright complexion, and in symmetry of figure. Her tiny white hands had a motion of grace irresistible when she was conversing with animation; yet she did not seem to know that they were scarcely larger than a small child's, nor, in fact, to be possessed of any vanity. She had been singularly unfortunate in the relations which should have placed her where she would have been tenderly cared for, and where she would have graced a high position. This woman was what the world calls a "grass widow," though to know her, nay, even to see her, would prevent the coarsest mind from casting a slur upon one so fair, so unmistakably amiable and pure in heart. Notwithstanding her misfortunes there was too much in her composition to permit of her being crushed by the sorrows thrown upon her by one less worthy. She had trained her mind to yield a support for herself and child; she had the pride to make her independent and the will to overcome the difficulties which hamper the paths of women-workers—especially beautiful women. A glance backward at her history will show her when leaving school at the age of sixteen, a young girl with only a fair education. A careful observer, however, would have detected in her strong mental powers lying dormant. She was immediately launched into society, and like others who have shared her fate was bewildered by the admiration of both sexes. She became the acknowledged belle of a large circle, and was not long without offers of marriage.

This solemn business of marriage—what is it to a girl so young, unformed, knowing little of the realities of life, and looking scarcely further into connubial bliss than the wedding-day festivities? It is only in well-regulated homes, which in this rushing age are greatly in the minority, that girls are kept at study and at pursuits which will fit them for wifehood and preserve their minds from the frivolities of society while they are yet tender and susceptible to every impression. When in the teens is the time maidens require the devoted attention of mothers. If at that age they are neglected and left to be molded by society, their after lives are usually marred to a greater or less extent. Helen Martraud's parents were weak-minded persons, their love for their children being of that poor quality which is overindulgent. Therefore Helen was dazed by the adulation which was poured upon her at home and by her friends when in society. After one season's round of gayety she married the most persevering of her lovers, who would not be refused as were many others.

Amos Willard was a man seen but once in a lifetime. He was a hybrid creature, born of parents wealthy and respectable, but renowned in the community where they lived for strongly marked peculiarities. The senior Willard was handsome, courtly, and distinguished in appearance, but was a tyrant in his household. He had no particular affection for any one besides himself. His wife was his slave: had she resisted his impositions the same house could not have held both of them. The occupation of the Willard family was chiefly that of "pleasing Father," which kept the sons and daughters lively anticipating the wants of the old despot. One member must bathe his feet, another comb his head until he became drowsy, and his wife was often called upon to sit beside him and wash his hands. Yet he was an able-bodied man, not sixty years old. His will was like iron, and he ruled in his household with unbending sway. Amos Willard's mother was a rough diamond, a good but coarse woman: she was loud in voice, fiery in temper, and carried through the work of half a dozen ordinary men. She attended to her husband's business while he lay in bed mornings and read the newspaper. No weather was too severe for her to hurry abroad and further the business projects of her liege lord. Amos Willard inherited the violent traits of his mother, and the shameless selfishness and lack of natural affection of his father. As he gradually gave vent to these features of disposition, which was as soon as he became master of a wife and home, he was transformed into something more like a brute than a human being. Seemingly satisfied that he had succeeded in his determination to secure for a wife the lady desired by so many, he shortly after his marriage displayed such a disposition of meanness, shiftlessness, and showed such an unrelenting delight in being cruel in his manner and speech, that it was not two months after the wedding before Helen despised him heartily. Time wore on, and she learned to look upon life earnestly. She discovered she had never loved her husband; she had accepted him because he would not be shaken off. He had drawn his powerful will about her, as a lasso is thrown over a wild horse. Helen bore him one child, when, with his other persecutions, he ceased to provide for her and her infant. He would take his meals "at home," as he called his father's house, and his family would be left without common necessaries. Helen, at the age of nineteen, took her babe and fled his house, where there was neither food nor fire. Now her energies were aroused. She would not be dependent, although in her father's house, where she was cordially welcomed. She possessed genius for composition, and with great timidity attempted to write, baptizing her efforts with earnest prayer. There was power in her pen, her articles won favor, and with keen perception, industry, and a talent for absorbing the gist of current events she soon became a popular writer. Helen was happy in her new career—happy in her boy—happy to be rid of the man she despised. She was ambitious to succeed that her son might be educated and placed where the world could cast no reproach upon him. Through the advice of friends Helen was legally separated from Amos Willard. He made no objection, yet this man without human feeling swore to have the child which was given to the mother, simply to gratify his revengeful, persecuting disposition.

At the time our story opens Helen Willard sat by her library table with slips of manuscript scattered about her. She wrote rapidly with a pencil as she prepared articles for the next day's papers. Fido, who lay near her feet, started up, pushed through the curtained windows that separated the library from the parlors, and with a terrible bark bounded across the rooms. Helen, startled, arose and followed the dog to the front door, where he stood on his hind feet looking through the iron-work, and whining to get out. Seeing no one, Helen refused him egress, remarking: "Fido, I think you were dreaming; all this fuss about nothing; for shame, Sir." The dog, thus reproached, jumped affectionately upon her, then ran whining through the rooms and back to the door; he showed his teeth, and asked his mistress as plainly as if spoken to let him out. "But I want you for company, dear old Fido, so come and lie down again, and let's have no more nonsense." Fido followed Helen to the library, but seemed discontented, and would not be coaxed from the windows which led to the drawing-rooms, where he stood growling and snarling significantly.

About this time, on the deep lawn which stretched back of the cottage, and from which its name had been suggested, lay a boy asleep under the shade of a wide-reaching apple-tree, which drooped its thickly-leaved branches low to the earth, throwing shadows like curtains over the neatly-trimmed grass. One of the beauties of this small estate was this orchard at the rear of the cottage, where the lawn provided a lovely scene of light and shade. This was the play-ground of little Elmer Willard, the idol of his mother's heart. Helen Willard had selected this spot for a home for herself and child because of its healthfulness, its quiet seclusion, and its picturesque loveliness. Her home was not yet paid for, but if her prosperity continued it would soon be free of debt. Elmer Willard was between five and six years old, but was still in petticoats. This day he was dressed in a loose gored dress of white, and as he lay on a large linen apron his nurse had taken from off herself and placed under him to keep his clothes from grass stain, he was a picture of boyish beauty. His hair was light and curly, his rough-and-ready hat lying partially under his head. His dress was clean, excepting where the mark of a muddy paw like Fido's blackened the skirt, which was half thrown up, showing a soft, embroidered flannel skirt, partly-soiled stockings, and neatly-buttoned shoes. The little legs were chubby, and the small hands were tanned and as soiled as is the normal condition of boys' hands. Elmer's nurse, Biddy Burke, was a buxom young woman, who had been in Mrs. Willard's service a long time. Biddy, like the majority of the ignorant Irish, had her superstitions. She had been awaiting an opportunity several days to run to the gypsy camp, which was but a short distance down the main road, and have her fortune told. The encampment of gypsies on the borders of the old Connecticut highway is still of common occurrence. Mrs. Willard had always regarded them as harmless, never having been annoyed with their begging visits, because Fido was averse to tramps and peddlers, not allowing them to enter the grounds.

"Now you are snoring asleep, my pet, I'll just step down and have my fortune told, to ease my mind if Tom O'Brien is in earnest," said Biddy, as she opened her cotton umbrella and placed it over Elmer, where the sun had broken through a branch. Off Biddy scampered. Hardly was she out of sight, when a tall man, with a cloak under one arm, stealthily appeared from one side of the house, and, approaching the sleeping child, raised it carefully and ran back through the gate and up the road in the direction of Stamford. Appearances indicated that the boy was in one of those heavy slumbers which children sink into after a hard romp in the open air; for his drooping limbs felt like a dead weight as the kidnapper raised him, and he did not seem to be aware that he was disturbed.

Biddy Burke was not absent more than half an hour, on her expedition to the camp, where a swarthy female decked in tawdry apparel, and a profusion of gilt ornaments, made known to her the intentions of Tom O'Brien for the sum of fifty cents. Well satisfied she returned, and hastened to the tree. Her charge was not there. Supposing he had awakened, and ran in-doors, Biddy, not at all alarmed, took the same direction. Entering the house by the lattice door, she tapped on the library door. "Come in," spoke Mrs. Willard. "Is Elmer here?" asked Biddy. "Why?" said Mrs. Willard, "was he not with you on the lawn?" "To be sure, Ma'am; I guess he's down stairs," and without explanation the nurse went down, and up, but no Elmer. She then went back to the tree, Mrs. Willard standing in the door, and not for one moment mistrusting her child was not in the vicinity. Fido at the first opening of the door bounded out, when, placing his nose to the ground, he ran frantically out on the road. Biddy flew to the neighbors and searched their houses. Mrs. Willard, now thoroughly alarmed, went over her grounds shouting Elmer's name. Her first thought was of the gypsy camp, and, throwing a water-proof cloak over her, she hurried thither to seek her boy. The lazy, lounging gypsies gave her no satisfaction. They had "seen no brats—had enough of their own." The awfulness of her position chilled the mother's blood. She must have help. Quickly she dressed and went to a neighbor, who sent her in her carriage to the station. She gave the alarm to the Constable at Stamford, telegraphed her parents, and to the Head-quarters of the Police in New-York. We will now leave this distressed woman and follow her little son.

CHAPTER II.

With long, fleet strides the man, Johnson by name, cut across lots into a thick wood, where, rudely awakening Elmer, he endeavored to bribe him to quietude and good nature. "Now I'm your daddy, you see, and you must be good and call me father, when you'll get candy; but if you whimper and don't mind what I say, I'll throw you into the river. What's more, you're a girl, and no boy," said the strange man. In a moment's time he removed Elmer's clothes and dressed him in a rough girl's suit which he had rolled in his cloak. With scissors he cut off the child's curls and parted his hair in the middle. He then tied a dark-calico sun-bonnet on his head, and picking him up turned about and took his way through the woods to Norwalk. Elmer made no resistance excepting to say "I want to go back on the lawn to Biddy Burke. My mama will call 'Elmer,' and Fido will bite you if you don't take me back." The man quickened his pace, and looked anxiously at a silver watch frequently. After a fatiguing walk he reached the Norwalk station and jumped aboard the train just starting eastward.

The next morning found Johnson and his charge in a miserable lodging in the outskirts of Boston. The boy lay sleeping on a soiled and crazy couch, while Johnson sat on the sill of an open window smoking a short clay pipe. A tap at the door and Amos Willard entered. Glancing across the room at the boy he exclaimed,

"I see you have done the job well so far; the ship sails this afternoon. Here's the money. I will remit monthly to you in London and write directions. Hold your mouth shut and do what you like with the young one, so long as you keep him out of the way. You'd better go abroad immediately—I must return to New-York. The Police are already on the alert." So saying the affectionate father looked toward his boy, and with an expression of gloating triumph left the room.

A long and rough passage brought Johnson and the child to London. On the trip Elmer's hair was dyed black, and he was well disguised as a girl. That the little fellow had pined for his mother's tender care was plainly visible. He was haggard, wan, and cowed. He rarely ever spoke, having never regained his spirits since the shock of separation. Johnson had relatives in London, which was one great inducement to his going there. After his arrival he boarded Elmer, whom he called "Ellie," with a low Italian family who earned a miserable livelihood by playing and singing through the streets. After two months' time Johnson, receiving no more remittances, disappeared, and as the Italians did not get their pay for the child's living they dragged him about with them to take up collections while they performed in the low haunts of the great city. Ragged and forlorn, the boy would not have been easily recognized in his girl's attire. The rough men, to whom he offered his cup for coins, would frequently soften at the expression of his sorrowful eyes and give him an extra copper. In this way he was valuable to the vagabonds in whose possession he seemed likely to remain.

CHAPTER III.

Shadow Lawn Cottage, with blinds drawn tightly and doors barricaded, wore a deserted aspect in the raw November storms of the Autumn after Elmer Willard had been stolen. Uninhabited, its lawn frosted with a light fall of snow, its shade-trees dismantled and its tasseled larches bending low with icicles, the hand of desolation seemed indeed laid upon this spot that had always been remarkable for its appearance of cheerfulness and home comfort. Never before since the cottage was built had the cold weather chilled Shadow Lawn. Glowing fire-light would color its window-panes daytimes, and bright lamp-light at evening time made it a welcome landmark. Lamp-posts at its gate lighted the approach to the cottage, and a large, gorgeously decorated lantern swung from the porch when cold weather set in. Helen Willard closed her residence immediately after the disappearance of Elmer, when she made her home in New-York, where she could readily hold communication with the authorities searching for him. Her existence had been bound up in her child, and an agony greater than if death had bereaved her had taken possession of her heart. Still with courage remarkable she pursued every clue to her lost treasure, and with a perseverance only known to women when goaded to desperation, she labored industriously that she might have money for her emergency.

Three days after the disappearance of Elmer Fido returned, lean, dispirited, his tail, which he usually carried like a signal flag, lying between his legs. His long hair was much bedraggled and matted with burs. In his mouth he held the once white dress and flannel skirt Elmer wore when stolen. It was supposed that the dog after a long search had traced the fugitive, and unearthed the clothes replaced by the girl's dress. Fido, although half-famished, took his food sulkily, and it was many days before he acted like himself.

It was the middle of November, when Mrs. Willard awaited in her mother's parlor an interview with Mr. Tom Stammerer, a celebrated detective. She was not kept waiting long when a man of medium height, stout, and with iron-gray hair, was ushered in. Tom Stammerer was a commonly-dressed person, wearing a cheap slouched hat. His tie was carelessly worn, and his clothes were half soiled. Yet Tom was the biggest man at head-quarters, and had a good pile of money earned in the secret service. His manner was quick and nervous. He talked rapidly, and what he said was so full of import as to rivet the attention of his hearers. Tom Stammerer had, it seems, some knowledge of the Willard family, who had figured prominently in several lawsuits. He understood their peculiarities, just as he knew everything else under the sun. He had just returned from important business at the West, and had become interested in this case of kidnapping as he was in any mystery where any person or thing was to be searched for. Tom was a father himself, and his heart, which was a tender one with all of his knocking about among hard characters, bled for this bereaved mother.

"Now," said Tom Stammerer, addressing Mrs. Willard, "those gypsies had no more to do with stealing that boy than I have. The nummies who have been following tramps and searching gypsy wagons have simply made themselves ridiculous."

"But why did the gypsies break camp and leave that same night?" asked Helen.

"Probably because there were no more horses they could swap in your neighborhood. That boy was taken away by a minion of his father's. I'm convinced from what I've already ascertained that he's not in these parts. I sail for Europe to-morrow to transact important Governmental business. I've come for the photographs of the child. I've got my scent, and if I don't clap the bracelets on one man abroad and one in this city before many weeks, my name's not Tom Stammerer."

Pressing to her lips two pictures of her boy, Mrs. Willard intrusted them to the detective, and the interview closed.

Tom Stammerer slammed the door of the Martraud mansion, and, springing into the waiting cab, was rapidly driven to the Head-quarters of the Police, in Mulberry street. "I've another mission besides the C—— muddle, in which I shall spend some time while abroad," said he to the Chief of the Police. "There's no money in it, but a despairing woman's in the case for whom my heart aches." The fine earnest face of old Tom Stammerer beamed with benevolence as he spoke.

Once in London the detective pushed through the business which had called him there. To search for the lost child was his next aim. The wires of the great London Police force were set in motion and Tom Stammerer pulled them in all directions with a master hand. Before leaving New-York he had traced the child to London, having found communication with the captain of the vessel which conveyed Johnson and his charge to foreign shores. No clue to the kidnapper was he now able to discover. He searched the institutions and homes for destitute children, feeling convinced that if Willard was the instigator of the kidnapping, he but cared to get the boy out of the way, and would spend nothing for his maintenance when the sea separated him from his mother. In his usual rough suit and slouched hat Tom Stammerer entered a fourth-rate inn at ten o'clock one evening where a party of sailors sat partaking of a night-cap of half-and-half. He was attracted thither by a child's voice singing to the accompanying strains of a violin. The detective called for a mug of ale and sat down to listen and observe. A dark-visaged man was scraping an ill-tuned fiddle, while a half-grown boy sang "Britannia rules the waves," in broken English. A woman with a babe sleeping in her arms wearily waited behind the musicians, partly sitting and partly leaning on an unoccupied table. Another child, filthy and tattered, passed a tin cup between each song for contributions from the audience. The child's eyes looked heavy and sleepy, and it moved about listlessly, more like a little machine than a human being. Tom Stammerer stared hard at this child, whose disordered and moppish hair was black at the ends and light at the roots. It wore petticoats, but seemed to regard with pride a pair of well-worn boy's top-boots it had on, when, as it halted before Stammerer, he called its attention to them in the following manner:

"Do little girls in England wear boys' boots?" pointing to the child's feet.

"I'm a boy, but no one here knows it," replied the child in a pitiful voice.

Tom Stammerer indifferently took a coin from his pocket and rattled it in the cup. As the child passed to the next table, the detective drew a leather book from his breast, and opening it closely scanned a photograph therein. A gleam of intense satisfaction flitted across his face. Apparently taking no further notice of the musicians, he swallowed his ale and leisurely walked out. Once in the street he took up a position to await the exit of the Italians from the bar-room. Presently they straggled out, following in a line the man with the violin, Stammerer brought up in the rear, and lifting the child with the top-boots into his arms, he approached the Italian and collaring him said.

"You are the man I'm after. This boy is my property; come with me." Stammerer with one hand snapped a handcuff on the wrist of the Italian, who became abject from fear at this sudden arrest.

"Me no boy Padre—'nother man Padre—he no come back—bring me no money for boy."

"You'll not be harmed. I want the boy, and I'm after a man named Johnson. You'll be detained until you tell me where to find him. Elmer," and Tom Stammerer's voice grew gentle, "shall I take you home to mamma and Biddy Burke?"

"Will you take me to my mamma?" said the child, with quivering voice. "Do you know my mamma and Fido? Do you know I'm a boy?" Here the child wept convulsively.

"I came from America to take you back to Shadow Lawn. Mamma is waiting for you at grandpa's."

Elmer placed his arms about Tom Stammerer's neck. The party soon arrived at the police station, where Stammerer, making himself known, produced his warrant for the arrest of the child and his custodians. The Italians were detained for examination. The detective carried Elmer to his hotel and cared for him as kindly as if he had been his own. The next morning the Italians were released, as they knew nothing of the whereabouts of Johnson. Tom Stammerer, satisfied with his capture, and in haste to restore Elmer to his mother, took passage in a steamer to sail for New-York in two days.

CHAPTER IV.

It was the night before Christmas when the house of Elmer Martraud, situated near one of the fashionable avenues of New-York, was well filled with his children and grand-children, who had assembled as had always been their custom at this time to hang up their stockings in the old homestead. Helen Willard, who had grown slender and pale through suffering, sat before an open fire in a low chair rocking a little five-year-old niece of hers. As she rocked she repeated to the delighted child the old yet ever charming poem of "Santa Claus' Visit." This finished, she explained to her eager listener how St. Nicholas in his toy-laden sleigh drove over the snow-topped houses and halted at the chimneys and listened with his ear to the opening; when, if the children were abed and asleep, he would unload a bag of playthings and slide down the chimney, fill the stockings, and be off again.

"Do you think he'll bring me a doll with fair real curls, Aunt Ellie? Aunt Ellie, does Santa Claus ever bring live babies? He might bring you one to rock as you do me."

Mrs. Willard could not keep back the tears as she yearned to clasp her lost darling on this night of all others, when parents rejoice in their children. She had hung up a pair of Elmer's stockings by the side of those of the other children, intending to fill them when the little folks were in bed.

The children were tucked away early this night—some in beds, some in cribs. The sitting-room was selected wherein to hang the stockings, because the fire-place there was large, and the children decided Santa Claus could get through there with the least trouble. Busy hands arranged the toys, the piles of books, and the innumerable packages all labeled and tied up with care. Mottoes were made to mix in the stockings, with kisses, oranges, nuts, raisins, figs, candies, lady-apples, and white grapes. It was long past midnight before all things were arranged to make the most show and give the greatest surprise to the little folks in the morning. Each stocking had an immense orange in the toe, and bulged out and fell in and overflowed at the top with jimcracks in the same approved manner that most of us can recall to whom Santa Claus paid an annual visit in childhood. The presents properly placed, the members of the Martraud family retired—all excepting Helen Willard. In a white wrapper, which was no whiter than her transparent skin, she first went to the sitting-room and handled the stockings tied to chairs before the smoldering fire. Elmer's two stockings were there stuffed full of goodies, and his chair was laden with gifts. Helen handled them, wept over them, prayed over them. Softly she went to the nursery, in a bedroom off of which two children of her sister's were sleeping. The fire in the grate burned low, yet it half lighted the apartment. Helen bent over the sleeping children. Rosy cheeks were snuggled into lace-edged pillows. Chubby little arms were thrown above golden heads, telling of restlessness and disturbing dreams. Why, 'twas the night before Christmas! Who of us but have dreamed over and over again of the coming of St. Nicholas, of the noise of his chariot, the jingle of his bells! As she looked upon these sleeping children Helen wiped the hot tears from her cheeks. A loud rumbling of wheels upon the hard-frozen snow caught her ear. One of the children started up and called out in sleep, "There comes Santa Claus! I hear him!" The carriage stopped before Mr. Martraud's house. The banging of a coach door rang sharply through the crisp morning air. The gong of the door received a hard pull, and Fido barked fiercely enough to rouse the household. Helen moved quickly to her father's bedside and dropped in a dead faint. Her mother raised her and applied restoratives, while the old gentleman slipped on trousers and dressing-gown to answer the summons. The door opened, a man in an English Ulster coat and sealskin cap entered bearing in his arms a child wrapped in a traveling rug.

"I've not crawled down the chimney, but I've brought a Christmas gift to Mrs. Willard. Please waken her. I desire to deliver it in person." A form like a spirit's was before him. Outstretched arms received the bundle—a child—her own boy. Little arms were about the neck of the mother. "Mamma, I'm here, I'm here!"

The words of Helen Willard were not for human ears.

Tom Stammerer wiped his eyes, declared he "must go," he was "too sleepy to talk, would call the next day."

Elmer slept that morning on his mother's breast. The children were made to lie still until seven o'clock, when all arose to view the presents. Elmer with boyish delight looked through his collection; the children were shouting "Oh's!" and "Ah's" as the bundles were opened. The morning was a merry one for the little folks, but a deeper feeling had taken possession of the parents' hearts—sincere gratitude for Santa Claus' child gift. ALTHEA.

MARRIED BY LIGHTNING.

HOW TWO TELEGRAPH OPERATORS WERE WEDDED.

From the Pittsburg Telegraph, Dec. 29.

Mr. G. Scott Jeffreys and she who was Miss Lida Culler are both telegraph operators. Mr. Jeffreys has been stationed at Waynesburg, and Miss Culler at Brownsville, Penn. Intending to marry they conceived the idea of using the telegraph for obtaining that result. The plan was submitted to Col. C. O. Rowe, Superintendent of this division of the Western Union line, and he consented to make the necessary arrangements. Yesterday afternoon the affair came off. The arrangement was that Mr. Jeffreys and Miss Culler should take a position in the operating room at Brownsville, where there would also be present some three or four witnesses, including the operator. In the office at Waynesburg Mr. G. A. Stoy, operator, and family, the mother and sister of the groom, with four or five other friends were to be stationed, together with Rev. Mr. Scott, the officiating clergyman, also of Waynesburg. It was further settled that the ceremony should be commenced promptly at 2 o'clock, Pittsburg time, and in order that there should be no interruption, Colonel Rowe issued the following order to all the offices in his division: "All business must be suspended on this circuit five minutes before 2 o'clock P. M. to-day, and keys kept closed until after the marriage ceremony by telegraph, which takes place at 2 o'clock."

Exactly at the time set all things being in readiness, the ceremony commenced, the following dispatches passing over the wires:

[Brownsville to Waynesburg.]

Tell Rev. Mr. Scott we are ready now.

[Waynesburg to Brownsville.]

To G. Scott Jeffreys and Lida Culler, Brownsville Penn.:

Marriage is an ordinance of God, for the welfare and happiness of the human family, instituted at the creation and union of the first pair, by which He ordained the union of one man with one woman in bonds of pure and holy wedlock for life. The parties to be united at this time please join hands.

(Signed,) J. W. SCOTT, Minister of the Gospel.

[Brownsville to Waynesburg.]

It is done.

THE CEREMONY.

[Waynesburg to Brownsville.]

Do you, George Scott Jeffreys and Lida Culler, who hold each other by the hand, take each other as lawful and wedded companions for life, and do you solemnly promise, before God and the witnesses present, that you will live together and be to each other faithful, loving, and true as husband and wife, till God shall separate you by death?

(Signed) J. W. SCOTT, Minister of Gospel.

[Brownsville to Waynesburg.]

We do.
(Signed,) GEO. SCOTT JEFFREYS.

We do.
(Signed,) LIDA CULLER.

[Waynesburg to Brownsville.]

In the name and by the authority of God, I pronounce you husband and wife. Whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder. And may God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost bless the union and yourselves, individually and personally, now and forever. Amen. (Signed.)
J. W. SCOTT, Minister of the Gospel.

[Brownsville to Waynesburg.]

Thank you. JEFFREYS.

This concluded the ceremony, and Miss Culler had become Mrs. G. Scott Jeffreys. Then followed in quick succession messages of congratulation, answers being given to each by the happy pair as they were received from Mr. Jeffreys' mother and sister, and other relatives at Waynesburg; Superintendent Rowe, Pittsburg; D. Fleming, M. H. Markle, S. L. Gibson, Pittsburg; C. E. Moreland, and all the operators in the Pittsburg offices, and others.

THE BOSTON LANCERS' CHILDREN'S PARTY.

The Boston *Globe* of Thursday says: "The annual party given by the members of the National Lancers for the enjoyment of their children occurred last evening, at the armory of the company, at Bulfinch street. The spacious hall was filled, and the floor looked like a bit of fairy land, filled as it was with little folks, decked in holiday attire, and dancing with all the ease and twice the grace of their elders, who availed themselves of the opportunities offered in the stray corners and places unoccupied by the guests of the evening. Edmand's Quadrille Band did their best in honor of the occasion, and the veteran managers exerted themselves with unwonted zeal to make the evening a happy occasion for the bits of humanity. Adjt. Gen. Cunningham was present to review the future members of the Militia, and seemed fully satisfied with the growing material for the Lancers. At 9:30 o'clock a charge on the supper-table was sounded for the youngsters, and with Major Slade at its head, and marshaled by the mothers of the battalion, the diminutive company marched to the supper-room in good order, and after demolishing the fine array of things generally, and satisfying their cravings for dainties, they returned to the ball-room. Here they were presented with souvenirs of the occasion in the shape of bags of candy, with a National Lancer in full uniform stamped upon each, and then began the retreat for home, where doubtless the little ones were sleeping soundly at midnight. The veteran Captains of the company always have charge of these annual occasions, because it is felt to be a serious matter to risk any disappointment to the children, and last evening the usual success attended the efforts of the accomplished managers."

THE WASHINGTONIANS.

HOW THE TEMPERANCE REFORM OF THE LAST GENERATION ORIGINATED.

Hon. Frank W. Miller, a son of one of the earliest and most consistent members of the Washingtonian Total Abstinence Society, has contributed to the Portsmouth (N. H.) *Chronicle* a brief history of that organization. He says:

"On the 2d day of April, 1840, six men sat drinking in a tavern on Liberty street, Baltimore. Notices had been published in the papers of that city that a distinguished clergyman (Matthew Hale Smith) would lecture on temperance that evening in one of the churches. This subject was mentioned by one of the six, and, after some talk, it was agreed that two of their number should attend the meeting, and report. This was done, and, after the report had been listened to, and the subject discussed, one of them exclaimed, 'Let us form a temperance society, and make Bill Mitchell President.' With this understanding, and after taking another drink, they separated. On the next evening they met at the same place—the matter was again talked over, and they resolved to form, and did form, a society, naming it after the Father of our Country, as it was quite common at that time to name most organizations after Washington. The names of these six individuals were William Mitchell, David Hoss, Charles Anderson, George Steer, Bill McCurdy, and Tom Campbell. They then voted to meet the next night in a carpenter's shop, and each agreed to bring a new member. These meetings were held almost nightly, and for remarks each related his own experience at the Court of Death. As might be expected, these meetings soon began to attract public attention. John Hawkins early became a member, but was not one of the original six. These reformed men were soon invited to visit other cities and towns, and who of our older citizens has not listened to the thrilling and simple experience of John Hawkins as he portrayed the misery of the drunkard and told the touching story of his little daughter Hannah persuading him to quit the drunkard's drink. This new movement spread from city to city, and from town to town, until there was scarcely a place in the United States that did not have its Washingtonian Total Abstinence Society. Men who had been drunkards for years burst the bands that had so long bound them and became temperance reformers. The name being quite long, it soon became shortened by daily use, and these organizations became known throughout the country as 'Washingtonians.' The Washingtonian Society was originated in this city in 1841, and has been instrumental in reclaiming more than three hundred intemperate men, many of whom kept the pledge till their dying day. Others still live a blessing to their families and an honor to society. They demonstrated the great fact that the drunkard could be saved. While nearly all the societies of this class in the country have ceased to exist, the Portsmouth Washingtonians have always maintained their organization."

A RUNAWAY BOY'S STORY.

HE TELLS OF EIGHT YEARS' EXPERIENCES AMONG THE NATIVES OF A SOUTH SEA ISLAND.

The Toronto *Globe* recently printed a curious story told concerning one John S. Renton, of his alleged captivity on a South Sea Island. Subsequently Mr. John Esson, of Bayfield, Canada, who claims to be a native of Orkney and to personally know Renton's father, a tailor in the town of Stromness, sent to it the first letter written by Renton to his parents after his release. It reads as follows:

BOWEN, Queensland, Sept. 7, 1875.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: Hoping you are still alive and well, I take this my first chance of writing to you that I have had for these last eight years. You must be glad to know by this that I am still living and in the best of health, after living eight years on an uncivilized island in the South Seas, having had many narrow escapes from death by sickness as well as from getting killed by the natives. I think the last letter you had from me was dated at San Francisco. I did not go in the Pacific, as I wrote you, but went in an American ship called the Reynard, of Boston. Sailed from San Francisco for McKean's Island, to take cargo of guano for Georgia. When at McKean's Island, I, along with four of the ship's crew, took a whale-boat belonging to the island and ran away from the ship, as she was very leaky, deep-loaded, and had a very bad crew to round Cape Horn with in the Winter. We had an old Baltimore sailor who had been among the islands before. He advised us to run away with him, saying it would only take a day or two to reach the island—we intended going to where there were plenty of vessels calling. We missed this island and our stock of provisions soon got finished. After twenty days we had nothing to eat or drink for four or five days, and that too, under a very hot sun. Rain came at last—when by spreading our sails, we got our two casks filled. Killed a shark by a harpoon we had brought with us, made a fire in the boat and cooked it the best way we could. After being thirty-five days in our open boat we were picked up by the natives, trading in their canoes to some other part of the island. Taking away everything we had, they left five of the natives with us who brought us to their village. Two or three hundred of them gathered together, never having seen a white man before. Some of them wanted to kill us. Next day they separated us to different villages, some twenty miles apart. I lived with the strongest chief on the island, named Cabongh; he liked me very much and did not want to let me go away. I soon learned their language and ways, and went about stark naked. They do not wear the least bit of clothing; never go anywhere without their spears, tomahawks, and bows and arrows, every day fighting, one tribe against another, cutting off each other's heads for ornamenting their huts. I had to go with them sometimes, and saw dreadful sights. I was very handy at making their canoes and nets, planting yams, cutting down trees, &c. I never got down-hearted. My old companions soon died, I understood, and the natives told me that one of them had been killed by the tribe he stopped with. I never saw any of them after our separation. Four years ago some slavers came along our coast. The natives going off in their canoes to trade the slavers shot some of them, sank their canoes, and, putting out their boats, picked up the natives who were in the water, and carried them off as slaves. This made the natives quite savage, and I being the only white man on the island, they offered many prizes to the chief for me, that they might kill and eat me. They all agreed to this except my chief, but he liked me too much to allow it. Six months after this they captured two vessels and killed the crews. This was at the other end of the island, which is about one hundred miles long, and named Meliata, one of the Solomon group, about eleven hundred miles from the island we had left—rather a long distance to come in an open boat, with only a box of biscuits, four hams, two small kegs of water, tobacco, matches, &c. On Sunday, 8th of August, of this year, I was taken off the island by the crew of this vessel, who were well armed in their two boats. On coming ashore the natives were afraid to come too near in case they might get shot; but Capt. Murray made them presents of pipes, tobacco, calico, &c., and the next day they let me go away. The day after the vessel sailed we stood back again, when I got the chief to come on board. The Captain, showing him the cabin, gave him some more presents. This being the first ship he had ever seen, he was quite surprised. I got twenty of his tribe to come along with me. They are going to Queensland to work for three years for money, when they can buy anything they like, when they shall be sent back again to the island. I speak the language as well as the natives. The Captain of the vessel that took me off is a very nice man; he belongs to Fife, in Scotland. He came out here three years ago; his wife and children are living in Brisbane. He wishes me to go back with him to the island, as by speaking the language I might be useful to him, and I have no objection, as it is the only thing I can do meantime. If you were to see me now you would not know me. I am almost as black as a nigger, but since commencing to wear clothes I am getting white again. I hope we shall meet soon, as I should like so much to see home and friends once more, but it will have to be in the Summer, as I could not stand the cold in the Winter. With heartfelt gratitude to God for His preserving mercies in the past, I am, your affectionate son,

(Signed,) JOHN S. RENTON.

It would appear, from other letters, that Mr. Wade, Government agent at Brisbane, is anxious to secure the services of young Renton to assist in opening up and carrying on a friendly intercourse among the islanders where he has been so long a captive.

LABOR TROUBLES IN LYNN.

The Boston *Globe* of Thursday says: "The shoe manufacturing business of Lynn is still in an unsettled and feverish condition, owing to the differences between the manufacturers and the workmen, and until some definite arrangements can be made between employer and employe regulating wages, Lynn will continue her well-earned reputation as the 'City of Strife' between labor and capital. For some days past trouble has been brewing among the workmen connected with the shoe manufactory of Benjamin Dupar & Co., on Exchange street, and has finally culminated in some six or seven 'lasters' striking in consequence of a proposed reduction in their wages, to take effect on the opening of the Spring work. Messrs. Dupar & Co. claim that this reduction is made in order to enable them to compete with other manufacturers, and also claim that unless they can have their work done at the proposed reduction they will be unable to continue their business. On the other hand, the workmen say they are working at starvation prices, and are unable to properly support their families even at the present rate of wages. The Committee of Arbitration of the Shoemakers' Protective League have investigated the matter, made out a list of prices, and submitted it to Dupar & Co., but the firm claim that they cannot pay that amount for the sake of continuing the business."

STATIONERY.

SLOTE & JANES, STATIONERS, PRINTERS, AND BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS, NO. 93 FULTON ST.—Special attention given to ordered work

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

THE UP-TOWN OFFICE OF THE TIMES.

The up-town office of THE TIMES is located at No. 1,257 Broadway, bet. 31st and 32d sts. Open daily, Sundays included, from 4 A. M. to 9 P. M. Subscriptions received, and copies of THE TIMES for sale.

ADVERTISEMENTS RECEIVED UNTIL 9 P. M.

HORSE BLANKETS, SLEIGH BELLS, and carriage robes in large stock. HARMER, HAYS & CO., No. 72 Beekman st.

TO RENT—PART OF A PRIVATE STABLE. APPLY at No. 122 West 18th st.

CITY REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN, TO CLOSE UP TWO ESTATES, Five lots, 94 feet on north side 55TH ST., 100 feet west of Park av., adjoining new brown-stone houses, three 18 and two 20 feet lots, on very easy terms. Apply to office estate of William H. Raynor, No. 1,300 Broadway.

DESIRABLE HOUSES FOR SALE, WITH immediate possession:

No. 34 West 17th st.	No. 4 East 42d st.
No. 45 East 25th st.	No. 109 West 44th st.
No. 18 East 30th st.	No. 34 West 46th st.
No. 38 East 31st st.	No. 19 East 48th st.
No. 9 West 36th st.	Nos. 1 and . East 53d st.
Nos. 14 and 16 East 37th st.	No. 24 East 55th st.
No. 13 East 38th st., with stable in rear.	No. 224 Madison av.
No. 20 West 39th st.	No. 238 Madison av.
No. 18 East 40th st., (30 feet front.)	No. 254 Madison av.
	No. 215 Fifth av.

For permits and further particulars apply to E. H. LUDLOW & CO., No. 3 Pine st.

FOR SALE—A LARGE, FIRST-CLASS HOUSE, four-story and basement, furnished or unfurnished, with all the modern conveniences, Nos. 36 and 38 East 39th st., between Madison and Park avs.; house 38.6 feet front; lot, 55 feet by half the block. Apply to THOMAS MURPHY, No. 31 Broad st.

PARTIES WISHING TO EXCHANGE PROPerties will do well to call on us; we deal in first-class property only; we offer for sale or exchange elegant villas, improved farms, well rented City property and unincumbered, well located lots; we buy and sell mortgages, insurance stocks, and miscellaneous securities, obtain loans, &c.; all orders promptly attended to. Principals only need call or address. E. A. CONDIT & CO., No. 152 Broadway.

CLARKSON & CHANDLER, Real Estate Agents and Auctioneers. JOHN H. AUSTEN, AUCTIONEER. NO. 1 PINE ST. AND NO. 956 BROADWAY, Corner 23d st., New-York. DAVID M. CLARKSON. GEORGE C. CHANDLER.

A COTTAGE, BELOW COST, IN GOOD ORDER, with modern improvements. Address JAMES E. PARSHALL, Morrisania, New-York.

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE.

ORANGE, N. J.—COUNTRY HOUSES, LANDS, and village lots for sale; a great variety. Also, furnished and unfurnished houses to let for season or year, by WALTER E. SMITH, formerly Blackwell & Smith, Orange, corner of Main and Cone sts.

DWELLINGS TO LET.

FOR RENT.—TWO THREE-STORY, HIGH-STOOP houses, $800 each; three four-story, high-stoop, brown-stone, $1,500; two four-story, high-stoop, brown-stone, on Madison av., $1,500, $1,800; five superbly finished and admirably located brown-stone residences, $2,000, $2,500, $3,000, $6,000. Apply at the Office of the North America Life Insurance Company, Nos. 17 and 19 Warren st., or at the office in new block, 60th st., near Madison av. KINGMAN F. PAGE.

STORES, &C., TO LET.

OFFICES TO LET IN THE TIMES BUILDING. ON THE SECOND AND THIRD FLOORS. These rooms are desirably located, are well lighted, in good order, and will be partitioned to suit tenants. Apply to GEORGE JONES, Times Office.

TO LET—WITH STEAM POWER, FOURTH FLOOR, Nos. 188 and 190 West Houston st. Inquire on premises.

REAL ESTATE WANTED.

WANTED.—I HAVE $5,000 CASH WHICH I WILL pay for a place in the country—about an acre; stable; easy access to New-York; a bargain required. Address, with particulars, ECONOMY, Box No. 136 Times Office.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

FEMALES.

THE UP-TOWN OFFICE OF THE TIMES.

The up-town office of THE TIMES is located at No. 1,257 Broadway, bet. 31st and 32d sts. Open daily, Sundays included, from 4 A. M. to 9 P. M. Subscriptions received, and copies of THE TIMES for sale.

ADVERTISEMENTS RECEIVED UNTIL 9 P. M.

COOK, WASHER, AND IRONER.—BY A widow and daughter; widow to cook, wash, and iron; daughter do the second work; good references; City or country. Call at No. 244 Division st.

NURSE, &c.—BY A YOUNG AMERICAN GIRL, aged sixteen years, to tend children or do light work; is a good sewer; references. Address L. F., Box No. 299 TIMES UP-TOWN OFFICE, NO. 1,257 BROADWAY.

NURSE.—BY A PROTESTANT GIRL AS NURSE; can take entire charge of a baby from its infancy; best City reference. Call for two days at No. 327 West 11th st., rear, top floor.

SEAMSTRESS, &c.—BY A YOUNG AMERICAN girl as seamstress; has worked at dress-making; can operate on Wheeler & Wilson's machine; or would assist with chamber-work; reference. Address K., Box No. 300 TIMES UP-TOWN OFFICE, NO. 1,257 BROADWAY.

WAITRESS.—THOROUGH; ENGLISH; HIGHEST City references. Address, for one week, G. L., Box No. 306 TIMES UP-TOWN OFFICE, 1,257 BROADWAY.

MALES.

BUTLER, &c.—BY A YOUNG MAN, NATIVE OF England; has lived as head waiter and single-handed, experienced as above; good City reference given. Call or address G. L., No. 109 East 28th st.

COACHMAN.—BY A SINGLE MAN AS COACHman and groom; thoroughly understands the care of horses and carriages; also garden if required; willing and obliging; best City and country reference. Address L. A., Box No. 263 TIMES UP-TOWN OFFICE, NO. 1,257 BROADWAY.

COACHMAN.—BY A GENTLEMAN FOR HIS coachman, who has been in his employ for six years; he is a thorough horseman; I will give all satisfaction to any one that will call on me. Address D. S. L., Box No. 284 TIMES UP-TOWN OFFICE, NO. 1,257 BROADWAY.

COACHMAN.—BY A MAN OF LONG EXPERIence; best City reference; six years in last employ; unemployed on account of the family going to travel. Call or address W. B., care of Brewster & Co., 5th av. and 21st st., for two days.

COACHMAN.—BY AN ENGLISHMAN; IN CITY OR country; thoroughly understands his duties; has twelve months' reference for sobriety and capability; willing to make himself generally useful. Call or address G. H., No. 231 East 24th st.

COACHMAN AND GROOM.—BY A RELIABLE, steady man; can produce unexceptionable references. Apply or address X. Y. Z., private stable No. 144 West 18th st., for two days.

DRAUGHTSMAN.—BY AN EXPERIENCED MEchanical and architectural draughtsman; would work in employer's office when pressing business on hand and stay home the rest of the time. Address R. S., No. 132 Nassau st., Room No. 25.

HELP WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED IN TOWN AND country to sell our fine teas to families, hotels, and large consumers. Best terms and largest stock in the country. Apply to the Wells Tea Company, No. 201 Fulton st., between Church and Greenwich sts., New-York.

WANTED—A SALESMAN FOR LADIES' FINE SHOES, who is well acquainted with the trade. Address, with references and salary expected, Box No. 324 Stamford, Conn.

WANTED.—A FIRST-CLASS WAITRESS AND chamber-maid; English, Scotch, or Nova Scotian preferred. By mailing their addresses to Box No. 21 Jersey City Post Office, they will be called upon and references investigated.

MILLINERY.—E. RIDLEY & SONS, GRAND AND Allen sts., want several capable and experienced salesmen for their jobbing floors. Apply at once.

ICE-CREAM.

HORTON'S ICE CREAM is made from PURE ORANGE COUNTY CREAM, and the public is fast discovering the fact, as they compare it with others' make, not made from pure cream. Our sales exceed those of any other establishment of the kind in the world, and almost equal those of all the New-York dealers combined. We are thus enabled to supply a better article at a lower figure than any other establishment. CHARLOTTE RUSSE, rich and delicious. 72 Cents per Dozen, or 50 Cents per Quart. DEPOTS, NO. 305 4TH AV. and NO. 1,264 BROADWAY.

ROWAN'S ICE CREAM, REDUCED IN PRICE BUT NOT IN QUALITY, from 25 cents to 40 cents per quart, according to quantity ordered. CHARLOTTES, two dozen and over, 72 cents. DEPOTS, Nos. 334 and 742 6th av.

MARBLE MANTELS.

MARBLE AND MARBLEIZED MANTELS, NEW DESIGNS, from $12 upward; also, monumental work at greatly reduced prices. Marble turning for the trade. A. KLABER, No. 134 East 18th st.

DRY GOODS.

A. T. Stewart & Co. WILL CONTINUE ON MONDAY, JAN. 3, 1876, THE SALE OF THE BALANCE OF THE HOLIDAY GOODS OFFERED AT RETAIL DURING THE LAST MONTH AT THE SAME EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, AND THEY WILL MAKE SOME VERY IMPORTANT ADDITIONS THERETO, OFFERING INDUCEMENTS RARELY TO BE MET WITH. BROADWAY, 4TH AV., 9TH AND 10TH STS.

THE BEST SHIRTS NOW MANUFACTURED are KEEP'S PATENT PARTLY-MADE DRESS SHIRTS. Six dress shirts for $6. Boys,' six for $4 80. To meet the extraordinary demand for these elegant shirts, the KEEP MANUFACTURING COMPANY have determined to continue their sale at the above prices. These shirts are elegantly made from WAMSUTTA MUSLIN. Bosoms and cuffs from BEST IRISH LINEN (three ply.) ONLY ONE QUALITY. THE VERY BEST. We guarantee our shirts PERFECT FITTING, and can be finished as easily as hemming a handkerchief. The great reputation our shirts have acquired sustains us in asserting that KEEP'S PATENT PARTLY-MADE DRESS SHIRTS are the best and cheapest in America. KEEP MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Patentees and sole manufacturers, No. 571 BROADWAY. Wholesale warehouse and factory, Nos. 165 and 167 Mercer st.

CASH WILL BE PAID FOR A GOOD sized seal-skin sacque, &c. Address O. K. O., Box No. 150 Times Office.

MILLINERY.

MARIE TILLMANN & Co., of PARIS. LATEST LIGHT SHADES AND FORMS IN DRESS HATS. FLOWERS MOUNTED. No. 423 SIXTH AVE., NEAR 26TH ST.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICES.

No. 18 WALL ST., NEW-YORK, Jan. 1, 1876. THE PARTNERSHIP ENTERED INTO Jan. 1, 1871, under the firm name of LATHAM, ALEXANDER & CO., expires this day by its own limitation. JOHN C. LATHAM, Jr., H. K. ALEXANDER, ROBERT F. SMITH.

The undersigned have this day formed a limited partnership pursuant to the laws of the State of New-York. The name of the firm under which said business is to be conducted is LATHAM, ALEXANDER & CO., and the nature of the business will be that of general banking and commission. JOHN C. LATHAM, Jr., of New-York City; H. K. ALEXANDER, of Staten Island, N. Y.; R. F. SMITH, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and R. P. SALTER, of New-York City, are the general partners, and C. G. MILLER, of New-Rochelle, N. Y., is the special partner; and the said C. G. MILLER has contributed and paid in cash one hundred thousand dollars ($100,000) to the capital stock of said partnership. The said partnership is to commence on the 1st day of January, 1876, and to terminate on the 1st day of January, 1881. JOHN C. LATHAM, Jr., H. K. ALEXANDER, ROBERT F. SMITH, R. P. SALTER, General Partners. C. G. MILLER, Special Partner. New-York, Jan. 1, 1876.

New-York, Jan. 1, 1876. THE COPARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE existing under the firm name of CAMPBELL & RICHMOND is this day dissolved by its own limitation. The affairs of the firm will be settled by either of the general partners. JOHN CAMPBELL, DAVID RICHMOND, General Partners. H. S. FEARING, G. R. FEARING, Special Partners. New-York, Jan. 1, 1876. The undersigned have this day formed a copartnership under the firm name of CAMPBELL & RICHMOND, for the transaction of a commission business in stocks, bonds, and gold. JOHN CAMPBELL, DAVID RICHMOND.

PHILADELPHIA, NEW-YORK, AND PARIS, Jan. 1, 1876. MR. JOSEPH W. DREXEL, OF NEW-YORK, retires this day from active business, and withdraws from our firms in Philadelphia, New-York, and Paris. Mr. EGISTO P. FABBRI, heretofore of the firm of Fabbri & Chauncey, New-York, becomes this day a partner in our firms in Philadelphia, New-York, and Paris, resident in New-York. DREXEL & CO., Philadelphia. DREXEL, MORGAN & CO., New-York. DREXEL, HARJES & CO., Paris.

No. 392 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK, Dec. 31, 1875. THE COPARTNERSHIP OF HAZEN, WHITNEY & CO. expires this day by limitation. The business will be continued by the same parties under the firm name of HAZEN, WHITNEY, TODDS & CO. A. P. HAZEN, J. W. WHITNEY, R. S. TODD, R. L. TODD, H. C. SKINNER, G. J. ROUNDS.

NOTICE. The copartnership heretofore existing under the name or firm of TISDALE & REBOUL is this day dissolved by mutual consent. ROBT. R. TISDALE, HOMER W. REBOUL. New-York, Jan. 1, 1876. R. R. TISDALE will continue the business at No. 3 Front st.

THE COPARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE existing under the name and style of HAWK & WETHERBEE is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the Windsor Hotel will be continued by the new firm of HAWK, WAITE & WETHERBEE, who will succeed the old firm of HAWK & WETHERBEE. SAMUEL HAWK, CHARLES C. WAITE, GARDNER WETHERBEE, CHARLES G. HASTINGS. WINDSOR HOTEL, Jan. 1, 1876.

MR. OSCAR G. DITMARS, MR. CHARLES CHAPMAN, Mr. GEO. W. GANO, and Mr. JAMES DICKEY retire from our firm from this date. Mr. HARRIS PARDEE OSTERHOUDT is this day admitted as a general partner in our firm. JAN. 1, 1876. L. M. BATES & CO.

OFFICE OF JOHN WARREN & SON, No. 58 WALL ST., NEW-YORK, Jan. 1, 1876. MR. JOHN WARREN RETIRES THIS day from the firm of JOHN WARREN & SON. The business will hereafter be continued by and under the name of J. KEARNY WARREN.

THE FIRM OF W. W. DE FOREST & CO. has been dissolved, and each of the partners is authorized to sign in liquidation. NEW-YORK, Jan. 1, 1876.

THE INTEREST OF JOHN W. BIGELOW in our firm ceases from this date. The business will be continued by the remaining partners as heretofore. LOW, HARRIMAN & CO. NEW-YORK, Dec. 31, 1875.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 31, 1875. MESSRS. CHARLES E. MORRIS, GEORGE W. DIX, and CHARLES DAVIS this day retire from our firm by mutual consent. DIX & MORRIS.

NEW-YORK, Jan. 1, 1876. MR. WILLIAM J. WESTCOT AND MR. DAVID AIR become partners in our firm from this date. JAMES F. WHITE & CO.

MR. CHARLES B. SOUTTER IS THIS day admitted as a partner in our firm. JOHN SINCLAIR & CO. JAN. 1, 1876.

FREDERICK WOODRUFF BECOMES A member of our firm from this date. WOODRUFF, SPENCER & STOUT. NEW-YORK, Jan. 1, 1876.

GEO. H. REED BECOMES A MEMBER OF our firm from this date. E. H. LUDLOW & CO. NEW-YORK, Jan. 1, 1876.

MR. JOHN MITCHELL HAS THIS DAY retired from our firm. W. & J. SLOANE. NEW-YORK, Dec. 31, 1875.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

FOR SALE.—THE MACHINERY, BELTING, shafting, &c., in the factory of the Cleveland Furniture Company, No. 99 Scranton av., Cleveland, Ohio, consisting of planers, shapers, stickers, band saws, scroll saws, ripping, cutting-off, and squaring-up saws, lathe, boring, tenoning, doweling machines, blower, &c., with line shafting, counter-shafting, and belting, steam hoister, &c., comprising complete assortment of wood-working machinery, and in first-class condition, with lease of steam and steam-power, dry-house and yard-room, railroad track facilities, and stock of black walnut and hard wood lumber. Address communications and proposals to C. M. VOROE, Assignee, No. 4 Rouse Block, Cleveland, Ohio.

LUMBER, COAL, AND WHARF BUSINESS FOR SALE.—The old established business of J. B. Cooley, lately deceased, at Elizabethport, N. J., with stock on hand; a good chance to step into a paying business; wharf scales, store-houses, &c.; will be rented or sold. Inquire at wharf, or of S. K. KELLOGG, No. 3 Broadway, New-York.

$25,000.—GOOD CHANCE.—A MANUfacturing firm wishes a special or active partner with above amount to enlarge their very successful business. Principals only address N. F. MEAD, No. 132 Nassau st., Room No. 12.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PERFECTION. BOKER'S BITTERS. Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations.

MR. GEORGE GRANT, OF THE VICTORIA Colony, Kansas, will be glad to give a personal interview to those gentlemen who have been corresponding with him in relation to stock farms in his colony. Can be seen until Jan. 6, from 10 to 2 o'clock, at the office of Fisk, Clark & Flagg, No. 690 Broadway.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GLIMPSES OF THE SUPERNATURAL. Being Facts, Records, and Traditions relating to Dreams, Omens, Miraculous Occurrences, Apparitions, Wraiths, Warnings, Second Sight, Witchcraft, Necromancy, &c. Edited by Rev. FREDERICK G. LEE, D. C. L., Vicar of All Saints', Lambeth. New-York: G. W. CARLETON & Co. 1875.

There are three purposes apparent in this book; but two are ostensible, one only is real. The title was adopted, probably, more with the intention of attracting readers than of describing the contents of the volume. The editor, as the maker of the book prefers to style himself, would have us believe that he has only been engaged in the comparatively innocent occupation—as was the author of *The Philosophy of Dreams*—of gathering together a number of stories of ghosts, apparitions, and hobgoblins for the edification of solitary midnight readers during the Winter. He appeals to the sympathy of another set of people by pretending to show that, having obtained a firm mental grasp of the views of men of science of the present day, he is determined to attack the evils of "materialism"—which, in his mind, is but another term for science—and for that purpose he asserts the truth of all pretenses to the supernatural. To this uncompromising advocate of the virtues of witchcraft and necromancy there is no resting-place for the mind of man between rank Atheism on one side, and the most unbounded belief in the supernatural on the other.

But these, as we have said, are only the ostensible purposes of the book—the purpose under which the true motives of the editor are attempted to be concealed. They are the bait which attracts the victim and conceals the book—nothing more. The actual object which Mr. Lee has in view is to promote the doctrines of Roman Catholicism, to give weight to the so-called miracles of the Roman Church, and to assert their divine origin.

It is certainly a strange anomaly that the author of such a book should be also a clergyman in the Protestant Church of England. But before proceeding further, and in order the better to define the true character of it, it will be well to revive some facts respecting its author. Mr. Lee first came into notoriety from the part taken by him in connection with the Church of St. George in the East, during the riots of 1860, which were brought about by the Romanistic practices of the clergy of that church. Since then he has identified himself with the most extreme school of Ritualism. Originally in the business of a druggist near London, "a call" is said to have come upon him in the midst of his pharmaceutical duties to enter the church. Accordingly, he abandoned business pursuits and, influenced probably by the moderate teachings of the Principal of the Clergy Orphan School, he became an undergraduate at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, one of the most thoroughly evangelical of all the colleges and halls in that university. In due time he received his ordination, but left Oxford without taking a Bachelor's degree. His Ritualistic proclivities were now so confirmed that the late Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Wilberforce, declined to license him, and it was only after some time that the Prelate of Winchester, to which see Dr. Wilberforce succeeded, consented to give him the necessary permission to preach. He is the author or compiler of many books, including the *Directorium Anglicanum*, which have for their object the Romanizing of the English Church, and it was only after many vicissitudes that he received his present incumbency, where in comparative peace he preaches the highest forms of Ritualism, and propounds Roman Catholic doctrines in one of the lowest districts of the English metropolis. How or where he acquired the right to style himself a Doctor of Civil Law has not been stated. He certainly did not get it from Oxford.

These glimpses of the supernatural are not, therefore, the glimpses of a scholar of eminence, or one having a brilliant record in the English Church. They are, on the contrary, the work of one who, though he enjoys the emoluments of the Church, does not hesitate to proclaim himself a believer in Catholic dogmas, and who has always failed to distinguish himself by any accomplishment outside of the merest claptrap. Knowing this much of its author's career and position, the reader can better estimate the value of this book, which may be dangerous from the insidious manner in which the subject is treated, but speedily becomes quite harmless when a just measure of it can be taken.

In his feigned attack upon "Materialism" Mr. Lee does not seem to derive much aid from his early scientific (!) training. He relies largely upon quotations, and for this purpose makes a free use of the writings of Edwin de Lisle, another defender of the teachings of the Vatican. But, as an illustration of the views he entertains, it may be stated that he ridicules the idea of the world's great antiquity, but grants a hearty credence to the tales which have been told about the blood flowing from the arms of St. Nicholas at Tolentino in 1820, and the movements of innumerable images of the Saviour and of the Virgin Mary during the period of the French revolution in 1792. We can understand the religious horror with which Mr. Lee must have heard, if he has heard of it at all, of a recent sentence passed by the Constitutional Tribunal of Rodez. Sister Josephine, of the Convent of l'Union, has been in the habit of bringing about apparitions of the Virgin and of souls in purgatory for the edification of true believers. But the Tribunal heard of it, and not having as much faith in the supernatural as Mr. Lee has, they sentenced Sister Josephine to four months' imprisonment and to a fine of 500 francs for swindling.

In the second chapter on the "Miraculous in Church History," sundry stories are raked together from many sources, all testifying very strongly to the wide range of Mr. Lee's credulity. But he ought to have paid a little more attention to natural philosophy before venturing upon much of this ground. Referring to the well-known incidents which tradition has attached to the conversion of the Emperor Constantine, or to the march against Maxentius, he denies the possibility of its being other than a supernatural intervention. "No known physical cause," he says "could have formed a sentence of Greek and Latin in the air." Yet nothing in the range of experimental science is easier, and it is quite certain that the means by which it can be done were well known to the priests of the Middle Ages who found no difficulty in bringing up apparitions of daggers, saints, devils, or aught else upon the smoke of their incense to overawe or to convince their ignorant congregations. All the alleged miracles in ecclesiastical history are, in his opinion, undoubtedly true and of divine origin. He implicitly believes, not only that Hunneric chopped off the hands and tore out the tongues of the Christians in the forum, but that the victims continued to talk and enjoy themselves as though nothing had happened. He indorses all the stories of the saints; considers it a sin to deny that the relics of Sts. Genarius and Protasius restored sight to the blind; that those of St. Stephen restored the dead to life, or that the authenticity of the cross discovered by St. Helena was made known by its powers in the same direction.

But how far Mr. Lee is justified in his position as a Protestant divine may be learned very fully from his remarks on the spiritual powers and properties of the Church. Some distinguished Roman Catholics have lately denied the power of the Roman Church to curse. Here is what Mr. Lee says of *his* Church:

"All through the history of the Church, here and there, from time to time, as man needed, and as God willed, such direct supernatural powers as those referred to appear to have been put into operation. For the Church can bless and the Church can curse. The Church can bind and the Church can loose. She can commend to the protection of God Almighty and His holy angels, and she can deliver over to Satan. She can bestow light and peace on her true and faithful children and send out the disobedient and impenitent beyond the consecrated confines of her spiritual powers and graces."

A nearer approach than this to the dogmas of the Vatican has probably never been ventured upon by one holding a place in the midst of a Protestant communion. But this is not all. In countries, he tells us, which are specially and eminently Christian:

"Where churches, sanctuaries, and religious homes are numerous; where by the road-side and on the hill-top stand the signs and symbols of the faith of Christendom; where the sacrament of baptism is shed upon so many; where post-baptismal sin is remitted by those who have authority and jurisdiction to bind and loose in the name of their Master; and where the blessed sacrament of the altar, God manifest in the flesh, reposing in the tabernacle, or borne in triumph through aisle and street and garden, hallows and feeds the faithful—there the power and influence of the evil one is circumscribed and weakened. Sacred oil for unction and holy water and the life-giving power of the cross and the relics of the beatified as well as of the favored and crowned servants of the Crucified, make the devils flee away and efficiently curb their power. Hence, it is found that in countries where the Catholic faith has been halved or rejected, superstition has taken place of the first theological virtue, Faith; and the prince of the powers of the air comes back again with his evil and malignant spirits to vex mankind anew."

Facts which are plain as noonday in the Continent of Europe do not bear out this statement. Some persons, too, may feel a little curiosity about the meaning which Mr. Lee places on the word "superstition" in this quotation. But we give it, not knowing whether most to admire or to condemn the liberality of a Church which allows within its pale a priest who thus avows himself a believer in doctrines than which none are more at variance with the prescribed teachings of that Church.

Credit must be allowed to Mr. Lee for some diligence in the manner in which he has routed up from many sources stories of apparitions, wonderful dreams, and other things pertaining to his subject. But there is little novelty in his collection, the only really notable feature being that we have mentioned—the use he makes of them, and the simplicity with which he turns them to his own purpose. Even in the tricks of Indian and Egyptian jugglers he detects supernatural intervention, but with a difference. When the contact with the dry bone of an alleged saint puts life into a corpse, there is the direct intervention of God; but when planchette spells out messages from the spirit world, or an Oriental magician passes a sword through a child's body without hurting it, then the hand of the devil is apparent.

Mr. Lee is a firm believer, of course, in the doctrine of purgatory. In case, therefore, his book should ever, by the intervention of some supernatural power, reach a second edition, we would remind him of one weird story which he ought to insert in it. Joseph, King of the Romans, had a sincere friendship for the Protestant Elector of Saxony, Augustus the Strong. But his confessor assured him that if he did not cease the friendship he must be eternally damned. On one occasion, when Augustus was on a visit to Vienna, Joseph told him of a fearful apparition he had seen, the spectre addressing him somewhat thus: "Joseph, Joseph, Roman King, I am an unhappy soul condemned to purgatorial fires. Sent by thy guardian angel, I come to warn thee from the impending ruin to which thy friendship with the Elector of Saxony is exposing thee. Forswear at once this fatal friendship or prepare for death and the eternal tortures of the accursed. Two days are thine for reflection. On the third I appear for my answer."

Twice did the apparition appear, and on the third night the Elector obtained permission to watch with Joseph for the final coming, the poor King of the Romans being horribly distressed. As midnight approached, a footfall was heard in the corridor. Presently the door of the room opened where Joseph and the Elector were in waiting, and a pale, grave-stained figure entered. It stood for a moment gazing on the two men, and then began, "Joseph! Joseph! Roman King!" But at this instant there was a scream of terror. Augustus the Strong had seized the ghost, who was none other than the bodily confessor himself, by the throat, and then, dragging it to the window, hurled it into the court below, quietly suggesting. "This is the shortest road to purgatory. I will save you the trouble of going down stairs." If Mr. Lee had ever been to Dresden, or had given any attention to German literature, he could not have failed to learn all the details of this evidence of the supernatural and of purgatory, and if he had added it to his other evidences, he would have conferred a value upon his book which it does not now possess.

A WEDDING STOPPED BY FIRE.

A SYNAGOGUE FILLED WITH MARRIAGE GUESTS TAKES FIRE—A GENERAL STAMPEDE.

The Rochester *Democrat* says that a fashionable wedding was appointed to take place at the North St. Paul Street Synagogue, in that city, Wednesday afternoon, and at 5 o'clock the edifice was crowded to its utmost capacity, the pews being all filled, while even standing-room was hard to obtain. The notes of the organ swelled out upon the air as the bride and bridegroom, with their attendants marched slowly down the aisle and took their stations in front of the altar. The Rabbi, Rev. Dr. Landsberg, arose and stood before the happy couple while silence settled upon the assembled people. The choir, of which the bride was a member, rose, the organist, Prof. Reynolds, had sounded the first notes, when suddenly, a loud cry of "fire" was heard near the door of the sanctuary. Women shrieked and children cried, while men sprang to their feet. It was a moment of terror. As there was no smoke many supposed that the alarm was false, and the efforts of those who sought to maintain order were partially successful. Suddenly a dense volume of smoke burst from the west corner of the synagogue, followed by others until the place was filled with smoke. A jet of flame darting up through one of the registers added to the confusion. The cry of fire was repeated by many voices, and the scene immediately became more tumultuous than before. The screams of the ladies and children mingled with the loud cries of the men, who were trying to preserve order. A general and disorderly rush was made upon all sides for the only point of egress from the building. Several ladies fainted away, while others were so paralyzed with fear that they could not move. Officer Burchell and Fowler, who were at the entrance, acted manfully, and with the assistance of several citizens, succeeded in compelling the crowd to allow those in front to pass out quietly. By this means the people were enabled to gain the street. At one window two young ladies broke open holes and proceeded to clamber out, when they were saved from injury by falling to the sidewalk below by men who caught and drew them back. After several minutes of great excitement the church was cleared and order restored. Throughout the whole affair the bridal party remained calm and composed. One of the bridesmaids, however, fainted. The fire originated near the entrance, just above a furnace which stands in the north-west corner of the synagogue basement. Assistant Engineer Cassel was present, and by his direction several buckets of water were brought, and the fire was put out. The wedding was to have taken place between Henry Leiter and Miss Rebecca Michaels. Arrangements had been made for a reception at the Phenix Club after the ceremony at the synagogue. As it would be difficult to go on with the ceremony at the synagogue, the bridal party repaired to the club, where the wedding took place.

INDEPENDENT CONVENTION.

A call has been issued for an Independent State Convention in Decatur, Ill., on the 16th of February next, to nominate candidates for State officers and to elect delegates to the National Convention to be held in Indianapolis May 17 to nominate candidates for President and Vice President. The Illinois call says: "It is evident that the great producing classes can place no confidence in either of the old parties as they now exist. It is hoped, therefore, that the great body of the people, without regard to past partisan distinctions, will promptly take measures to be fully represented in the convention, and thus show their so-called political leaders and would-be masters that they are tired of legalized injustice and robbery in the name of party. All who are opposed to forcible specie contraction and financial ruin will be welcomed."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

The art of dinner-giving has been commented upon and written about by almost all the men of taste and *bons vivants* whom we can recall. Strange to say, there have not been many individuals of the female sex who have devoted much time or attention in writing about this all-important subject. Although the majority of cooks must be women, it would seem that they practice their trade under protest, for one never hears of their rising to any great eminence in their profession, or of their having invented a new dish or sauce. It is certain that women have not the same love of good eating as men—they are much easier satisfied, and as a rule would rather go without a dinner than take the trouble to order one for themselves alone. It is only when the male element steps in and asserts its love of good cheer that they are spurred on to exertion. It is not for themselves, but for their husbands, that they study cookery books, copy receipts from one another, and try to devise all sorts of new dishes. Who ever heard of a lady inviting six or seven other ladies to dine with her, and promising them that the great attraction of the evening would be an uncommonly good dinner? Nothing is more common among men. There are men whose sole merit consists in giving good dinners, and who have brought the art to perfection. An English newspaper not long since, in giving some hints about engaging cooks, advised its readers never to engage a cook who had left a place where there were ladies only in the family, for women are satisfied with so little in the way of cookery that she would be sure not to suit. It is all the more to their credit that there is so much time and attention devoted to what they must consider a duty, and not a self-gratification. The *menu* we propose to give this week is such as may be easily managed by the mistress of an establishment of moderate means, with the aid of a good cook:

Clear Game Soup.
Boiled Codfish, Oyster Sauce.
Mutton Cutlets, Tomato Sauce.
Roast Turkey and Sausages.
Mashed Potatoes, Cauliflower, Stewed Celery.
Canvas-back Ducks.
Tipsy Cake.
Punch Jelly, Pineapple Cream.
Meringues.

How to prepare the above:

CLEAR GAME SOUP.

Cut up into convenient pieces either a calf's foot or a cow heel. Pack them into a saucepan with the remnants of two or three birds, (partridges, game ducks, quail, &c.,) a small piece of ham, an onion, two carrots, a piece of celery, some parsley, a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, whole pepper, cloves, mace, and salt to taste. Fill up with cold water, and let the whole simmer for three hours; then strain the liquor and set it to boil again. When boiling throw in an ounce of raw beef or liver coarsely chopped, a liqueur-glassful of sherry, and after a couple of minutes strain the soup through a napkin. If not quite clear repeat the last operation, omitting the wine.

BOILED CODFISH.

Tie the fish several times over with string, lay it in cold water plentifully salted, and let it boil gently, carefully skimming; when done lift it up and let it drain, then serve. An ordinary-sized piece will be done two or three minutes after the water comes to boiling point.

OYSTER SAUCE.

Parboil the oysters in their own liquor, beard them, and reserve all the liquor. Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, add a little flour, the oyster liquor, and enough milk to make as much sauce as is wanted. Put in a blade of mace and a bay leaf tied together, pepper and salt to taste, and the least bit of cayenne. Let the same boil, add the oysters, and as soon as they are quite hot remove the mace and bay leaf, stir in a few drops of lemon-juice, and serve.

MUTTON CUTLETS.

Trim off all superfluous fat from each cutlet, dip them in an egg beaten up with a little oil, some pepper and salt, then cover them with bread-crumbs, and let them rest for a couple of hours. Fry them in plenty of butter or lard to a light brown color. Arrange them in a circle on a dish, and pour some tomato sauce in the centre.

TOMATO SAUCE.

Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg, and mix it well with a dessertspoonful of flour; add the contents of a can of tomatoes, mix well, and then put in pepper and salt to taste, a pod of garlic, a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, another of marjoram, and some parsley, tied up together. Keep the sauce hot until it is wanted, when the herbs should be removed.

ROAST TURKEY.

Pluck, singe, draw, wipe thoroughly, and truss a fine turkey, stuff it, pack it up in some thin slices of fat bacon, and over that a sheet of buttered paper, roast before a clear fire, basting frequently with butter. A quarter of an hour before it is done remove the paper and slices of bacon. Sprinkle with salt just before serving. Garnish with pork sausages, and serve with a tureen of gravy. Time of roasting two to three hours, according to size.

TRUFFLE AND CHESTNUT STUFFING.

Mince one pound of fat bacon and a couple of shallots, give them a turn on the fire in a saucepan; then put in one pound of chestnuts, boiled and peeled, and one-half pound of truffles, both cut up in moderate-sized pieces; add pepper, salt, and spices to taste; also a little powdered thyme and marjoram. Give the mixture another turn or two on the fire and it is ready.

MASHED POTATOES.

Boil a quantity of potatoes, and pass them through a seive. Put them into a saucepan with a good lump of butter, and salt to taste; add a little milk, and work them well with a spoon on a slow fire for some minutes, adding small quantities of milk as it is required, until they get to the desired consistency.

BOILED CAULIFLOWER.

Having chosen cauliflowers of a good color, strip off the outside leaves and trim away the tops of the inner leaves; cut off the stalk at the bottom and pare away the outer husky skin from it and the branches. Having washed, lay them head downward in a pan of cold water and salt, which will bring out all insects; and boil them open on a drainer in plenty of boiling water, with a little salt; some cooks add a bit of sugar; skim the water well; from ten minutes to fifteen will boil them. When the stalks are nearly tender they are ready.

STEWED CELERY.

Trim and cut to the same length a number of heads of celery; split them in two lengthwise; tie them in bundles with thread, and parboil them for ten minutes in salted water; drain them and arrange them in a saucepan over slices of bacon, with a bundle of sweet herbs, a couple of onions, pepper and salt to taste, and a blade of mace; add enough stock just to cover the contents, and set the saucepan to simmer gently till the celery is quite tender. Having removed the string, dispose the celery neatly on a dish; take some of the stock in which it has been stewed, remove all fat from it, add a small piece of fresh butter, pour it over the celery, and serve.

CANVAS-BACK DUCKS.

Truss, clean, pepper and salt, and roast before a quick fire just twenty minutes; leave the heads on; serve with or without currant jelly. We prefer them without.

TIPSY CAKE.

Take a stale sponge cake, cut the bottom of it so as to make it stand even on a glass dish. Make numerous incisions in it with a knife, and pour over it half a pint of sherry and a glass of brandy; let the cake soak these all up. Blanch, peel, and slice some sweet almonds, and stick the cake all over with them. Blanch, chop, and pound in a mortar one-quarter pound of sweet almonds, moistening with a little orange-flower water to prevent their oiling, add one pint of milk and the yolks of six eggs, sweeten to taste with pounded loaf sugar. Stir over the fire till the custard thickens, but do not let it boil. Keep stirring now and then till it is quite cold, then pour it round the cake. Garnish the dish with crystallized fruit, and it is ready.

PUNCH JELLY.

Take two calves' feet, chop them into convenient pieces and put them in a saucepan with rather more than two quarts of water, set the saucepan on the fire; directly the water boils throw it away and wash the pieces of feet carefully, then put them on again with two quarts of cold water, and let them boil slowly for three hours, removing the scum carefully during the process; then strain the liquor into a basin, and when quite cold and set, take off all fat and wash the top of the jelly with hot water so as to get rid of every vestige of fat. Put the jelly in a saucepan on the fire; directly it is melted add sugar to taste, the juice and rind of a lemon, and the whites of three eggs whisked to a froth. Beat up the mixture till it boils. Place the thin rind of a lemon at the bottom of a jelly-bag, and pour the mixture over it. The bag should have been previously rinsed in boiling water; and the first half pint of jelly that comes through must be returned to the bag. If the jelly does not come out quite clear, the operation of straining must be repeated; add sufficient rum to the clarified jelly to flavor it well, pour into a mold and place it on ice to set. At the time of serving dip the mold in hot water and turn out the jelly.

PINEAPPLE CREAM.

Take a tin of preserved pineapple, pound the contents in a mortar, add six ounces of sugar and half a pint of water; boil for a quarter of an hour, and press it through a tammy. Dissolve seven sheets of the best French gelatine in a little milk; whip to a froth one pint of cream. Mix the gelatine with the pineapple pulp, then quickly work into it the cream. Pour the mixture into a mold, and put it upon ice to set. When wanted, dip the mold in hot water, and turn out the cream.

MERINGUES.

Whisk some whites of eggs to a stiff froth, mix with them, with a spoon, quickly and thoroughly, some loaf sugar finely powdered, in the proportion of one tablespoonful for each white of egg used; then place a sheet of white paper on a meringue board, and, with a tablespoon, lay out the mixture on it in heaps about the size of an egg, and about two inches apart, taking care to make them all as nearly as possible of the same size, and evenly shaped. Strew a little powdered sugar over them, shake off what does not stick to the meringues, and at once place the board in a moderate oven. When the meringues have assumed a straw color, and are hard to the touch, take them out, detach them from the paper carefully, and either scoop out the inside or press it in with a teaspoon; then replace them in the oven on a baking sheet to dry for half an hour or so. The oven must be very "slack," and it is best to leave the door of it open during this part of the operation. When the meringues are cold have ready some whipped cream flavored as you may fancy, fill the hollow of each meringue with it, and join them in pairs by sticking together the under side of each, and serve.

A FEW CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FISH SAUCE.

Delicious fish sauces are easily made, viz.: Plain drawn butter as the base of them all. Anchovy Sauce—Put in some anchovy paste. Oyster Sauce—Use the best oysters and juice. Shrimp Sauce—Shrimps; potted or fresh. Mussel Sauce—Fresh or pickled. Parsley Sauce—Finely-chopped parsley (boil and strain first.) Egg Sauce—Hard-boiled eggs, chopped. O. B.

APPLE PUDDING.

Pare about a dozen apples, and chop them up fine; then grate about half as much bread, (in bulk;) put the apples in a thick layer at the bottom of your pudding-dish, sugar, nutmeg, and cinnamon to taste; then a layer of bread crumbs half the depth; then apples, and again bread, adding to the bread at top some small bits of butter. Pour over the whole about half a tumbler of cold water, and after the pudding has been made an hour, bake it in a hot oven about an hour. GRANDMOTHER.

BUTTERNUT CAKE.

Four eggs, beaten separately; two cups sugar, one of butter, one cup butternut meats, one-half cup sweet milk, two and one-half cups flour, (heaped,) one teaspoonful soda, two of cream tartar. Rub the black scales off from the meats before putting them in the cake. Bake in two loaves. LOUISA.

TO DRESS SILK.

Take an old kid glove the color of the dress as near as possible; put it in a saucepan with a quart of water, boil down to a pint, and sponge the dress on the right side with this. It is a dressing the French give to many of their silks. A white glove will do for any color if you cannot match the shade. M. T. D.

ANSWERS.

TO MAKE PASTRY.

Sarah and others ask how to make pastry. Success in this depends on several things, which I will name in their order. The right sort of flour, good shortening, proper baking. The best receipt will fail without these essentials. Pastry flour is the finest and lightest known to the trade. Good pastry cannot be made with ordinary cheap flour, such as is put up in bags. The shortening should in all cases be only pure leaf lard and sweet butter. Grease from pork, beef drippings, etc., is only a cheap device to cheat the stomach. Since the shortening is to be eaten, it is only common sense to get the best. The heat required is about 240°, or just so the hand can be held in about a minute. The process is as follows: To a pint of flour, measured, take half a pint of shortening, lard and butter in equal parts, turn the flour on a board, put the shortening in the middle and chop it up with a knife till it is about the size of walnuts, put all back in a bowl or small pan, and put just water, *ice cold*, enough to make a stiff dough—as little water as you can use. Put another cupful of flour on the pastry board, turn the paste into it, flour the rolling-pin, and roll it out flat, always on the floured board; turn all the corners over toward the centre, like an envelope, and roll again; repeat this process half a dozen times, and then lay it one side for an hour or two—outdoors if it is freezing weather; in the ice-box if it is warm; when ready to use it roll it out once or twice and make up.

Puff paste as generally made is very greasy and indigestible. The sample sent may be eaten by any one with impunity, and has the additional advantage of not costing much. Puff paste is made as the first receipt given, only it has rather more shortening, and has no more water in it than will unite the flour and shortening. I am a man of great strength, weighing 165 pounds, but it requires my whole force, when the paste is cold, to roll it out. You can see whether it is good or not. Tarts so made cannot be cut with a knife when fresh; they go into flakes at the touch. They are about one-third of an inch thick before baking, possibly one-half an inch, and they rise more than four times their original size. You may roll pastry in any direction, from you, toward you, sidewise, any way, it matters not, but you must have pastry flour, ice-water, and very little of it, and strength, if you would succeed. Persons who have dined with me and at Delmonico's tell me that his paste does not compare with mine in point of excellence. Judge for yourself. E. P. W.

If "Sarah" will try the following receipt, and has acquired the art of rolling crust, she may succeed better: One coffee-cup of lard, two coffee-cups of flour, one-half coffee-cup of very cold water, a pinch of salt. Use a knife to cut the lard through the flour until fine, then add the water, and mix with the knife until all is a lump, and no flour remains in the bowl. Roll in a large sheet, and dust with flour, fold up, turning in the ends, and repeat the process twice. At the last rolling cut the paste into strips the width of the hand, and lay one on top of the other, cutting from this pieces for the top and bottom. This will make two large pies. For mince pies, place small bits of well-washed butter over the sheets of paste, dust well, and proceed as before. Also glaze them before baking with equal quantities of white of egg and cold water, laid on evenly with a clean, new brush—an ordinary shaving brush is the best. Have a quick oven, and place the pie on the bottom to bake the lower crust first: if likely to brown too fast on top, place a sheet-iron pan, with water, on the rack above until the lower crust is done. The lower crust should be very thin; upper less than one-fourth inch thick. E.

PASTRY.

Light one-half pound butter; one-quarter pound lard; one-half pint water. Weigh one pound flour (reserve about a third to use in rolling out the pastry.) In the flour, rub the lard with your hands; then take a knife and stir in the water. Dust your pie board well with flour; then turn the paste into it in a lump; roll out thin. Then spread one-third of the butter and dust in one-third of the flour. Roll up tight. Roll out again, using same quantities of butter and flour as before. Roll out the third time as before, and it is made. Never turn the paste over, and always roll out from you. Use ice-water or very cold water, and keep the paste cold until ready for use. RELIABLE.

EXCELLENT PUFF PIE-CRUST.

To one pound or quart of flour add one pound or quart of butter. Mix with the flour one-quarter of the butter and enough water to make a stiff dough. Divide the balance of the butter into six equal parts. Roll the dough into a large thin sheet, then put at equal distances one of the six pieces of butter divided into small bits; fold up the sheet of paste, flour it, roll it out again, and add in the same manner another portion of the butter. Repeat this process until the butter is all in, then fold again and divide into as many pieces as you want sheets of paste. Everything should be cold, the working tools as well as the ingredients. It will rise to a great thickness and appear in flakes.

We are obliged for answers received on the subject from A Housekeeper, E. L. M., Mary, Knickerbocker.

MOLASSES CAKE.

Two cups of molasses, one cup of boiling water poured on two tablespoonfuls of soda, a lump of alum the size of a walnut, and one cup of butter. Let the water get cold before using. AUGUSTA.

Three cups molasses, (Porto Rico,) one cup butter, one cup sour milk, five cups sifted flour, four eggs beaten separately, two tablespoonfuls ginger, one teaspoonful of soda in milk. Can use same amount of milk that is sweet and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. When taken from oven rub over with molasses. G. W. G., Brooklyn.

One cup brown sugar, one cup molasses, one cup shortening, one-half lard, one-half butter; three and one-half cups flour, heaping tablespoon saleratus dissolved in cup of milk, four eggs; beat well. This is excellent. C. E. G.

"Subscriber" asks for a receipt for molasses cake. Five and one-half cups flour, two cups molasses, two-thirds cup butter, one cup sweet milk in which dissolve one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls ginger. This is a much-admired cake, especially when hot.

One-half pint of molasses, one heaped tablespoonful of sugar, one large tablespoonful of lard, one cup of milk, one egg, one heaped teaspoonful of saleratus, salt, flour to make stiff as cup cake, ginger or cinnamon to taste; bake in a quick oven until done. Excellent if made right. P. M.

COOKIES.

Two cups white sugar, one cup butter, one egg, one half cup sweet milk, flour enough to roll; flavor to suit the taste. E. L. M.

One cup butter, one and a half cups sugar, then mix until creamy, one cup sour milk, one egg, one teaspoon of soda, and enough flour to make it roll out easily. G. W. G.

GINGER SNAPS.

Two cups brown sugar, two cups molasses, (Porto Rico,) one cup butter, two teaspoons soda, two teaspoons ginger, three pints of flour to commence with. Rub butter and sugar together into the flour. Add enough more flour to roll smooth, very thin, and bake in a quick oven. Can keep the dough for weeks and bake a few at a time. G. W. G.

Two cups molasses, one cup sugar, three tablespoons of butter, one teaspoon ginger. Boil all together for three minutes. Let it cool till milk-warm and add one teaspoon of saleratus, and flour to roll. When ready for the oven sprinkle lightly with sugar and bake quickly. MARION.

One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter and lard, (one-half cup each,) ginger to taste, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, flour enough to make a stiff dough; roll out thin.

WINE OR BRANDY SAUCE.

One pound powdered sugar, one-half pound butter, a large glass of wine or brandy, whites of two eggs, well beaten. Set in a warm place one hour before eating.

Another.—One cup sugar, one-half cup butter, yolks of two eggs, one glass of wine; rub sugar and butter to a cream; add eggs and half the wine. Put the dish in boiling water, stir about ten minutes, add the balance of wine and serve.

TO REMOVE INK STAINS.

Ink stains may be readily removed from white articles by means of a little salt of lemons, diluted muriatic acid, oxalic acid, or tartaric acid, and hot water; or, by means of a little solution of chlorine or chloride of lime. When the stain is caused by ink manufactured with logwood, a red mark remains, which may be removed by the application of a little chloride of lime. All strong acids and alkalies tend to injure the fabric; therefore, immediately the stains are removed, the spots should be well rinsed, and repeatedly, in cold water.

[We are compelled to postpone the publication of several communications till next week.]

MILITARY GOSSIP.

Capt. W. W. Mali, of the First Brigade Staff, has resigned.

Capt. Hermann Oelrichs has been appointed Ordnance Officer on the staff of the First Brigade.

Capt. William S. Harding, commanding Company B, Twenty-second Regiment, has resigned, owing to expiration of his term of service.

The Old Guard, Major George W. McLean, commanding, will hold its annual meeting for the election of civil officers to-morrow evening.

The members of Company G, Ninth Regiment, are specially requested by their commandant, Capt. Prior, to be present at the business meeting next Tuesday evening.

It is so—Harry Russell has turned "prematurely gray," but he did not wish always to remain under the "dye" of dark blue, like the genial Lieut. Elliott of Company C, Seventy-first Regiment.

The First Troop Cavalry, Washington Greys, Capt. L. T. Baker commanding, will hold a sociable at its armory on Thursday, the 13th inst, and at the same place will celebrate Washington's birthday in a becoming manner on Feb. 22.

Adjt. Max Ebler, of the Ninety-sixth Regiment, has been requested by a number of members of that organization to take command of a new company which they propose to form for the Fifth Regiment.

The third promenade-concert and hop of the season will be given by the Twelfth Regiment at its armory on Tuesday, the 18th inst. An election will be held in Company F of this command next Wednesday evening, to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of Capt. Charles S. Burns.

The several regiments in the Ninth Brigade, Albany, celebrated the opening of the Centennial year on Friday night in a patriotic manner. A parade took place as the clock struck twelve, and simultaneously a salute was fired at the foot of State street by Capt. John Pochin's battery of artillery. The citizens of Albany turned out en masse to witness the demonstration.

Company K, Twelfth Regiment, Capt. Edward Fackner, commanding, held its annual election for civil officers last Wednesday evening with the following result: Capt. Edward Fackner, President; Lieut. Jethro Mosher, Treasurer; B. A. Collins, Financial Secretary; Rudolph Yenni, Recording Secretary. On the same evening, B. A. Collins was elected Sergeant.

Company E, Sixty-ninth Regiment, held its annual ball at Irving Hall last Friday evening. Lieut. Col. Thomas Dempsey contemplates the resignation of his office. Major Edward Duffy has grown weary of a field officer's position, and will shortly resign to take command of a company. His successor will probably be Capt. James M. Brady, of Company C, Twelfth Regiment.

A meeting of the officers of the Ninety-sixth Regiment was held on Monday night at No. 132 Essex street, for the purpose of taking measures toward forming a new company, to unite with the Fifth Regiment. Company I, Capt. John Sonneider commanding, decided to go over in a body, and a sufficient number from different companies also determined to form connection with the same regiment.

Capt. John Munro, of Company G, and Lieut. Vannet of Company D, Seventy-ninth Regiment, recently disbanded, have issued a circular proposing to organize two companies with officers and non-commissioned officers to be attached to the Twelfth Regiment; full-dress and fatigue uniforms to be furnished without cost to those joining either of the companies, and the time served in the Seventy-ninth to be allowed to those members joining either company.

The Separate Troop Cavalry, Capt. Karl Klein commanding, will hold its annual meeting at the armory next Wednesday evening, when the civil officers for the ensuing year will be elected. The quarterly returns of this command for the last three months show the total strength of the troop to be 58, of which 4 are commissioned and 15 non-commissioned officers, 2 musicians, and 37 privates. Second Lieut Edward Miller, who was recently elected to that office from the position of Quartermaster, has accepted the office.

The Fifty-first Regiment, Syracuse, Col. Nicholas Grumbach, commanding, has been provided with a new armory, which it was proposed to throw open to the public with formal ceremonies during the holiday week. The regiment had modestly invited Gen. Wood and staff, of the Fifth Division, to preside at the formal opening, but the latter as modestly declined, and the officers of the Fifty-first will perform that agreeable duty themselves at an early date. A grand ball will terminate the festivities.

The Twenty-third Regiment, Brooklyn, will hold the second of a series of promenade concerts, this season at its armory in Clermont avenue, near Myrtle, next Saturday evening. These semi-weekly entertainments always attract the *élite* of Brooklyn. The programme is never too long to weary the participants, but concludes sufficiently early to leave pleasant memories of the affair on the minds of the guests, and to the exercise of this shrewdness on the part of the Committee of Arrangements, may be attributed the full houses which invariably greet the regiment on those occasions.

Company F, Seventy-first Regiment, Capt. T. V. Smith commanding, has issued a general invitation to all members of disbanded regiments to meet that company at the regimental armory, corner of Thirty-fifth street and Broadway, on Wednesday Jan. 5, at 8 P. M. Company K, of the same command, Capt. R. S. Orsor commanding, will give an entertainment at the armory on Wednesday evening, the 12th inst. A feature of the amusement presented will be manifested in the music, which is to be provided by the United German Band, an organization on furlough from the Prussian Army.

An officer recently wrote to Adjutant Gen. Townsend for the purpose of ascertaining what disposition would be made of the uniforms of disbanded regiments, and what allowance the State proposed to make toward re-uniforming such as should enlist in other regiments. The following reply was received: "The uniforms of disbanded regiments are to be turned in, and will be issued to such organizations of the National Guard as may desire them." Gen. Townsend said he hoped to be able to allow to organizations in which members of the disbanded regiments re-enlist a sum equal to from fifteen to twenty dollars for each man to aid in providing them with uniforms.

Brig. Gen. Frederick Vilmar, commanding the Second Brigade, has issued an order of which the main points are as follows: The Eighty-fourth Regiment is directed to assemble at its armory for disbandment on Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 7:30 P. M.; Ninety-sixth Regiment, on Wednesday, Jan. 12, at the same hour. The muster rolls will be prepared in accordance with the provisions of General Orders No. 14, series 1868, one copy to be forwarded to Brigade Head-quarters previous to Saturday, the 8th inst. In concluding the order, Gen. Vilmar expresses his regret that the requirements of the service have made necessary the disbandment of any part of his command. Lieut. Col. William H. King, Brigade Inspector, will perform the duties of mustering officer.

A portion of the Board of Officers of the Fifty-fifth Regiment, Col. Edward Gilon, commanding, among the unfortunate commands under orders for disbandment at an early date, have issued the following circular to the public under the date of Dec. 28:

We, the undersigned members of the Board of Officers of the Fifty-fifth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., most respectfully request you to attend a mass-meeting of the officers and members of said regiment at the Regimental Armory, corner of Hall Place and Seventh street, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 4, at 8 P. M. [Signed,] Lieut. Col. F. A. Schilling, Capt. F. Fleischbein, Capt. Jacob Hay, Capt. John Von Gerichten, Capt. Charles Rose, Lieut John P. Hay, Lieut. Theodore Berge, and Lieut. George Gustow.

The object of the meeting is said to be a consideration of the feasibility of consolidating with the Ninety-sixth Regiment, providing the authorities at Albany will agree to the project.

The Albany *Express* of Dec. 27 publishes the following:

The last week in November Charles H. Allen, Major of the Tenth Regiment, tendered his resignation to Col. R. S. Oliver. The Colonel held the resignation several days, when Major Allen addressed him a communication requesting that it be forwarded to head-quarters, as he was desirous of being relieved of the duties and responsibilities of the position. The resignation was forwarded as requested, and in due time was formally accepted. An election was ordered to fill the vacancy, and it was held Monday evening at brigade head-quarters. Brig. Gen. Woodhall presiding. It was the wish of Col. Oliver that Capt. Edward Bowditch should be chosen to the position, and it was not known, we are informed, that Major Allen was a candidate for re-election. Seventeen votes were cast, and on the canvass being made it was ascertained that nine of them were for Major Allen, and that consequently he was elected. When the result was announced, Col. Oliver promptly announced his determination to resign, and yesterday morning his resignation was forwarded to Brig. Gen. Woodhall, with his reasons for said action. What will be the final result of the affair remains to be seen.

The Seventy-ninth Regiment assembled for the last time at its armory on Thursday evening. Line was formed by Adjt. Thomas D. Hughes at 8:30 P. M. The regiment then saluted the battle-stained colors, and command was turned over to Col. Joseph Laing. The regiment was next ordered at "parade rest," and Major Watrous, on behalf of Gen. Ward, delivered a brief farewell address, in which he complimented the regiment for its uniformly good behavior while attached to the First Brigade. He next presented, on behalf of the State, the "Marksman's" badges won at Creedmoor last Summer. Col. Laing, in a broken voice, responded on behalf of his command, while many of the old members were affected to tears. Following is a table of the number present by companies: Field and staff, 5; non-commissioned staff, 5; band, 15; Company A, 31; B, 19; C, 49; D, 31; E, 44; F, 35; G, 32; H, 21; total, 287. Major Robert Lenox Belknap, Inspector of the First Brigade, mustered out the command.

Company F, Twenty-second Regiment, will celebrate the anniversary of its organization at the regimental armory next Saturday evening. The Committee of Arrangements comprises the following non-commissioned officers: Sergts. John W. Jenkins, H. A. Cuppia, James M. Moore, Charles R. Brinkerhoff, and M. E. Burnton. At a recent meeting of Company E, Twenty-second Regiment, the following non-commissioned officers were elected: First Sergeant, Corp. Charles E. Wimmick; Fifth Sergeant, H. W. Carey; Corporals, W. Boorman, L. E. Maidhoff, and D. C. Link. The members of this company will hold a reception on Monday evening, the 24th inst., at the Lexington Avenue Opera-house. The committee have endeavored to make the entertainment resemble as nearly as possible the regimental entertainments of former years at the Academy of Music. The music will be provided by the regimental band under the personal direction of Mr. P. S. Gilmore, and the invitations have been limited to a number sufficient to prevent crowding the house.

The following changes have been made in the Thirty-second Regiment, Brooklyn, Col. H. E. Roehr commanding: Promoted—John Schelldorfer, First Sergeant; Adam Krey, Frederick Waage, and Bernard Grumfelder, Sergeants; John Stehling and Louis Rex, Corporals, Company B; Peter Braum, Sergeant, Company A. Honorably discharged by the expiration of their terms of service—First Lieut. John M. Otto, John Mayer, and Henry Stein; John Ernst, John Duerr, Charles Gebring, Joseph Rupp, and Nicholas Blaum, Company B; George J. Mast, Jacob Kunz, John Vogt, John C. Benz, Louis Hellriegel, and Herman Gehling, Company C, and Frank Miller, of Company D. Physical debility—Joseph Kramer and Herman Hattenhorst. Nicolas Armendinger and Charles Patterson, Company A; George Hesse and Emil Weihrauch, Company B, and R. Leypold, Company D, have been relieved from the recruit class and transferred to their companies. The Drum Corps of this command entertained their friends at the regimental armory last Sunday evening.

At a meeting of the Board of Officers of the Thirteenth Regiment, Brooklyn, last Tuesday evening, ex-Capt. John S. Van Cleef was elected Lieutenant Colonel, and Adj. William R. Syme Major. Capt. Van Cleef joined this command on Evacuation day, Nov. 25, 1861. On Dec. 3 following he was promoted Second Lieutenant in Gen. Dakin's old company, and held that office five years. He was next promoted First Lieutenant on Dec. 27, 1866, and Captain on March 28, 1867. He resigned his commission on Feb. 27, 1871, and although elected Major on two occasions, declined to serve, but has been active in promoting the interests of the Veteran Association attached to this command. He has not yet signified his intention to accept the new position to which he has been elected, although his friends feel confident that he will do so before the necessary ten days have elapsed. Major-elect Syme enlisted in the Thirteenth Jan. 27, 1862, was subsequently promoted Orderly Sergeant, and in March, 1867, was appointed Sergeant-Major. In January, 1875, he was appointed Adjutant, and has performed the duties of that office to the entire satisfaction of his superior officers.

At a meeting of the officers of the Forty-seventh Regiment, Col. D. E. Austen commanding, last Wednesday evening, Major W. H. Brownell was elected Lieutenant Colonel, and Capt. George C. Bradley, Major. Col. Brownell has advanced step by step through the various grades of the service, and has earned his promotion by hard work. He is highly esteemed by both officers and men, and understands the art of enforcing discipline without incurring the enmity of his subordinates. Major Bradley has filled the office of Inspector of Rifle Practice in this regiment for a considerable period, but had previously served in the Connecticut National Guard, and is thoroughly qualified for his new position. A new company is being organized for this command, composed of Scotchmen, and will shortly be mustered in. Mr. James C. Eadie, a prominent citizen of the Eastern District of Brooklyn, will probably be elected to the Captaincy. It is understood that there is no doubt of his election, provided he will accept the office. As the Eastern District has been well taxed for parks and armories for its western neighbors, the members of this command are beginning to wonder whether an armory could not with propriety be furnished them. Perhaps some of the office-holders in that district could be induced to use their influence toward securing this end.

Col. Clark, commanding the Seventh Regiment, has issued an order to the following effect: Drills by division, in the School of the Battalion, will commence about the middle of next month. In the meantime, commandants of companies, in addition to the thorough instruction of their commands in the School of the Company, are directed to assemble their non-commissioned officers as often as may be necessary for the purpose of instructing them in their duties in the School of the Battalion. The Board of Examination will meet at the regimental armory on Friday, 28th inst., at 8 P. M., for the examination of all non-commissioned officers elected previous to the 1st inst. and who have not yet received warrants. The following additional list of marksmen and the scores upon which they qualified has been announced: A. P. Riker, 40; W. E. McCreedy, 37; B. Dominick, 35; J. Drummond, 35; H. C. Bacon, 34; W. G. Dominick, 34; T. Beebe, 33; J. H. Dederick, 33; G. T. Merchant, 33; H. R. Marshall, 32; Edward Arnold, 31; W. T. Flash, 30; J. T. Comstock, 30; C. G. S. Phillipseo, 29; E. L. Nicoll, 28; M. Morris, 28; A. Conger, 28; J. B. Dewson, 28; E. W. Ketchum, 27; H. S. Germond, 26; D. A. Pollard, 26; D. Tomes, 26; F. W. Houghton, 26, and B. Jewett, 25. Privates Fred. Storer, Robert Milliken, and Henry Standart have been expelled by Company B.

Edward A. Davis, formerly a member of the Ninth Regiment, has been appointed Inspector of Rifle Practice in the Eleventh Regiment, Col. Frederick Unbekant commanding. Owing to domestic matters, Chaplain Kasmire was unable to qualify for that ministerial office, and ex-Lieut. Frederick Burger, late Commissary of Subsistence on the staff of Col. Stauf, Ninety-sixth Regiment, has been appointed to that position. This command has received an invitation through a joint committee of the Twenty-eighth and Thirty-second Regiments to encamp with those commands next July at some point in Queens County. The matter has been laid over for further consideration by the Board of Officers. The field and staff officers celebrated the formal opening of a new room for the Board of Officers last Wednesday evening. A public opening will take place at an early day. Capt. Moehring, of Company D, Ninety-sixth Regiment, proposes to raise a new company for this regiment after the disbandment of his former command. A new gymnasium has been erected in the armory for the use of the members of the regiment. Wing drills in this command will be held during the present month as follows: Right wing, comprising Companies D, A, B, H, and K, Thursdays, Jan. 6 and 20; left wing, Companies I, C, E, F, and G, Thursdays, Jan. 13 and 27. Assembly at 7:30 P. M. The financial statement of this regiment for the six months ending yesterday shows a decrease in the regimental indebtedness of $1,000. Manhattan Commandery compromised the suit brought against it by Col. Unbekant for gas used during its drill season last year, by paying $60, a reduction of $15 from the original amount claimed. The Regimental Court-martial completed its work by assessing fines to the amount of $2,230, for delinquencies incurred since last July. Company A will proceed on a target excursion to Morrisania to-morrow, accompanied by the Board of Officers. The real object, however, is to muster into the Eleventh Regiment, the members of Company A, Twenty-seventh Regiment, who have elected to leave the Fifth Division, as they are now within the boundaries of the First Division. It is probable that Col. Underhill, or the "bald eagle" of Westchester County, will endeavor to prevent the consummation of this object.

The second annual ball of Company I, Twenty-seventh Regiment, Westchester, will take place at Irving Hall, Portchester, on Tuesday, Jan. 11. These entertainments are greeted with pleasure by the residents of Westchester County, as they are always well conducted, and the demand for tickets is so great as to render it at times a matter of difficulty on the part of the Committee of Arrangements to know where to "draw the line." Col. John T. Underhill, commanding this regiment, has issued an order which is in substance as follows: Application having been made at regimental head-quarters by a body of men numbering about fifty, for admission as a company, an inspection of the existing companies has been ordered to be made during the drill season, the result of which will decide what companies will be disbanded, or consolidated, in order to create a vacancy for the new company. The average attendance at company drills must not be less than twenty-five present. Capt. A. W. Peck, Inspector of Rifle Practice, will, with the assistance of Quartermaster Joseph M. Carville, at once proceed to make an inspection of the arms, equipments, and other property belonging to the regiment. Acting Adjt. George H. Thompson has been directed to make a thorough examination of all non-commissioned officers in this command, and to report all delinquencies to regimental head-quarters. His recommendation will govern in all cases where ignorance of duty or inattention to drills renders necessary a reduction to the ranks. Captains of companies are instructed to exercise care that on drill nights the company armories are not perverted to other purposes; that fire and light are provided, and that free ingress and egress may be had. Infringements of this rule must be reported to regimental head-quarters, and any failure to do so will subject the company commandant to court-martial. In conclusion the Colonel says that as "active preparations are being made by all the regiments in the National Guard to collect funds sufficient to defray their expenses to and from Philadelphia next Summer, he trusts his command will manifest its customary energy and be among the first in readiness to go. He also suggests that immediate preparations should be made to secure knapsacks, overcoats, and blankets. Capt. Aulay W. Peck has been duly commissioned Inspector of Rifle Practice. Company B will be inspected at Tuckahoe on Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8 P. M.

THE JUDGE'S FIRST SALMON.

RARE SPORT ON THE CASCAPEDIA.

HOW MR. FULLERTON'S FISH RAN AWAY WITH HIS LINE TO AN UNEXPECTED PLACE, AND HOW HE LANDED HIM AT LAST—A CRUEL DISAPPOINTMENT TO ANOTHER OF THE PARTY.

Correspondence of the Albany Evening Journal.

THE CASCAPEDIA, August, 1875.

Our first morning in camp was cloudless and serene. In due time there came up from the camp fire the odor of broiled salmon, mingled with the aroma of slowly distilling mocha, whetting the already keen appetite for the morning meal in rapid preparation, and when served the Judge held up his crutch in speechless thanksgiving for such a luscious repast amid such gorgeous surroundings. The first business in order was the allotment of pools. There are three within easy distance of the camp. Each usually affords ample sport, but one of them is more coveted than the others because it uniformly abounds in larger fish. As the Judge had never taken a salmon this pool was awarded him by unanimous assent—a striking illustration of the self-sacrificing courtesy which distinguishes all true disciples of the gentle art. For, be it understood, it is no mean proof of magnanimity to voluntarily surrender to another the best place to fish. The Judge appreciated the well-meant compliment, and gave due expression to the feeling of gratitude which this "offering of friendship" excited in his "manly bosom." The issue of this little bit of courtesy was much more satisfactory than a similar instance of piscatorial self-sacrifice which I remember. It occurred in the "North Woods" on one of the inlets which connect the Fulton chain of lakes. I was having excellent sport. Almost every cast met with a response, and my creel was becoming unpleasantly weighty with its precious burden. Just as I had reached the margin of a favorite pool, from which I had never failed to beguile a half dozen large fish, I observed, in the near distance, a clever fellow who was passionately fond of the sport, but who, having no skill had no "luck." "I don't understand it," was his stereotyped bewailment. And just here was his trouble; he did not "understand it." He persisted in whipping the stream with a line of four-fold the proper dimensions, and made his casts with a rod equally out of proportion. I, however, liked his pluck and patience, and seeing my opportunity to do him a favor I invited him to take my place at the pool into which I was about to cast. I would rather have tendered him my last cigar, and had half repented of my generosity before I could persuade him to avail himself of my offer. Although this happened twenty years ago, I have not to this day been quite able to decide whether (remembering the sequel) I did a generous or a foolish thing in thus surrendering my prerogative to one who, however grateful, proved himself ill-qualified to make the best possible use of his opportunity. His huge sinker fell into the water with a splash, carrying with it a number nine hook covered with a full half ounce of wriggling worms, when, quick as wink, it was seized by a three-pound trout, which, in another instant, was dangling from the limb of a neighboring tree, into which he had been elevated by the excited angler. And there he hung for twenty minutes from an inextricably tangled line, which was only recovered, with what depended from it, after such turbulence as to render any further angling in that pool impracticable for the day. But, in spite of his awkwardness, he saved his trout, was made happy by his success, and overwhelmed me with thanks for my courtesy.

The Judge may not have been more grateful, but he entered upon his work with more grace and skill. His first casts were made with becoming caution—as if feeling his way for the open joints in the harness of a crafty witness. He was too wise an angler to drop his fly into the centre of the pool abruptly. Like a wary General, he worked his way to the heart of the citadel by "gradual approaches." A novice would have charged him with undue timidity, just as impatient lookers-on sometimes accused him of irrelevancy when cautiously drawing the net of his irresistible logic around his bewildered victim in the witness-box, during that famous Brooklyn combat of intellectual giants. He knew what he was about then; he knows what he is about now. He was too wise a lawyer to thwart himself by inordinate haste, and he is too skillful an angler to hazard success by undue precipitancy. Foot by foot his casts were lengthened, and swept gracefully across the current of the pool. Foot by foot he worked his way to the objective point, where rested what he coveted more than the verdict of Judge or jury. And now, at last, the fly drops gently upon the glistening surface of the dark water, just at the point desired, when there followed a rush and strike, and a momentary pause, as if fish and fisher were alike astounded, and then click, whiz, whir-r-r went the reel, as if harnessed to a lightning train, with a thunderbolt for a locomotive. Away went the fish with 200 feet of line, but stopping at that distance as suddenly as if arrested by a peremptory order of the court. Then came the tug of war; first, to hold him—that required muscle; then to bear with him while he sulked—that required patience. The Judge had both, and both were brought into skillful requisition. For ten minutes not a fin stirred; but the taut line, as it resisted the combined pressure of the current and the fish, thrummed like an æolian harp, and made every nerve tingle with delight. As became the watchful angler that he is, the eyes of the Judge were immovably fixed upon his line as it stretched out straight before him. He believed the fish near the opposite bank in a direct line with his rod, and he was looking intently for some sign of life from the spot where he supposed his fish was sulking, when click! click! whiz-z-z, again went the reel, and a huge fish leaped his whole length out of water a hundred feet above him. "Hello," said the Judge, "there's another fellow!" "No, that's your fish," said the Indian gaffer. "Blazes! you don't say! What's he doing there? He's not within a hundred feet of my line." "It's your fish, Sir. The swift current makes your line bend like the new moon." And this was the fact; but the illusion was so perfect that it required several like experiences to convince him that his Indian gaffer was not "fooling him" upon that occasion.

After an hour's struggle, and with a skill and judgment which excited the admiration of all who witnessed the battle, the fish was killed and captured. When he kicked the beam at the twenty-eight pound notch the Judge was a proud and happy man. There are many things he will forget as old Time weaves silver threads amid his auburn locks, but he will never forget his astonishment when that fish showed himself 100 feet from the point where he was intently watching him.

The next day Dun was awarded the Judge's pool and had had his usual luck—making a larger score than any of us, and breaking more rods; not because he had less general skill, but because he could not receive a challenge from a fish without returning an impetuous "strike" on the instant. One may "strike" too soon as well as too late. In angling, as in everything else, there is a "happy mean"—just the right mode and moment to strike your fish without imperiling your tackling or tearing the hook from his mouth. To invariably compass this right moment requires steadier nerve, greater forbearance, and a nicer appreciation of time and opportunity than falls to the lot of most anglers. A few have the gift; but it only comes to old trout-fishers after much practice and many discomfitures.

Our friend had been casting half an hour at "a gay gamboller" whose special vocation seemed to be to leap at nothing and keep just a tail's breadth from the lure sent to him. His disportings proved his agility, but were provokingly tantalizing; and Dun was just ready to give him up as "a hopeless case" when he made a dash for the fly and was astonished to find himself hooked. With a rush and a leap which eclipsed all his previous demonstrations, he started for the opposite shore, as if in a hurry to deliver some message he had forgotten. It was just the last place in the neighborhood of the pool one cared to have his fish take to, for it was full of jagged rocks and hidden bowlders. Aware of this, Dun instantly did his best to bring him back into open water; but, after a few desperate tugs, he was compelled, for the time, to give up the effort, and permit him to sulk, preserving, however, a taut line, measured with mathematical nicety, upon the stubborn brute. Nothing more tires the patience of an angler. Salmon will sometimes sulk thus for hours, in seeming disregard and contempt of any pressure you dare bring upon them. For more than thirty minutes Dun sat

"Like patience on a monument, smiling at grief,"

when he deemed it high time to assume the aggressive. So he ordered his canoe men to paddle cautiously toward the "objective point," while he reeled up his 200 feet of taut line until every muscle ached with the pressure. He had reached within fifty feet of his leader, but not a tail wagged; thirty feet, but nothing was felt but the steady tension of the quivering line; ten feet, the same. All was as still and motionless as the old granite bowlder which looked down upon the dark waters amid whose eddying currents leader and fly were hidden from vision. Angler and gaffer were alike perplexed. So near a fish, and no sign of life! Nothing like it had passed into the annals of angling. "Slide your paddle down cautiously and start him," said Dun. Down slid the paddle, but nothing came of it. "Try again; but take care that he doesn't rush under the canoe." Down again went the paddle, when, mystery of mysteries! it struck, not a salmon, but the rock around which the salmon had twisted the leader, broken loose from the fly, and so escaped, a wiser if not a better fish, quite prepared to resume his game of leap-frog long before his disappointed captor could reel in the fifty-ton bowlder at which he had been tugging lustily for more than thirty minutes.

Our conversation in camp was of rather a frivolous character that evening. We were afraid to introduce any weighty subject lest our friend should interpret it as a personal reflection! G. D.

THE SPRAGUE PROPERTY.

The Providence *Press* of Friday evening says: "Mr. Chaffee, the Trustee of the Messrs. Spragues, finds it impossible to realize sufficient from the earnings of the property during the past six months to meet the January interest upon the Trustee notes, and will have to avail himself of the provision in the trust deed, which allows him sixty days' grace in such a contingency. The machinery of this vast estate has fared no better and no worse than the mass of machinery under other managements. Manufacturing has been and is being carried on at a loss instead of a profit. How long this state of things is to continue, not even the wisest can foresee. We desire to state things as fairly as we can and be truthful, but there is no use in disguising a too patent fact that we are in the midst of manufacturing and financial trials of great magnitude, and the lesson of the hour is charity, kindness and mutual helpfulness."

HOLIDAYS IN CHICAGO.

CURRENT GOSSIP OF THE CITY.

AT HOME, AT THE THEATRES, AND THE CHURCHES—PROF. SWING'S INAUGURAL SERMON AT HIS NEW CHURCH—THE TAX-PAYER'S CHRISTMAS-BOX—"LE JOUR DE L'AN" FOR THE BOARD OF TRADE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

CHICAGO, Thursday, Dec. 30, 1875.

Mild Winter weather is scarcely so astonishing an experience with you as in Chicago; but we have been at a loss to understand why it has not yet grown cold here, and suffer as much, perhaps, from the constant dread of waking up some morning with everything, including the thermometer, below zero, as if the cold weather were actually present. The season, so far, has been entirely exceptional, and more like a Winter in California or some more southerly and naturally milder climate—damp, a little bit chilly, and occasionally a gorgeous sunshine, but at no time what we call cold. "Old Probabilities" has been around a good deal with his low barometer, but he has spared us so far from an affliction of low thermometer. There has been but one parallel for this sort of Winter in Chicago—in 1864, I believe—and then it was comparatively mild only up to Jan. 1, after which it suddenly became colder than the frigid zone, froze everybody inside the house, stopped business, and rendered New Year's calls a mere pleasure of the memory. I fear that we may yet pay dearly for our exemption so far.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

The mild weather has given the holiday vacation a peculiar zest. The children have not been able to get out their skates and sleighs for lack of ice and snow, and it must have required a considerable stretch of childish imagination to picture Santa Claus riding over the chimney-tops in a sleigh; but, on the other hand, the parents have got out all the more to buy presents, and the money saved in coal has been largely invested in toys. The shops have done an excellent trade, and particularly the small neighborhood shops which furnish things in a small way, and at prices which a small rent and a close business justify. There is just enough of the impoverished feeling that dates from the panic to lead people into a pretense of economy, which usually consists in buying a greater quantity of cheaper articles, which brings the gross expenditure to about the same level as if people did not feel so poor. The consequence is that the young folks have enjoyed their peculiar holiday even more than usual, for Santa Claus has been more bountiful and the Christmas trees more richly laden than for many years past. To the poor the mild season alone has been the best gift they could have asked, for not only have their homes been comfortable but the working members of the family have had almost uninterrupted employment. The large proportion of Germans in our population gives a more general celebration of the Christmas holidays than in most American cities, and the excellent condition of the working class has enabled them to make the most of it this year. At the various charitable institutions there were bounteous feasts and unwonted romping; but I think that the best employment of Christmas charity money was that of the gentleman who took a whole orphan asylum down to a first-class hotel, gave all the inmates a first-class dinner, and then set the children to play in the parlors with an abundance of toys and perfect freedom. There was something peculiarly thoughtful in thus enabling these poor children to disassociate themselves from their daily surroundings, for once forget themselves and their misfortunes, and have just as good a time—as free, thoughtless, giddy, and extravagant a time—as rich men's children. The holiday season brings out many a noble action that would be otherwise repressed merely for lack of opportunity; most of the delicate and touching things are not of a character to make public, and only serve to render those who happen to know of them the more content to live; but few are better conceived than the orphans' dinner and romp, away from every suggestion of an asylum, and the action did not lose any of its graciousness because the donor refused the use of his name in connection with it.

The holiday season at the theatres has not been particularly brilliant. We have more than our share of minstrelsy. Two of the handsomest theatres in the city are devoted to burnt-cork entertainments, and the people are startled into an attendance by the announcement that an "end man" is paid $600 a week, or that a couple of young gentlemen, who perhaps cannot read or write, but have a knack of bringing their heels and toes down together, draw twice that amount from the treasury, and so from a liberal public. At these prices agile feet are a good deal more valuable than quick brains, and minstrelsy assumes an importance which cannot be ignored. If we turn from the minstrels, we find at another theatre a performance that is not advanced much beyond it—an American dressing of French opera bouffe under the leadership of one Mrs. Oates, who has probably attained as much notoriety from her marital experiences as from her operatic career. Opera bouffe in English is a contradiction of terms. It is essentially French in form, and spirit, and tradition. It is associated with a rasping French voice, a peculiar French wiggle, and the inimitable French acting. Set over into English, the pungency of its wit is lost in empty slang, and the grotesqueness of the original is departed. The singing is no better; the acting is infinitely worse; the whole performance as bizarre and malapropos as "Punch and Judy" would be in a parlor. Yet this sort of entertainment has been doing the largest business of the season, surpassing even that of the minstrels. Turning from minstrelsy and opera-bouffe, we are confronted at another house with the lachrymose "Two Orphans;" the more tearful, perhaps, because they are this time found in company with a lot of strolling actors, who have got together to drain the dregs of interest that may be left in these unfortunate girls. The only approach to the holiday character of the theatrical performances is in the demoralizing company of "Forty Thieves," less desirable than usual because they are only seen in an atmosphere of beer and bad tobacco, or "Little Red Riding-Hood," which amuses the children of an afternoon at the Museum. The choice is certainly not very attractive.

AT THE CHURCHES.

The churches had more than their share of attention, by reason of Christmas coming on Saturday, thus giving them two consecutive days of service. The religious observance of the day is chiefly among the Catholics and Episcopalians, and is made much of by these denominations; but I think that the most eloquent and comforting utterance of the time was from Prof. Swing, who formally began the services of his independent Central Church in McVicker's Theatre last Sunday. Though it was "the day after," when everybody was tired and blue, and though there was a driving storm of sleet and rain, the theatre was crowded in every part. The entire expenses of the church will be defrayed by the sale of something more than half the seats at prices ranging from $5 to $20 per year, according to location. Between $11,000 and $12,000 worth of these sittings were disposed of the first day of the sale, and this sum is nearly large enough to defray the entire expenses for a year. After this, the other seats will be free. Prof. Swing's first sermon in the new church was aptly chosen. The text was from Corinthians: "For we see through a glass darkly." The burden of the discourse was doubt instead of faith, and its effect was to soothe into peace and content those minds filled with inquiry and skepticism, without asking them to sacrifice reason. There are few men who can reconcile religious doubt with personal comfort. Prof. Swing does; and I am tempted to give you an extract from his sermon, both for the purpose of showing how he does it and to illustrate the peculiar and fascinating style which has given him so strong a hold upon the people of Chicago. After tracing some of the intelligent and logical results of the human disposition to doubt, he said:

"We know something about man's first condition. We do not know when or where he appeared, but we know that he began at the foot of the mountain and, an infant, began to struggle up. As he arose the landscape widened, and the climbing made him strong for a new step. Now, in this long progress this very spirit of inquiry which many good people now fear, and those very enigmas of God and of religion which many now mourn over as threatening the sanctuary, were all the while the best friends of man, the very wings of his loftier flight. Think not that what real greatness there is in the human race ever came from the simple facts and studies lying nearest to his feet. The simple agriculture and the mechanics, the simple facts of the arithmetic, never entered far into the construction of that soul which now adorns the nineteenth century. It is childhood that deals in that which is near. That which is near would, if left to itself, make childhood perpetual. Turn away from infancy with its tangible toys. Open the book of Job or Isaiah, or Cicero, or Calvin, or Bacon, or Hamilton, or Mill, or look into the poems of all those whose foreheads have worn laurels, and you will declare at once that the mind and heart of man have been educated in the school of the infinite; the broader and deeper the ocean the stronger and more solemn has been the heart-beat of the being gazing out from the vast shore. It has never been the plain things but the difficult things that have made man. There is no quality of soul more marked than its love of the measureless. Nothing so charms it as the 'Beyond.' Hence some fine artist has produced a picture called 'The Unfathomable,' where, beneath a sky that will not confess its God, and environed by rocks above which the eye cannot look, and upon a lake in which the lead strikes no dull dead earth, two beings float in whose hearts there is a love also infinite, transforming the world into heaven and an hour into immortality. Wonderful picture, not of lovers only, but of mankind.

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"If you ask this earth for riches it may not answer this request, it may be silent if you beg for fame or for childish pleasure, and if you demand the keys all of knowledge it will not confess its secrets for you, but if you ask for mental and moral power it will fling open all its gates to such a destiny. God has sent us here not that we may know all things, but that we may reach a condition of being that will be a spring of happiness for ever. It is not the answers to enigmas we need, it is fitness for life, the power to appreciate and enjoy and use rightly these years. We do not need to know the details of eternity, but to reach here such a mental and moral character as will enable us to pass nobly into the kingdom of God should its pearly gate fly open beyond the shadow of death."

I am sure that every one who listened to such beautiful expression of lovely sentiments, will never again doubt that doubting itself may be the most efficient mental process in true religion as well as in science.

THE TAX-PAYERS' CHRISTMAS BOX.

With the last of the old year and the first of the new, the tax collector asserts himself. He does not even wait for the quiet and undisturbed enjoyment of the holiday season, but spoils your Christmas present by a notice that a failure to pay a certain amount, always grossly disproportionate to your ability to pay, will warrant him in distraining upon your household goods, hanging a red flag out of your front window, and selling off as far as it will go. I doubt this year whether the average household goods would bring enough to pay the amount they are taxed. Chicago tax-payers pay this year a gross sum of $7,296,629 67, for all purposes met by taxation, or about four and one-fifth per cent. on the assessed valuation of their property. This includes State, county, town, and park taxes, as well as those for the support of the city. The greatest strain is the personal tax, which, owing to the bad system of assessments, is sure to be unequal, permitting some persons to escape altogether, and others with a very light tax, while the difference is made up from the excessive taxation of the remainder. Thus, one division of the city is taxed on its personalty nearly twice as much in proportion to the value of the property as another portion. The real property of the North and West Divisions is assessed in proportion of about five dollars to one for personal property, while in the South Division the proportion is not more than two to one, thus making one division of the city pay more than twice as much personal tax as the other, in its relative valuation to real property. So there are many individuals who are paying this year three and four times as much personal tax as they paid last year, while others are paying none at all, or not one-third as much. It is the system which is at fault. The assessment of property is left in the hands of town officials, a sort of independent organization well enough adapted to the country districts for running schools, repairing the bridges, and ascertaining the relative taxation in a sparsely-settled territory. But in a city like Chicago, these town officials are elected once a year on a separate day, when nobody goes to the polls but a mob drummed up by the candidates. The candidates on both sides are the miserable *vauriens* who attach themselves to politics merely to avail themselves of the lapses in the duty of citizens. These fellows carry the day without opposition, and then appoint as their assistant assessors and collectors the bummers who have drilled the mob at the polls. Irregular assessments and unfair discriminations are not so astonishing, under the circumstances, as that the people should marvel and grumble at a condition of things for which they themselves are responsible. When a citizen finds that he can escape a high personal tax by giving an assistant assessor a new hat or a pair of boots, the temptation to do so is too strong to be very generally resisted, even with the consciousness that it makes a neighbor's burden all the heavier.

NEW YEAR'S AND THE BOARD OF TRADE.

If rumor is not wrong, the gentlemen who meet in the Chamber of Commerce building are more concerned about their old year's "puts" than their New Year's "calls." There is said to be a "corner" in wheat, which will culminate on the last day of the year. It is not, probably, a very large one, and the present rule (adopted for the purpose of preventing corners) will not permit of "squeezing the shorts" very badly. But there has been a fierce and desperate struggle in the board for several weeks to keep wheat up on the one hand, and down on the other. The rule to which I have referred is favorable to the "bears," and, as I believe, a serious injury to the Chicago market. It provides that, in any failure to deliver under a contract, the settlement shall be made at the prices prevailing in other cities, which means, practically, New-York. Under this rule, the "shorts" go on selling *ad libitum*, seeing the price come down here, and sympathizing at New-York and elsewhere. In the meantime, though the buyers might take their revenge in running up the price at settling day, they are cut off by the rule from any benefit therefrom, and the prices are kept low for a month or more, perhaps during an entire season. The price of wheat in this market has ranged two cents less a bushel, after deducting cost of transportation, than the relative price in New-York, and largely owing to the rule I have noted. There will be a formidable effort made after the first of the year to have this rule repealed, with the expectation that the North-west will get better prices for its grain as a result of abandoning it.

THE CITY OF WACO.

ITS MYSTERIOUS DESTRUCTION—WAS IT CAUSED BY A KEG OF DYNAMITE?

The Galveston (Texas) *News* of Dec. 25 prints the following extract from a letter written by the Local Board of Steam-vessel Inspectors of that city to the New-York Board of Inspectors: "We have not been able thus far to find out the origin of the fire on board of the steam-ship City of Waco. Capt. Sawyer stated yesterday to us that one of the divers had reported to him that there had been a big fuss in the ship's lower hold, conveying the idea that some explosive material had exploded in that part of the ship, which corresponds with the explosion heard by the mate of the ship Caledonia, whose testimony we have taken."

The *News* adds: "That the loss of the Waco was occasioned by an infernal machine similar to that which was intended to demolish the Mosel, seems hardly credible; yet, according to the testimony of the owners of the Waco, there was no petroleum stowed below the upper deck. The 'fuss' discovered by the divers 'in the ship's lower hold' must have been caused by something else, and according to the testimony of the mate of the Caledonia, there was an explosion somewhere. Besides, the mast of the Waco was burned off below deck, and not above, as it would have been had the fire started in the oil forward. The fact that those on board of some of the vessels anchored in the offing at the time of the disaster heard no explosion, may be accounted for when the raging of the disturbed elements is considered; a time when even a sudden explosion like that of a mine of dynamite may be drowned or dissipated in great measure by the angry conflict of winds and waves. The Caledonia lay immediately to windward of the City of Waco, and was the nearest vessel to her in that quarter. Hence, an explosion, if there was any, would have been heard on the Caledonia, if on any vessel in the offing. The fearful suggestiveness of the destruction of the City of Waco is quite as great as that connected with the murderous dynamite which was designed to destroy the Mosel. It is earnestly to be hoped that the Government authorities will probe to the bottom the marine catastrophe which cast such a gloom over the whole country, and from which not one human being escaped."

THE FINE ARTS.

SOME NEW AND STRIKING PICTURES.

MR. H. H. MOORE'S "ALMEH"—THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NOTES.

Three or four years ago we called attention to several pictures exhibited in the Academy of Design by Mr. H. H. Moore, a young American artist then studying in Europe. They represented Spanish and Moorish scenes, and, in spite of the extreme crudity of the color and the hardness of the outline, they gave abundant evidence that the painter possessed more than ordinary powers of composition and expression. The promise apparent in these works will, we think, be more than realized in the large picture now on Mr. Moore's easel, entitled "The Almeh." The scene is supposed to take place in the Alhambra, in the period of the Moorish occupation, when the palace was in all its pristine freshness and glory, though the accessories introduced by the artist are of a somewhat later date. Near the centre of the largest hall stands the "Almeh," and almost at her feet, his back supported by a pillar, sits a dark Moorish figure, pipe in mouth, gazing with a somewhat sensuous leer at the half-nude beauty before him. No other figures are introduced. A brazier for burning scented woods, and a few other accessories, are placed in the foreground. Behind rise the pillars and glorious arches of the palace, rich in color and carving, stretching away into remote distance. The principal figure, which is of life size, is nobly proportioned, and, so far as can be judged by the condition in which the painting now is, no finer example of anatomical drawing and flesh modeling has ever been produced by an American artist. Indeed, if the work is completed in the same style in which it has been commenced, it cannot fail to create a sensation in the art world. If it can be finished in time it will be exhibited at the Centennial. Mr. Moore studied for some years under Gérome, who held his pupil's talents in the highest estimation. He had also, for some time, the advantage of an intimate acquaintance with Fortuny and other celebrated artists of that school, whose style, though no mere servile imitator, he appears in some measure to have adopted, or rather to have engrafted on his own. Of the smaller works of Mr. Moore there is a very good finished example now in his studio, representing "Moors Bargaining for Arms," in which the assumption of haughty disdain and indifference by the seller and the anxiety of the buyer to obtain the worth of his money are forcibly expressed. There is also another work by the same artist at Goupil's, representing a sable attendant, armed at all points, carrying a magnificent saddle—his lord's property, we may suppose, not his own. The face is expressive, solidly painted, and finely molded. The color is somewhat crude and the drawing of certain parts of the figure a little exaggerated.

NOTES.

The new French Museum of Casts, which is intended to embrace copies of all celebrated pieces of sculpture, is to be opened in the Louvre.

The sale of pictures contributed toward the liquidation of the mortgage debt of the Academy of Design produced, including frames, nearly $5,000.

The exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water Colors will open at the Academy of Design on the 31st inst., closing on the 26th of February.

Bruno Piglheim, whose colossal picture entitled "Home Happiness" has attracted considerable attention, is hailed by the German critics as the coming man.

A very large collection of old pottery, dating from revolutionary times, many of the pieces being of historic interest, will shortly be on exhibition at Mr. Somerville's rooms in University place.

The superb picture by Titian, known as "Sacred and Profane Love," now in the Borghese Gallery, is to be placed in the hands of a cleaner and restorer. The English papers express their fears of the result.

Mr. Wynn Ellis, says the London *Times*, has presented a valuable collection of the works of the old masters to the National Gallery. The *Academy*, however, states that the authorities of the National Gallery have received no notice of such a bequest.

Two pieces of sculpture, said to be by Canova, of which one is a bust in marble of Napoleon I., and the other of Maria Louisa, have recently been presented to Welles College, Aurora, N. Y. They were sent, in 1839, by Louis Philippe, to a citizen of Mexico, and at his death were sold and brought to this country.

Miss Julia Griffin will exhibit at her studio, No. 34 Bond street, upon the 1st and 3d of the coming month, a bust she has recently completed of Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, and cordially invites all her friends to call and inspect it. Visitors will also find in her studio the busts she has made of Prof. Barnard and the late Mayor Havemeyer.

Mr. Thomas L. Smith has been hard at work among his favorite Winter studies, in which he shows decided improvement, finer gradations of color and more perfect harmony being apparent than in his earlier pictures. The introduction of figures and cattle, too, on a larger scale than he has heretofore attempted, adds to the interest and value of his compositions.

A correspondent of an English paper, referring to the curious fact that there is no important street or square in London that bears the name of Shakespeare, states that no public statue of Milton is to be found in London, or anywhere in England, although the great English epic poet was emphatically a Londoner, since he was born there, passed the most of his life, and died and was buried there.

The exhibition of the Artists' Fund Society will take place at the Kurtz Gallery, instead of at the Academy of Design, as previously announced. The exhibition will probably open on the 17th of January, and the sale will take place on the 25th, Mr. Robert Somerville officiating as auctioneer. The exhibition will, if one may judge from some of the contributions we have already seen, be unusually good.

Foreign critics are writing some hard things of Meissonier's "1807," painted for Sir Richard Wallace, but finally sold to Mr. A. T. Stewart, of New-York, for 300,000 francs. There is too much similarity, they say, of form, attitude, and expression in the figures, some one hundred in number, and the finish is harder than usual. In short the artist, they think, has made an exceedingly good bargain.

Among the pictures now on exhibition at Schaus' are two charcoal landscapes by Stone, of Catskill. One presents a rocky mountain gorge down which the white mists of a coming storm are rolling, and the weird effects suggested are skillfully brought out by the artist. The other represents "Eagle Rock by Moonlight," a scene in the Catskill Mountains, and is, perhaps, the more effective specimen of the two.

The "Last Supper" by Andrea del Sarto, in the refectory of the ancient ex-convent of San Salvi, near Florence, an admirable fresco, has been so exposed to ruin by water and fire, on account of the neglect of the proprietor of the stories above and below the refectory, as to make it necessary for the Government to take possession of them. The sum of 40,322 lire has been devoted by Parliament to the better arrangement and security of this valuable fresco.

There is a rage in Paris just now for old tapestry, carpets, church vestments, ancient coats, vests, and ladies' dresses, &c. At a recent sale at the Hotel Drouot, a very small embroidered carpet of the seventeenth century sold for 500 francs; a yellow silk bed-cover, embroidered, for 410 francs; a white satin chasuble for 300 francs; a hoop dress, time of Louis XVI., for 430 francs; a velvet coat, same period, for 365 francs; a drum, time of Louis XV., for 135 francs.

Two very remarkable pictures of M. Van Moer, "Views of Venice," have recently been completed for the King of the Belgians, and placed in one of his palaces. As the story runs, when the order for the pictures was given, Van Moer visited the gallery selected for their reception, found it to be very dark, and complained of this to the King, whose answer was, "I know that the gallery is dark, but I count on your pictures to lighten it up." The paintings, it is said, do actually appear to illuminate the gallery, but of their artistic merits, in other respects, many doubts are expressed.

Of the 15,000 square feet of space appropriated to American art in the Centennial Exhibition building, 9,000, it is said, have been awarded to two artists only, but whether these gentlemen intend to fill this large space with their own works, or are acting on behalf of their friends as well as of themselves, is not stated. Two or three New-York artists who have made applications for space have as yet received no definite reply.* The American Society of Painters in Water Colors has secured all the space in the art building desired by the Society.

German painters are to be well represented in the Centennial Exhibition, though many of them are complaining of the cost which will attend the transportation of their pictures. The North German *Allgemeine Zeitung* reminds the artists that "the entire cost of sending and bringing back a picture will be but little more than five per centum of its value, and surely this is but a small sum to pay for the great privilege of exhibiting a painting in America, where works of German artists are so highly prized that they bring from one hundred and fifty per centum more than they do in Germany."

MILE STONES.

THE NEW EDITION OF THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

The following, which was first published last year, now appears, with some variations from the original text, in the Hartford *Courant* Almanac for 1876. The author is J. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford:

1620. Lands on Plymouth Rock, and sets up for himself.

1621. Keeps Thanksgiving—in no danger of over-eating.

1622. Builds a Meeting-house.

1623. Proclaims a Fast Day.

1628. Cuts down a May Pole at Merry Mount, as a rebuke to vain recreations.

1635. Is crowded for accommodations, and stakes out a new farm at Connecticut.

1637. Makes war on the Antinomians, and the Pequot Indians, and whips both.

1638. Starts a *College*, and

1640. Sets up a *Printing Press*.

1643. Goes into a Confederacy—the first Colonial Congress.

1648. Lays down the *Cambridge Platform*. Hangs a Witch.

1649. Sets his face against the unchristian custom of wearing long hair, "a thing uncivil and uncomely."

1651. Is rebuked for "intolerable excess and bravery of apparel," and is forbidden to wear gold and silver lace, or other such gew-gaws.

1652. Coins Pine Tree Shillings, and makes the business profitable.

1663. Prints a Bible for the Indians.

1680. Buys a "bang-up" Clock, and occasionally carries a silver watch that helps him guess the time of day. About this period learns to use Forks at table; a new fashion.

1692. Is scared by *Witches* again, at Salem; but gets the better of them.

1701. Founds *another College*, which, after a while, settles down at New-Haven.

1704. Prints his first *Newspaper*, in Boston.

1705. Tastes *Coffee*, as a luxury, and at his own table.

1707. Constructs another *Platform*—this time at Saybrook.

1710. Begins to sip *Tea*—very sparingly. It does not come into family use till five and twenty years later.

1711. Puts a letter into his first *Post-office*.

1720. Eats a *Potato*—and takes one home to plant in his garden as a curiosity.

1721. Is *Inoculated* for the Small Pox—not without grave remonstrance from his conservative neighbors. Begins to *Sing by note* on Sundays, thereby encountering much opposition and opening a ten years' quarrel.

1740. Manufactures tin-ware, and starts the first *Tin Peddler* on his travels.

1742. Sees Faneuil Hall built. The cradle of Liberty is ready to be rocked.

1745. Builds an *Organ*; but does not yet permit it to be played in the Meeting-house.

1750. Buys a bushel of *Potatoes* for Winter's use—all his friends wondering what he will do with so many.

1755. Puts up a *Franklin Stove* in his best room; and tries one of the newly invented *Lightning Rods*.

1760. About this time begins to wear a collar to his shirt. When he can afford it, takes his wife to meeting in a *Chaise*, instead of on a pillion, as heretofore.

1765. Shows his dislike to stamped Paper, and joins the "Sons of Liberty."

1768. Tries his hand at *Type Founding*—not yet successfully—in Connecticut.

1770. Buys a home-made *Wooden Clock*.

1773. Waters his *Tea* in Boston Harbor. Plants *Liberty Trees* wherever he finds good soil.

1774. Lights Boston streets with oil *Lamps*; a novelty, (though "New Lights" had been plenty some years before.)

1775. Shows Lord Percy how to march to "Yankee Doodle." Calls at Ticonderoga to take lodgings for the season. Sends Gen. Putnam, (under the command of several Colonels,) with a small party, to select a site for Bunker Hill monument.

1776. *Brother Jonathan*—as he begins to be called in the family—declares himself Free and Independent.

1780. Buys an "Umbrillo" for Sundays, and whenever he shows it is laughed at for his effeminacy.

1791. Starts a *Cotton Spinning* factory.

1792. Has been raising Silk Worms, in Connecticut; and now gives his minister (not his wife) a home-made silk gown. Buys a *Carpet*, for the *middle* of the parlor floor.

1793. Invents the *Cotton Gin*—and thereby trebles the value of Southern plantations.

1795-1800. Wears *Pantaloons* occasionally, but not when in full dress. Begins to use *Plates* on the breakfast and tea table.

1802. Has the boys and girls *vaccinated*.

1806. Tries to burn a piece of *Hard Coal* from Philadelphia; a failure.

1807. Sees a boat go by *Steam*, on the Hudson.

1815. Holds a little *Convention* at Hartford, but doesn't propose to dissolve the Union. Buys one of Terry's patent "Shelf Clocks," for $36.00, and regulates his watch by it.

1817. Sets up a Stove in the Meeting-house, and builds a fire in it on Sunday; an innovation which is stoutly resisted by many.

1817. Begins to run a *Steam-boat* on Long Island Sound—and takes passage on it to New-York, after making his will.

1819. Grown bolder, he crosses the Atlantic in a steam-ship.

1822. Lights *Gas* in Boston, (but doesn't light *Boston* with gas till 18[illegible].) At last learns how to make *Hard Coal* burn, and sets a grate in his parlor. Buys a *Steel Pen*, (one of Gillott's' sold at $33 per gross.) Has his every-day Shirts made without *Ruffles*.

1825. About this time puts a *Percussion Lock* on his old musket.

1826. Buys his wife a pair of queer-shaped *India Rubber* overshoes. Puts on his first False Collar. Tries an "Experimental" railroad, by horse-power.

1828. Tastes his first *Tomato*—doubtingly. Is told that it is unfashionable to feed himself with his knife—and buys *Silver Forks*, for great occasions.

1833. Buys his first *Friction Match*—then called a "Lucifer," and afterward "Loco-Foco." Throws away the old Tinder Box, with its flint and steel.

1835. Invents the *Revolver*, and sets about supplying the world with it, as a peace-maker. Tries a *Gold Pen*, but cannot find a good a good one yet—nor till 1844. Builds a real *Railroad*, and rides on it.

1837. Gets in a panic—and out again, after free use of "shin-plasters."

1838. Adopts the new fashion of putting his letters in *Envelopes*, (a fashion which does not fairly prevail till seven years later.)

1840. Sits for his *Daguerreotype*, and gets a picture fearfully and wonderfully made. Begins to blow himself up with "Camphene" and "Burning Fluid;" and continues the process for years, with changes of name of the active agent, down to and including "Non-Explosive Kerosene."

1844. Sends his first message by the *Electric Telegraph*.

1847. Buys his wife a *Sewing Machine*—in the vain hope that somehow it will keep the buttons on his shirts. Begins to receive advices from the "Spirit World."

1855. Begins to bore and be bored by the Hoosac Tunnel.

1858. Celebrates the laying of the *Ocean Cable*, and sends a friendly message to John Bull. Next week begins to doubt whether the cable has been laid at all.

1861. Goes South to help compose a family quarrel. Takes to using Paper Money.

1861–5. Climbs the Hill Difficulty—relieved of his pack after Jan. 1, 1864; but loses Great-Heart April 14, 1865.

1865. Gets the Atlantic Cable in working order at last, in season to send word to his British cousins (who have been waiting for an invitation to his funeral) that he "lives yet."

1865-75. Is reconstructing and *talking about* Resumption. Sends his boys to the Museum to see an old-fashioned Silver Dollar.

1875. Goes to Bunker Hill to pay honor to the illustrious men who commanded Gen. Putnam. Thinks he won't inflate—and helps strangle a Western rag-baby. Gets ready to celebrate his second golden wedding by a grand family reunion next year in Philadelphia.

CENTENNIAL POP-CORN.

The Philadelphia *Record* has this paragraph: "One of the latest items of Centennial receipts, as published by the Board of Finance, is 'concession to pop-corn, $3,000.' This in its way is as remarkable as the concession to lager at $50,000, and to catalogues at $100,000. Considering the cheapness of the delicacy, think how many tons of pop-corn must be sold at the fair in order to justify the merchants in paying $3,000 for the privilege of selling it! But they know well on whom they count, and that the consumption of pop-corn among the American visitors to the fair will be enormous. What, then, shall be the price of the concession to chewing gum? Above all, if $3,000 is paid for pop-corn privilges, what vast sum shall be demanded for the exclusive right to sell pea-nuts?"

A METEOR.

The Erie (Penn.) *Dispatch* says: "About 11 o'clock Wednesday night a brilliant meteor, apparently the size of a bushel basket, fell into the lake north of the peninsula. It seemed to be enveloped in a thin misty vapor. An Irishman who saw it said he thought it was the moon falling. Possibly he imagined Luna had got a little too 'full,' and lost her proper balance. In descending it emitted a rushing or hissing sound."

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

ANOTHER GROUP AMERICANIZED.

THE FOUR KINGDOMS AND THEIR POSSIBLE FUTURE QUEEN—THEIR LOCATION, RESOURCES, AND POPULATION—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE NATIVES.

From the San Francisco Chronicle, Dec. 20.

The marriage of the United States Consul at Tahiti to a native Princess has a significance well worthy of investigating. That it will result, among other things, in thoroughly Americanizing the group of islands known as the Four Kingdoms or Lower Society Islands, there can scarcely be a doubt. The fact that Consul Atwater has made three trips to the group during the past Summer means something, and the further fact that his wife, the charming and accomplished Princess Moetia, has leased Scilly Island, a dependency of Borabora, the latter one of the Four Kingdoms, confirms the belief that a move has been made to bring the islands under American influence. Mr. Atwater is a very energetic and intelligent young man, exceedingly popular with the natives, and now that he is united in marriage with the daughter of a chiefess with royal blood in her veins, his power will be still greater with the inhabitants. The chiefs on the island of Borabora are related to Mrs. Atwater on her mother's side, and, indeed, the chiefs on all the islands of the group consider that they hold an allegiance to Mrs. Atwater's mother. This prominent chiefess was the mediator between Queen Pomare and the French, when the latter conquered the island of Tahiti. Queen Pomare had taken refuge in the Four Kingdoms, and would not return to Tahiti, as she claimed, until the French vacated the island. But the French, intending to do no such thing, constructed forts at Papeete and other points, and have held possession of the island ever since, as they have of the adjacent island of Morea. The Vahine Aru (Moetia's mother,) seeing the condition of things, acted as mediator in reconciling the conquerors and conquered, so Pomare returned to Tahiti, where she still lived at latest accounts, a venerable specimen of the royal barbarian.

THE FRENCH ATTACK.

After the French had conquered the island of Tahiti, a victory won by the treason of a lower South Sea Islander, they made an attack on the Four Kingdoms, determining to reduce them to submission. The Franco-Tahitian war lasted four years, and the last native stronghold yielded through the act of a native traitor, who guided the French through a forest trail, where they got in rear of the native warriors. The natives, in their stronghold, finding that their enemies were in front and rear of them, were compelled to surrender, after a long, heroic struggle to preserve the independence of their native island. If the Tahitians, with their want of military knowledge and their barbarous and almost worthless weapons of war, as compared with the French, fought bravely, unfortunately for them they only fought to be conquered. The natives of the Four Kingdoms were more fortunate; they were conquerors. The French attacked the Island of Huebine with a force of some four hundred men and a splendid man-of-war. The vessel steamed into the principal port of the island, and her commander found no trouble in flying the French flag over the principal native village. He thought from this he would have little or no trouble in subduing the island; but he was mistaken. A Scotchman living on the island held a conference with the chiefs, when the council of war resolved upon a ruse to get the French into a trap, which was entirely successful. Orders were issued by the chiefs for the natives to flee to the mountains, and by canoes reach the other islands of the Four Kingdoms as best they could. A native, who pretended to act as a spy against his countrymen, came into the French camp and informed the officers of the orders given to the natives. The French, wishing to capture some of the chiefs, sent a strong force to intercept them in a defile, where it was thought they would cross in attempting to make their escape from the island. The French force, reaching the defile, were met by a volley of muskets, and a roar of cannon which sent consternation to their ranks. The natives had a couple of old howitzers which the Scotchman turned upon the invaders with merciless effect. According to native chronicles over fifty Frenchmen were killed, and many wounded in the onslaught, but no natives were killed, and only six wounded. The French, unable to form in line for defense or attack, fell back from the ravine toward the principal native village. When the commander heard of the disaster he was of course mortified. The natives, after their victory, pretended to be preparing for another move on the enemy, and appeared in the distance in great numbers, as if to overawe the French troops. But this was another ruse, for in the night they all fled to the mountains, allowing the invaders to enjoy the barren victory of flying their flag over a deserted village. The French waited nearly one day, thinking they would be again attacked, but as no natives appeared the man-of-war steamed back to Tahiti, to bury the dead and care for the wounded. She promised to return with a stronger force to conquer the island, but never anchored there again. The only historian who keeps a record of the war in English is an old Irishman, who guards his manuscript as sacredly as if it was an authentic account of the war between Satan and the angels in heaven. He fought as a high private on the native side, and is very proud of his war record. His manuscript he shows to travelers, and never forgets to mention that it is the only true history of "the war for independence against the French invaders."

ANGLO-FRENCH TREATY—THE AMERICANS.

As there were English missionaries in the Four Kingdoms who feared French supremacy, they informed their Government of what had transpired and asked for protection. The result was a treaty between England and France, by which the independence of the islands was mutually recognized and further attacks prohibited. The stipulations of the treaty have been honorably complied with, though the French regret having entered into it. Owning as possessions the Marquesas group, the Pomotu group of over one hundred islands, and the Islands of Tahiti and Morea, they are still ambitious to possess the Four Kingdoms, which would place in their power all the islands comprising the Society group, thus making them masters of the three finest groups in the South Seas. They hold what they call a "protectorate" over Tahiti and Morea, of which Pomare is Queen, but Queen only in name, for the French hold a rod of iron over her and over the natives. But it is not at all likely that they will ever possess the Four Kingdoms. As already stated, there is every probability that these islands will come under American influence. After 1846, when the French took possession of Tahiti, quiet reigned in the Four Kingdoms, until an ambitious American named Jordan got up what he called "the American Party," the avowed purpose of which was to annex the islands to the United States. Being married to a native woman of rank, he was able to gather a small force about him. The majority of the natives, however, mistrusted him. Although during the French invasion they had asked for American protection, they believed Jordan was not the man to carry out their desires. Hence they opposed his scheme. Both sides armed and a fight followed. Jordan was defeated, and it was only through the fidelity of his native wife that he escaped with his life. She actually swam out to sea in the darkness of the night, with her husband on her back, and entering her canoe with him they both arrived in safety on the Island of Huehine. The victorious party on the Island of Rie tea, where Jordan lived, burned his house and destroyed some of his property. The defeated white chieftain afterward laid his complaints for damages before the American Consul at Tahiti in those days, but an investigation of the facts proved that he was only too justly treated by the natives. All the white men now living on the islands agree that the conduct of Jordan was unwise in the extreme. Now comes the question. Will the Princess Moetia rule as Queen of the Four Kingdoms, and will her gallant husband act as Prince Consort? As Americans we are proud of the diplomacy which placed Premier Steinberger on the Samoan throne, for it brings a large group of valuable islands under the virtual dominion of the United States. Can we not be equally proud of the diplomacy which will, de facto, place Premier Atwater on the throne of the Four Kingdoms? Let Consul Atwater say the word only and the act is accomplished. His wife is beloved by the natives; she is a Princess of the royal blood, is young and wealthy, and evidently ambitious. That she can be Queen of the Four Kingdoms there is not a shadow of a doubt, and can take peaceable possession when she will. There was a rumor that the marriage last year of his Royal Highness Aruane to the Princess Marau would be followed by placing his Royal Highness on the throne of the Kingdoms mentioned, but as that marriage was the result of French intrigue the natives would not listen to accepting Aruane as King, because they have a deadly hatred against the French. No such hatreds exist on account of the late marriage of the Princess Moetia, who, by the way, is a sister, the elder sister, of the Princess Marau. On the contrary, Mrs. Atwater has everything in her favor. Her mother is as high a chiefess as Queen Pomare; one of her sisters, Mrs. Brander, is the wife of the wealthiest merchant in the South Seas; another of her sisters, Marau, as just stated, is married to a royal Prince, the eldest son of Queen Pomare and the heir apparent to the Tahitian throne. Besides this she has three brothers, all chiefs of highest rank. These are Tati, Paea, and Narii. They are highly educated, and speak English and French fluently. Finer specimens of men it would be difficult to meet. They are wealthy, too, and as generous as South Sea chiefs only can be. With all these influences at her command, it can be seen that Mrs. Atwater is a woman who wields great power. As she has always sided with the Americans in preference to the English or French, she would be only too happy in extending American influence by ruling over the islands mentioned. Strange to say, her brothers sympathize, respectively, with the predominant nationalities on the Island of Tahiti. Tati, the elder brother, takes kindly to the French, from a matter of necessity, perhaps; Paea has decidedly English sympathies, and Narii, the youngest, worships the American Eagle.

THE ISLANDS OF THE KINGDOMS.

The four principal islands known as the Four Kingdoms are Huehine, Rieatea, Tahaa, and Borabora, the latter having as a dependency Scilly Island, valuable for its pearl fisheries, and now the property of Mrs. Atwater. There are a few smaller islands also. The group is about one hundred and twenty miles south of Tahiti, and about 19° south of the equator. Huehine is governed by a Queen who has American blood in her veins. Her mother fell in love with a sea Captain, a Yankee rover from New-Bedford. Rieatea is governed by a King, and Tahaa by a Prime Minister, of royal claret, who nominally holds allegiance to the King of Rieatea. Borabora is now under a Regency. The Queen having died last year, left as heir to the throne a little daughter only three years of age. The Salic law, known to so many civilized Governments, has no force or effect in the Kingdoms of the South Seas, where women play so conspicuous a part as rulers, and where she alone, in tradition and law, is recognized as the being who really knows the father of her children. With regard to the various Governments of the Four Kingdoms, they have long desired to unite in one strong Government, but with each island free to enact local laws to suit itself. The principle in the civilized man which seeks for strength and unity is as strong in the barbarian. Those Society Islanders are simply desirous of a Federal compact, the members of which could have rights reserved to the States (islands) composing it. If they were united these islands would form a very valuable little kingdom. They are the finest cocoanut-bearing islands in the South Pacific, and produce splendid cotton, which grows wild. Coffee and all tropical products grow splendidly there. The precious woods are abundant, and of course valuable. The islands are most beautiful, being green all the year round. They are surrounded by coral reefs of marvelous picturesqueness, and these form in many places cosy harbors, which give shelter and security to vessels at all seasons. The Society group is not within the electrical current which produces such disasters on the Fiji Islands. The climate is healthy, the sea winds always acting like a fan. Indeed, the only drawback that keeps the Four Kingdoms from being the most perfect paradise on this earth is the fefe, or elephantiasis, a disease which scourges the whites and natives alike. It is stated as a fact, however, that men who live in European fashion, or nearly so, are never afflicted. It is also a fact that horses, pigs, and dogs catch the fefe. A cure for it has never been discovered, and no one has been able to tell the cause which produces it. White men slightly afflicted with this hideous disease sometimes make a trip to cold climates, where they become cured—at least to such an extent that they may not have another attack of it in years.

NATIVE INHABITANTS AND THE WHITES.

There are probably about twenty thousand natives on all the islands making up the Four Kingdoms. They are a good-natured, hospitable people, and receive foreigners very courteously. There are from forty to fifty white men, most of whom are old sailors, who, tired of life as Jack Tars, have settled quietly down as landlubbers. They carry with them their characteristic improvidence, but they are kind and generous to a fault. To look after the spiritual wants of the natives and whites there is only one missionary, an English Wesleyan, who lives on the island of Rieatea. He is a fat, sleek, healthy looking shepherd, discounting in pious demeanor any of the shepherds even on the Sandwich Islands. This good man receives "calls" from the other islands whenever his services are needed. Occasionally Jesuit missionaries visit the group from Tahiti, but as the natives are nominally Protestants the Jesuit fathers do not accomplish much. The South Sea Islanders generally wear their religion, when they profess any, as they wear their clothes—very lightly. They have no objection to profess it, but in the practice they are fearfully weak.

A DARKEY'S DOUBLE.

A CHANCE MEETING OF A KENTUCKIAN WHO HAD A "FEASIBLE" MEMORY.

From the Virginia City Enterprise.

The boot-black at the corner-stand on C street was looking for a customer. He was as black as the ace of spades, and as he carelessly dusted off his stand with the stump of a corn brush he occasionally paused and rolled his eyes hungrily up and down the street.

Presently a tall, raw-boned, middle-aged man, with a considerable length of goatee and not a little breadth of hat rim, stopped and glanced at the stand with some show of interest.

"Have a shine, boss?" said the owner of the stand, giving his chair a parting slap with his brush. "Shine' em up in half minit, sah. You'll jist have time to glance over de morning papers."

Without deigning an answer the lank chap climbed into the seat before him.

"Whar yer a-rollin' them pants to?" was his first remark after the proprietor of the stand began to operate.

"All right now, boss. We musn't muss 'em, you see. It's all feasible now, sah."

"Wall, perceed to business."

"I's a-movin', boss; I's a-movin', sah!"

"Wall, see that you keep a-movin'."

"De people of de Souf," said the bootblack, cocking a cunning eye upon his customer, "de people of de *Souf* [another look of the eye] most allus gives us pore cullud boys any little feasible jobs dey's got."

"You think I'm from the South?"

"I's from de Souf myself, sah."

"Likely."

"I's from de Souf, sah—from ole Kaintuck, sah."

"Indeed!"

"Sartin, boss. I's from Lex'nton, Kaintuck, sah," scraping away with an old case-knife at the mud on the soles of his customer's boots.

"I'm from Kentucky myself, and from Lexington," said the man, beginning to look interested. "So you're from Lexington, eh?"

"Jes so, boss. Practically I was born dar, sah."

"Like you, I was born thar."

"Nice old town, boss."

"Very."

"I golly, boss, ef I didn't think from de fust dat I saw in you de rale ole Kaintucky gentleman. You've got a good deal of de cut of some o' dem law and mid'cine students dat used to be about de ole Transylvany 'Varsity; but you's aged a little, boss—aged a le-etle grain more dan was de boys in dem days."

"I've often seen the old university."

"It was a fine ole town, too. De main street was more dan a mild long; dar war beautiful trees 'long de streets, and de orphan 'sylum, an' de baggin factorys, de wire works, an' de—"

"The lunatic asylum."

"Yes, boss; shure 'nuff, dar was de lunatic 'sylum."

"And the river."

"An' de ribber; I golly, dat fust big bend in Town Fork of de Elkhorn, up 'bove de city—practically dat was a mighty feasible proposition for catfish."

"Amazin'."

"I say, boss, practically, you never happened to know a cullud boy named Columbus Parsons, as lived out on the road to'ards whar ole Harry Clay was borned—out to'ards Ashland—did yer, sah?"

"I knowed a colored boy named Columbus Parsons that rode ole Woodpecker against Ploughboy down at the Blue Grass course and won the puss."

"Do Lord love us! Was you dar? De great hoxey! Practically, I am dat same Columbus Parsons what rode old Woodpecker an won de puss down dar to Blue Grass!"

"The Columbus Parsons I knowed used to be a great fiddler; played for all the balls and parties for miles around."

"Dat was me, sah. I was de boy. Now you's a beginnin' to know me!"

"The Columbus Parsons I used to know was a great singer—was lightnin' at all the nigger campmeetin's."

"Dat was me, boss. I'm identically and practically dat same Columbus Parsons! You's got de most feasible mem'ry dat I ever saw, sah."

"The Columbus Parsons I knowed went down to Frankfort and ran on the river as steward of the Bell Wagner."

"Yah, yah; you knows me—you knows me, boss! You knows me like a brudder, sah! In dem days didn't I put on de apparel? Wasn't I attired? Practically, sah, you's got de most feasible mem'ry dat I ever saw!"

"The Columbus Parsons that I knowed, the Columbus Parsons that rode ole Woodpecker, the Columbus Parsons that used to sing at camp-meetin's, the Columbus Parsons that was steward on the Bell Wagner, that Columbus Parsons busted open the trunk of a passenger, stole a thousand dollars, and was sent to the State Prison at Frankfort for five years."

"Practically, boss, you's got a powerful feasible memory, but dare was anoder Columbus Parsons down dare 'bout Lexin'ton and Frankfort—particularly South Frankfort, 'cross de chain bridge—dat was a hoss-rider, a fiddler, a singer, and a steamboater, an' he was a low-flung, harum-scarem, no-account feller; I guess he mout a bin de Columbus Parsons what you knowed, sah."

"You think so?"

"Sartin, sure, boss; but don't say nuffin 'bout de feller heah, sah. You see, practically, it mout injure my good name, sah."

RAILROADS IN OHIO.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* prints an abstract of the report of the Railroad Commissioner of Ohio, showing that there are within the State 4,458 miles of track, in main lines and branches, which is a slight increase over last year. The passenger traffic shows an increase of 1,706,654 over last year. The total number carried was over seven times the entire population of Ohio. The freight traffic increased only 145,725 tons. The gross earnings were, in round numbers, $65,000,000, against $71,000,000 last year, being a decrease of $6,000,000. This shows the effect of low rates which have prevailed on all through business, and notwithstanding a sweeping reduction in expenses, the net earnings fell off $2,272,482. Passenger earnings were nearly as large as last year, the great falling off being in the compensation for carrying freight. The total liabilities of all the roads, including stock and debt, is $568,238,757. Upon this the net earnings have been only three per cent.—not sufficient to pay the interest on the debt. In the aggregate, therefore, the money invested in the capital stock of Ohio railroads has been unproductive, but some of the companies were able to pay dividends, and over six millions were paid on preferred and common stock.

A MINNESOTA WOLF STORY.

Mr. Oliver Siers, a young man who lives about five miles south of Rochester, Minn., says the *Post*, of that place, had a thrilling adventure Sunday night, Dec. 26. He was going home rather late in the night, and in walking along a track through some timber he met a big wolf in the path, which, instead of running, stopped in front of him and showed fight. The wolf snarled and barked and was quickly reinforced by others, till Mr. Siers was surrounded. He didn't like the surprise party who had so unceremoniously invited themselves a bit, and, having a revolver about him, he fired into his guests and hit a big fellow, who yelped and fell dead. That broke up the party. He could not see another wolf, but could hear them scattering through the brush. He then went on toward home, and a few feet further along he was met by a couple more of the beasts, and had the good luck to shoot another of them. He was then within a few rods of his home, which he reached without being further molested.

CHURCHES AND MINISTERS

HOME AND FOREIGN EVENTS.

Miss Fannie Townsley is conducting successful revivals in Vermont.

Rev. Henry M. Sanders has accepted a call to the Warburton Avenue Baptist Church of Yonkers.

Rev. Dr. Scudder, of Brooklyn, will receive ninety persons to membership in his church to-day.

Iapi Oaye is the name of a religious monthly published for the Dakotas. The title means "Word Carrier."

Rev. Dr. Crooks is writing the life of Rev. Dr. John McClintock, first President of Drew Theological Seminary.

Since the Acapulco massacre, less than a year ago, there have been 500 converts to Protestant Christianity in Mexico.

Bishop Haven will preside at the meeting of the Louisiana Methodist Episcopal Conference at New-Orleans Jan. 5.

The Methodist Missionary Secretaries, Drs. Reid and Dashiell, have started on a tour among the conferences in the South.

By order of their General Conference, the Seventh-day Adventists observed Jan. 1 as a "day of humiliation, fasting and prayer."

Rev. R. C. Palmer has been expelled from the Genesee Baptist Ministerial Union on account of his liberal views on communion.

The receipts of the Baptist Missionary Union for the first eight months of its financial year were $52,348—a decrease from the same period last year of $870.

Rev. W. B. Cullis, of Philadelphia, is holding revival services in Liverpool and London, and is attracting much attention by his preaching and singing.

The Baptist missionaries among the Poles and Germans of Russia have had great success the past year. In Neudorf they have baptised 221, and in Torpolse 92.

The Bishop of Bristol, England, opposes intercommunion with the Greek Church on the ground that the teachings and doctrines of the latter are erroneous.

At St. Paul's Reformed Episcopal Church, Chicago, eight clergymen of different denominations assisted Rev. Dr. Fallows in administering communion on Christmas Day.

Rev. John Sunday, a chief among the Ojibways, at Alnwick, Canada, and for forty years a Methodist Evangelist among the Indians, died recently at the age of eighty.

The Advent Christian Association held a meeting at Worcester, Mass., recently and revised its constitution, and changed its title to the "Second Advent Christian Association."

Rev. Dr. Matson Meier-Smith, Rector of St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, Hartford, has been elected Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology in the Philadelphia Divinity School.

Ten years ago the Baptists had but two churches, 500 members, and 400 Sunday-school scholars in Toronto, Canada. They have now six churches, 1,700 members, and 1,500 scholars in the Sunday-schools.

Rev. E. P. Powell, of Chicago, (Unitarian,) opposes the revival system because it is rapid and unsatisfactory, hurries persons into church as sheep into a fold, upsets faith in regular work, and is underlaid by a brutal theology.

The authorities of Switzerland have prohibited services by Ultramontane Priests before congregations, either at their homes or in the churches, until they have declared, in writing, their intention to obey the laws of the State.

The late Mr. Winn, of Woburn, Mass., left $100,000 to be used for the promotion of Unitarian Christianity. The Trustees, Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody and Rev. Edward Everett Hale, have not yet decided how the money shall be applied to meet the wishes of the testator.

The first case under the English Public Worship Regulation act will be tried before Lord Penzance, Jan. 4. Rev. C. J. Ridsdale, the defendant, is charged with using lighted candles on the communion table, adopting the eastward position, and wearing illegal vestments.

The latest missionary statistics reported give the following totals of members: Africa, including Madagascar, 130,000; Europe, including Scandinavia and Germany, 53,500; Asia, 120,000; Polynesia, 70,000; America, North and South, 21,500; West Indies, 165,000; total, 500,000.

The Methodists of Utah have issued a new weekly paper called the *Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate*. It is edited and published by Rev. G. M. Pierce at Salt Lake City. It reports Sunday services in Salt Lake City in one Congregational, one Presbyterian, one Protestant Episcopal, and three Methodist churches and preaching places.

Nearly $400,000 is spent yearly on missionary work in Africa. Of this sum over three hundred thousand dollars is expended by European societies, the remainder is supplied from America. The Church Missionary Society, (English,) has 15,000 children in its schools in Africa, and the Wesleyan 17,000. An effort is now being made to open Central Africa, where there are, it is estimated 15,000,000 who have never heard the Gospel.

Rev. S. Miller Hagerman, who was refused admission to the Brooklyn Presbytery, and formed an independent church at Apollo Hall, Brooklyn, E. D., announces that he will preach his farewell sermon to-day. His congregation has met for some time in Smith's Hall. Many of those who followed him from the South Fourth Street Presbyterian Church, whose pulpit he filled a short time, have, it is said, returned to the church.

The organ of the Shakers called the *Shaker and Shakeress* has passed from the editorial control of Elder Evans, and changed its title to *The Shaker*. The new editor, Mr. Lomas, says: "Though returning to its original title, it would be understood to amplify rather than detract dual principles, in all things which the name *Shaker and Shakeress* could imply." The Shakers are looking for a great season of revivals, and are preparing to profit by them.

It is mentioned as a sign of growing liberality among evangelical denominations that Dr. Hill, Unitarian, of Portland, Me., recently exchanged pulpits with a Methodist, and a Congregational church; that the Congregational church of Sheboygan, Wis., has discarded its creed and elected two Unitarians on its Board of Trustees; that Rev. Mr. Lyon, Unitarian, of Ellsworth, Me., exchanged pulpits with a Methodist minister lately; and that President Porter, of Yale College, has preached in a Unitarian church in Boston.

A Salt Lake correspondent writes that "the Mormons insist that all laws placing a restraint on the practice of polygamy are unconstitutional. They found this theory upon an article in the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, guaranteeing to all inhabitants of territory thereby acquired from Mexico the free exercise of their religion. The Mormons were here at the time of that treaty, and this clause therefore clearly embraces their case. They are so confident of the correctness of their assumption that they are sincerely desirous of bringing a test case before the Supreme Court of the United States."

Bishop Cummins writes an interesting account of services conducted by himself at Nazareth Church, Pineopolis, S. C. Three congregations (colored) assembled in the church, which is an old building with "five windows on each side, entirely without glass or even sash." The day was a very cold one for that latitude, the thermometer being at 27°. "Yet the seats (without backs, too,) were filled by a great company, who seemed utterly unmindful of the discomforts in their eagerness to hear the word of God. As for myself," says the Bishop, "wrapped in a heavy overcoat, with the gown above it, I was quite comfortable."

Rev. W. McCune, a Presbyterian minister, has formed a congregation in the suburbs of Cincinnati, called "The Union Christian Church." It holds connection with a number of churches claiming to be "an undenominational organization," and advocating the union of all Christians on a platform made from the Bible. Rev. Dr. Morris, Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, preached the installation sermon, in which he said: "It may be that the best contribution which we, in this preparatory age, can make to the grand millennial unity that is surely coming, will be found in such fellowship as this; in the dropping off of differences, wherever we find it practicable; in the exaltation of every discovered point of union; in the cordial clasping of hands, church joining with church, and sect with sect, wherever and as often as our Christian judgment and conscience will permit." Dr. Morris is being sharply criticised in some quarters for taking part in a movement looking to "the disintegration of the Presbyterian Church."

The *Jewish Messenger* opposes the celebration of Christmas by Israelites. It says: "Without saying a word in disparagement of a festival that has such holy and sweet recollections for Christians, and a ceremony that is innocent in itself, and gives great pleasure to young and old, we simply ask, is it consistent for would-be liberal Jews, who have pews in a temple and family plots in a Jewish cemetery, who fall in a rage when they notice the Jews aspersed in the press—and who probably object to their daughters and sons visiting frequently among Christians—to neglect Jewish festivals and ceremonies having a biblical origin, and indulge in Christmas, that is distinctively anti-Jewish? To remember the exodus from Egypt by eating unleavened bread, is barbarous of course; but they will keep a day whose origin is problematical, just because Christians keep it. To celebrate the giving of the law by a display of flowers in home and synagogue, is antiquated; but these Jews will walk Fifth avenue on Easter Sunday with violets in their coat lappel, because it is the fashion among young Christians so to act. Chanuca lights are to be tabooed, but Christmas trees are fully in order."

FINANCIAL.

THE MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY,

EQUITABLE BUILDING, 120 BROADWAY, N. Y.

CAPITAL, $2,000,000.

THIS COMPANY PAYS SEVEN PER CENT. INTEREST.

IT SECURES EVERY INVESTMENT BY A FIRST MORTGAGE ON IMPROVED REAL ESTATE.

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FIRST-CLASS INVESTMENT BONDS.

BROOKLYN CITY 7S, DUE IN 1904.
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FOR SALE BY

DANIEL A. MORAN,

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NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF CONSOL. STATE BONDS.

STATE OF LOUISIANA,
AUDITOR'S OFFICE,
NEW-ORLEANS,
DEC. 9, 1875.

Notice is hereby given that in conformity with a resolution, adopted by the Board of Liquidation, the Interest Coupons, on New Consol Bonds, maturing on the 1st of January, prox., will be paid, without rebate, at the Louisiana National Bank in this City, and at the banking-house of Messrs. Winslow, Lanier & Co., in New-York, on and after the 15th of December, inst.
CHARLES CLINTON, Auditor.

7, 8, AND 10 PER CENT.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS CITY AND COUNTY BONDS, RAILROAD BONDS, AND OTHER CHOICE SECURITIES, PAYING 10 TO 12 PER CENT. INTEREST ALWAYS PROMPTLY PAID. THESE BONDS ARE SECURED BY A FIRST LIEN, AND ARE CONSIDERED THE SAFEST AND MOST RELIABLE SECURITIES FOR PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS. FOR SALE ON FAVORABLE TERMS BY
ALBERT H. NICOLAY & CO.,
NO. 43 PINE ST., NEW-YORK.
N. B.—Investment securities our specialty 24 years.

HATCH & FOOTE,

BANKERS,

No. 12 Wall st., New-York,

OFFER FOR SALE FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS OF THE BOSTON AND NEW-YORK AIR LINE RAILROAD COMPANY.

Road completed and in operation. Total mortgage, $500,000, *being only $10,000 per mile.*

SAFE, SECURE INVESTMENT.
SEVEN PER CENT. BONDS OF JERSEY CITY,
(Coupon or registered.)
PAYABLE IN THIRTY YEARS.
For sale by
C. ZABRISKIE,
No. 125 Washington st.,
(Fleming's Building.) Jersey City.

ILLINOIS REGISTERED

10 PER CENT. BONDS

FOR SALE BY

PERKINS, LIVINGSTON, POST & CO.

KOUNTZE BROTHERS, Bankers, 12 Wall St., New York, allow interest on deposits, draw Bills on London & Paris; also issue Letters of Credit available in the principal cities abroad. Investment Securities for sale.

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY COMPANY, No. 68 WILLIAM ST., NEW-YORK, Dec. 30, 1875.
TO THE HOLDERS OF THE LA CROSSE and Milwaukee Railroad Company, Eastern Division, eight per cent. Extended Bonds: Notice is hereby given, in pursuance of the terms of the extension, that the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company will take up said bonds, at par and accrued interest, on their presentation at the office of said company, No. 68 William st., in the City of New-York, on or after the 3d day of January next; and that interest on said bonds will cease on May 1, 1876.
JULIUS WADSWORTH, Vice President.

SENT FREE. EXPLANATORY CIRCULAR how $10 TO $500 invested in Stock Privileges has paid and will Pay Large Profits. Railroad Stocks, Bonds and Gold bought on Margins. Interest Six Per Cent. allowed on deposits subject to sight drafts. $10 TO $500.
Buckwalter & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 10 Wall st., New-York. P. O. Box 4,317.

THE FUNDED BONDS OF THE WEST Wisconsin Railway Company are now ready and being delivered by the New-York Guaranty and Indemnity Company, No. 52 Broadway. Bondholders will please send in their coupons and receive bonds for the same. For further particulars in relation to the plan of funding, please communicate with the office of the railway company, No. 84 Broadway.
F. E. TROWBRIDGE, Secretary.

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE season, SAMUEL E. MACLEAN, Banker and Dealer in Investment Securities, Commercial Bills, Exchanges, &c., No. 90 Broadway, corner Wall st., New-York.

AT REASONABLE RATES.—MONEY ON LIFE and Endowment Insurance Policies, Mortgages, and other securities; insurance of all kinds effected with best companies. J. J. HABRICH & CO., No. 117 Broadway.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
NO. 59 WALL ST.,
ISSUE COMMERCIAL and TRAVELERS' CREDITS AVAILABLE in all PARTS of the WORLD.

ELECTIONS.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 6, 1875.
ELECTION.—AN ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS will be held at the office of this bank on TUESDAY, Jan. 11, from 12 M. to 1 o'clock P. M.
E. WILLSON, Cashier.

MARKET NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 21, 1875.
THE ANNUAL ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS of this bank will be held at the banking-house, TUESDAY, Jan. 11, 1876, from 12 M. to 1 P. M.
A. GILBERT.

ELECTIONS.

FOURTH NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 10, 1875.
THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS of this Bank for election of Directors and Inspectors of Election for the ensuing year will be held, at their banking-rooms, on TUESDAY, 11th January, 1876. Polls will open at 12 M. and close at 1 P. M.
ANTHONY LANE, Cashier.

MERCHANTS' NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 6, 1875.
THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKholders of this bank for the election of eleven Directors to serve the ensuing year, will be held at the banking-house, TUESDAY, Jan. 11, 1876. Polls open from 12 M. till 1 P. M. By order of the Board.
C. N. BANTA, Cashier.

MECHANICS' AND TRADERS' NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 17, 1875.
AN ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS OF THIS bank for the ensuing year, and for three inspectors for the next ensuing election, will be held at the banking-house, No. 153 Bowery, on TUESDAY, 11th day of January, 1876. Polls open from 12 M. to 1 P. M.
By order of the board. GEO. W. YOULE, Cashier.

OFFICE OF THE EAGLE FIRE COMPANY, NEW-YORK, Dec. 30, 1875.
THE ANNUAL ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS of this company and for inspectors will be held at the company's office, No. 71 Wall st., on TUESDAY, the 11th January, 1876, commencing at 12 o'clock M., and closing at 1 o'clock P. M.
A. J. CLINTON, Secretary.

THE SECOND NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, 5th av., corner 23d st., NEW-YORK, Dec. 29, 1875.
THE ANNUAL ELECTION OF DIRECTORS of this bank will be held TUESDAY, Jan. 11, 1876, between the hours of 9 and 10 A. M.
O. D. ROBERTS, Cashier.

NATIONAL BROADWAY BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 27, 1875.
ELECTION.—THE ANNUAL ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS of this bank will be held at the banking-house on TUESDAY, Jan. 11 proximo, from 12 M. to 1 o'clock P. M.
J. L. EVERITT, Cashier.

THE CHATHAM NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 9, 1875.
THE ANNUAL ELECTION FOR FIFTEEN Directors of this Bank will be held at the banking house, No. 196 Broadway, on TUESDAY, the 11th day of January next, between the hours of 12 M. and 1 P. M.
G. M. HARD, Cashier.

IMPORTERS' AND TRADERS' NATIONAL BANK OF NEW-YORK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 18, 1875.
THE ANNUAL ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS of this bank will be held at its banking-rooms, corner of Broadway and Murray st., TUESDAY, Jan. 11, 1876. The poll will remain open from 12 M. to 1 P. M.
E. H. PERKINS, JR., Cashier.

MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 8, 1875.
THE ANNUAL ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS of this bank will be held at the banking-house, No. 33 Wall st., on TUESDAY, the 11th of January next, between the hours of 12 M. and 1 o'clock P. M.
WILLIAM H. COX, Cashier.

THE NATIONAL PARK BANK OF NEW-YORK, Dec. 11, 1875.
ELECTION.—AN ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS will be held at the office of this bank, on TUESDAY, Jan. 11, from 12 o'clock M. to 1 o'clock P. M.
J. L. WORTH, Cashier.

GROCERS' BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 27, 1875.
THE ANNUAL ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS of this bank will be held at the banking-house on TUESDAY, Jan. 11, 1876, from 12 M. to 1 P. M.
B. E. WATSON, Cashier.

DIVIDENDS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE undersigned, as Trustees and Receivers of the Columbus, Chicago, and Indiana Central Railway Company, in pursuance of an order of court, will pay on behalf of the said railway company, on presentation at the Gallatin National Bank, New-York City, the following-named interest coupons in arrear on mortgage bonds secured on portions of said company's railroad line, viz.: Coupons due Jan. 1 and July 1, 1875, on ten per cent. bonds of Indiana Central Railway Company; coupons due Feb. 1 and Aug. 1, 1875, on income bonds of Toledo, Logansport and Burlington Railroad Company; coupons due April 1, 1875, on seven per cent. bonds of Union and Logansport Railroad Company; coupons due May 1, 1875, on second mortgage bonds of Columbus and Indianapolis Central Railway Company; coupons due July 1, 1875, on first mortgage bonds of Columbus and Indianapolis Central Railway Company; coupons due July 1, 1875, on preferred first mortgage bonds of Columbus and Indianapolis Railroad Company; coupons due July 1, 1875, on common first mortgage bonds of Columbus and Indianapolis Railroad Company; coupons due July 1, 1875, on second mortgage bonds of Columbus and Indianapolis Railroad Company; coupons due Aug. 1, 1875, on seven per cent. bonds of Toledo, Logansport and Burlington Railroad Company.—NEW-YORK, Dec. 29, 1875.
JAMES A. ROOSEVELT,
WILLIAM R. FOSDICK,
Trustees, &c., and Receivers of Columbus, Chicago and Indiana Central Railway Company.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
THE EXCELSIOR SAVINGS BANK, CORNER 23D ST. AND 6TH AV., JAN. 1, 1876.
First—On sums of $1,000 and under at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum.
Second—On sums exceeding $1,000 and not exceeding $2,000, at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum on $1,000, and at the rate of FIVE PER CENT. per annum for the second $1,000.
Third—This bank confines itself to strictly savings bank business, and does not receive any new deposits from any one person in excess of $2,000.
Deposits made on or before Jan. 10 will draw interest from Jan. 1.
JOHN E. DEWITT, President.
H. K. THURBER, Vice President.
GEORGE C. WALDO, Secretary.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING RAILROAD COMPANY, OFFICE NO. 227 SOUTH 4TH ST., PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 29, 1875.
DIVIDEND NOTICE.
The transfer-books of this company will be closed on the 31st inst., and reopen on Monday, Jan. 17, next. A quarterly dividend of Two and a Half per Cent. has been declared on the preferred and common stock, clear of all taxes, payable in cash on and after the 25th of January next, to the holders thereof as they shall stand registered on the books of the company at the close of business on the 31st inst.
All dividends payable at this office, where blank orders for dividends can be obtained.
S. BRADFORD, Treasurer.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 30, 1875.
COUPONS OF THE FOLLOWING BONDS, maturing Jan. 1, 1876, will be paid on and after Monday, Jan. 3, at the office of Messrs. M. K. Jesup, Paton & Co., No. 52 William st., New-York: Chicago and Alton Railroad First Mortgage; St. Louis, Jacksonville and Chicago Railroad Second Mortgage; Joliet and Chicago Railroad First Mortgage; Dubuque South-western Railroad Preferred First Mortgage; Dubuque and Sioux City Railroad First Mortgage; Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad First Mortgage; Columbia and Augusta Railroad First Mortgage; Atlantic and Gulf Railroad Consolidated Mortgage.

UNITED NEW-JERSEY RAILROAD AND CANAL COMPANY, TRENTON, N. J., Dec. 16, 1875.
DIVIDEND.—THE USUAL QUARTERLY DIVIDEND of Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per share on the capital stock of this company will be paid, on and after the 10th day of January next, at the offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad, No. 57 Broadway, New-York, and No. 233 South 4th st., Philadelphia.
The transfer-books will be closed from 20th day of December until Jan. 3, 1876.
LEROY H. ANDERSON, Treasurer.

OFFICE OF THE UNION MINING COMPANY OF ALLEGHANY COUNTY, MD., No. 71 BROADWAY, ROOM NO. 47, NEW-YORK, Dec. 2, 1875.
THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAS THIS DAY declared a dividend of Five (5) per Cent. on the capital stock of the company, payable at this office on and after 3d January prox.
Transfer book will be closed from 23d to 31st inst., both inclusive.
J. P. HEWITT, Secretary.

WEST WISCONSIN RAILWAY COMPANY, No. 84 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK, July 1, 1875.
THE COUPONS ON THE FUNDED BONDS of the West Wisconsin Railway Company, due on July 1, will be paid in gold at the office of the New-York Guaranty and Indemnity Company, No. 52 Broadway, on and after that date.
R. P. FLOWER, Treasurer.

CEDAR FALLS AND MINNESOTA RAILROAD COMPANY, NEW-YORK, Dec. 28, 1875.
THE COUPONS DUE JAN. 1, 1876, FROM the bonds of the Cedar Falls and Minnesota Railroad Company will be paid on and after Jan. 3 on presentation to J. S. KENNEDY & CO., No. 41 Cedar st., New-York.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE IN NEW-YORK.—DIVIDEND.—A semi-annual dividend of Three and One-half per Cent., (free from taxes,) has been declared upon the capital stock of this bank, payable on and after Jan. 10, 1876.
H. F. VAIL, Cashier.

CANNELTON COAL COMPANY OF WEST VIRGINIA.—The coupons of the bonds of the Cannelton Coal Company due Jan. 1, 1876, will be paid on and after that date at the office of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, New-York.
J. TATNALL LEA, Treasurer.

ELEVENTH WARD BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 21, 1875.
SEVENTEENTH DIVIDEND.—THE DIRECTORS of this bank have this day declared a dividend of Three per Cent., free from tax, payable on and after Jan. 3, 1876.
CHAS. E. BROWN, Cashier.

BOWERY NATIONAL BANK.
NEW-YORK, Dec. 28, 1875.
The Directors of this bank have declared a dividend of Six per Cent., payable on and after Jan. 3, 1876.
R. HAMILTON, Cashier.

CONTINENTAL NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 29, 1875.
A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND OF THREE per Cent., free of all tax, has this day been declared, payable on and after Jan. 5, 1876. Until that date the transfer-books will be closed.
W. J. HARRIS, Acting Cashier.

OFFICE OF THE RIDGEWOOD INSURANCE COMPANY, BROOKLYN, Dec. 30, 1875.
A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND OF SIX PER Cent. is declared, payable Jan. 3, 1876, at the New-York office of this company, No. 170 Broadway.
WM. A. SCOTT, Secretary.

BANK OF NORTH AMERICA, NEW-YORK, Dec. 29, 1875.
THE DIRECTORS OF THIS BANK HAVE this day declared a dividend of Three and One-half per Cent., payable on and after Jan. 3, 1876.
J. A. BEARDSLEY, Cashier.

LONG ISLAND BANK, BROOKLYN, Dec. 29, 1875.
THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAVE THIS day declared a dividend of Five per Cent., free of tax, payable on and after Jan. 3, 1876.
A. J. BEEKMAN, Cashier.

IRVING NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 16, 1875.
A DIVIDEND OF FIVE PER CENT., FREE of tax, has this day been declared, payable Jan. 3, 1876, until which date the transfer-books will remain closed.
J. L. JEWETT, JR., Cashier.

THE SECOND NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, 5th av., corner 23d st., NEW-YORK, Dec. 29, 1875.
TWENTY-FIFTH DIVIDEND.—A SEMI-ANNUAL dividend of Seven per Cent., free of taxes, has been declared by the Directors of this bank, payable on and after Jan. 3, 1876.
O. D. ROBERTS, Cashier.

NATIONAL BROADWAY BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 24, 1875.
FIFTY-SECOND DIVIDEND.
A dividend of $15 per share of the capital stock of this bank will be paid on and after Jan. 3, prox.
J. L. EVERITT, Cashier.

DIVIDENDS.

THE INTEREST AND DIVIDENDS ON the following bonds and stocks are payable at the banking-house of Winslow, Lanier & Co., No. 27 Pine st., on and after Jan. 3, 1875:
Allegheny Valley Railroad 7 3-10 per cent. Bonds.
Allegheny City, Penn., Compromise Bonds.
Cincinnati, Richmond and Chicago Railroad First Mortgage Bonds.
Cincinnati, Hamilton and Indianapolis Railroad First Mortgage Bonds.
Cleveland, Zanesville and Cincinnati Railroad Bonds.
City of Indianapolis, Ind., Bonds, various issues.
City of Richmond, Ind., Bonds.
City of Terre Haute, Ind., Bonds.
City of Wheeling, West Va., Compromise Bonds.
Danville, Ind., School Bonds.
Dayton and Michigan Railroad First Mortgage Bonds.
Indianapolis, Ind., Water-works Co. Gold Bonds.
Indianapolis, Ind., Car Co. Bonds.
Jackson County, Ohio, Bonds.
Louisiana State New Consols, coupons 1 to 4.
Massillon and Cleveland Railroad First Morgage Gold Bonds.
Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago First and Second Mortgage Bonds.
Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Construction Bonds.
Scioto County, Ohio, Bonds, various issues.
St. Johns Railway, Florida, First Mortgage Bonds.
Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Guaranteed Special Stock dividend of 1¾ per cent.
Also,
On 4th inst. usual quarterly dividend of 1¾ per cent. on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Guaranteed Stock.
On 5th inst. semi-annual dividend of 5 per cent. on stock of the Louisiana National Bank of New-Orleans, La.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF NEW-YORK, No. 73 Broadway, corner of Rector st., NEW-YORK, Dec. 31, 1875.
THE FOLLOWING COUPONS, DUE JAN. 1, 1876, are payable at the office of the Union Trust Company of New-York:
Union Pacific Railroad Company First Mortgage.
Erie and Pittsburg Railroad Company.
Sandusky, Mansfield and Newark Railroad Company.
Indianapolis and St. Louis Railroad Company.
Peekskill Water Bonds.
North-western Telegraph Company.
New-York Institute for the Blind.
St. Louis National Stock Yard.
Holliday Coal Company.
Town of Wheatland.
Town of Stephentown.
Town of Eden.
Rochester City.
EDWARD KING, President.
JAMES H. OGILVIE, Secretary.

CORNER OF WALL AND BROAD STS., NEW-YORK, Dec. 27, 1875.
LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD COMPANY
First Mortgage Seven Per Cent. Coupons;
NASHVILLE AND DECATUR RAILROAD COMPANY
First Mortgage Seven Per Cent. Coupons;
SOUTH AND NORTH ALABAMA RAILROAD COMPANY
First Mortgage Eight Per Cent. Gold Coupons,
All due Jan. 1, 1876, will be paid on presentation at our office on and after that date.
DREXEL, MORGAN & CO.

OFFICE OF THE BUFFALO, NEW-YORK, AND PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 18, 1875.
THE JANUARY INTEREST OF THE FIRST mortgage coupon bonds and the second mortgage registered bonds of this company will be paid on and after the 3d proximo at the office of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, No. 26 Exchange place, New-York.
The transfer books of the second mortgage bonds will be closed at 2 o'clock P. M. on the 20th instant, and reopen on the 3d January proximo.
H. L. LYMAN, Treasurer.

ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY, OFFICE OF THE RECEIVERS, ST. LOUIS, Dec. 28, 1875.
THE COUPONS DUE THE 1ST PROX. ON the South Pacific Railroad Company first mortgage bonds, and the second mortgage bonds of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, will be paid, on presentation, on and after Jan. 3, 1876, at the National Bank of Commerce, in the City of New-York.
OLIVER GARRISON,
THOMAS T. BUCKLEY,
JOHN H. BEACH,
Receivers.

OFFICE OF THE EMPORIUM FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, No. 237 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK, Dec. 22, 1875.
THE REGULAR SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND of Five per Cent., has this day been declared by the Board of Directors, payable on and after Jan. 3, 1876.
GEORGE ALGER, President.
HENRY B. MEAD, Secretary.

DIVIDEND.
BANK OF AMERICA, NEW-YORK, Dec. 24, 1875.
The President and Directors of the Bank of America have this day declared a dividend of Five per Cent. for the current six months, payable to the stockholders on and after Monday, Jan. 3, 1876. The transfer-books will remain closed from this date until the morning of Jan. 8, 1876.
ROBERT JAFFRAY, Cashier.

THE HANOVER NATIONAL BANK, OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 21, 1875.
THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAVE THIS day declared a Dividend of Three per Cent., free of taxes, payable on the 3d of January next. The transfer-books will remain closed from this date until the 3d proximo.
GEO. W. PERKINS, Cashier.

THE NATIONAL SHOE AND LEATHER BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 24, 1875.
FORTY-FOURTH DIVIDEND.—THE DIRECTORS of this bank have this day declared a Dividend of Six per Cent., payable, free of tax, on and after Jan. 3, 1876. The transfer-book will be closed from the 27th inst. until the 3d proximo.
J. M. CRANE, Cashier.

MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, Dec. 17, 1875.
THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAVE this day declared a dividend of Four (4) per cent., payable, free of tax, on and after the third day of January next, until which date the transfer books will remain closed.
A. S. APGAR, Cashier.

THE IMPORTERS' AND TRADERS' NATIONAL BANK OF NEW-YORK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 18, 1875.
A DIVIDEND OF SEVEN PER CENT. OUT of the earnings of the last six months, free of all taxes, has this day been declared by this bank, payable on the 1st day of January next. The transfer-books will remain closed from the 20th inst. to the 1st prox.
E. H. PERKINS, JR., Cashier.

OFFICE OF WELLS-FARGO & CO., No. 65 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK, Dec. 11, 1875.
THE REGULAR SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND of FOUR PER CENT. has been declared by the Directors of this company, payable Jan. 15, 1876, at our office as above.
The transfer-books will be closed Jan. 5 at 2 P. M., and reopened Jan. 17.
THEO. F. WOOD, Assistant Secretary.

THE NATIONAL PARK BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 21, 1875.
A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND OF FIVE PER Cent. has this day been declared, payable Jan. 3, 1876. The transfer-books will remain closed until that date.
J. L. WORTH, Cashier.

FOURTH NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 23, 1875.
TWENTY-FOURTH DIVIDEND.—THE DIRECTORS have this day declared a semi-annual dividend of Four per Cent., free of tax, out of earnings of last six months, payable on 3d January next. The transfer-books will close 24th inst. till that date.
ANTHONY LANE, Cashier.

MERCHANTS' NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 23, 1875.
THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAVE THIS day declared a semi-annual dividend of Four per Centum, payable on and after Monday, Jan. 3, 1876.
The transfer-books will be closed from this date to Jan. 3, 1876.
C. V. BANTA, Cashier.

THE BANK OF NEW-YORK, NATIONAL BANKING ASSOCIATION, NEW-YORK, Dec. 24, 1875.
THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAVE THIS day declared a dividend of five per cent., free from tax, payable on and after 3d of January, 1876. The transfer books will be closed until Jan. 5, 1876.
R. B. FERRIS, Cashier.

PHENIX NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 22, 1875.
THE DIRECTORS OF THIS BANK HAVE this day declared a Dividend of Three and One-half per Cent., payable on and after Jan. 3, 1876.
JOHN PARKER, Cashier.

THE CHATHAM NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 22, 1875.
FORTIETH DIVIDEND.—THE DIRECTORS have this day declared a Semi-annual Dividend of Five per Cent., free of tax, payable to the stockholders on and after the 3d day of January next, until which time the transfer-book will be closed.
GEO. M. HARD, Cashier.

NATIONAL BUTCHERS' AND DROVERS' BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 22, 1875.
THE DIRECTORS OF THIS BANK HAVE this day declared a Dividend of Five per Cent., free of tax, payable on and after Jan. 3, 1876. The transfer-books will remain closed until that date.
G. G. BRINCKERHOFF, Cashier.

MARKET NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 21, 1875.
THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAVE THIS day declared a Semi-annual Dividend of Four per Cent., payable to stockholders on and after Jan. 3, 1876. The transfer-books will remain closed until that date.
A. GILBERT, Cashier.

BANK OF THE METROPOLIS, NEW-YORK, Dec. 23, 1875.
A DIVIDEND OF THREE AND A HALF per Cent., free of tax, has this day been declared, payable Jan. 3, 1876.
The transfer-book will be closed from 28th inst. to 3d proximo.
THEO. ROGERS, Cashier.

MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK, NEW-YORK, Dec. 22, 1875.
THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAVE THIS day declared a Dividend of FIVE (5) PER CENT., free of tax, payable on and after the 3d of January next. Transfer-books closed until that date.
WM. H. COX, Cashier.

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA.—THE coupons of the consolidated bonds bought at best market price, or two-thirds cash and one-third interest scrip given by
JOHN B. MANNING, No. 78 Broadway.

NOTICE.
Holders of coupons of bonds of Hyde Park, Cook County, Ill., due 1st January will present same to us for payment. KOUNTZE BROTHERS, No. 12 Wall st.

EAST TENNESSEE AND GEORGIA RAILROAD COUPONS, due 1st JANUARY, 1876 will be paid on and after 2d proximo by
R. T. WILSON & CO., No. 2 Exchange court.

EAST TENNESSEE, VIRGINIA AND GEORGIA RAILROAD COUPONS, due 1st JANUARY, 1876, will be paid on and after 2d proximo by
DEC. 31, 1875. GALLATIN NATIONAL BANK.

SAVINGS BANKS.

CITIZENS' SAVINGS BANK
OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.
NEW-YORK, Dec. 9, 1875.
The Board of Trustees have this day declared the thirty-first interest dividend at the rate of six per cent. per annum, on all sums remaining in bank Jan. 1, for the number of calendar months the same has been on deposit next previous thereto, payable on and after Friday, the 21st of January.
Interest not withdrawn will be credited as an original deposit and entitled to interest from Jan. 1, and will be entered on the depositors' books whenever presented. Deposits made on or before Monday, Jan. 10, will bear interest from Jan. 1.
The bank is open every day for the reception and payment of money from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., and on Mondays and Saturdays from 10 A. M. to 7 P. M. Bank-books in German, English, and French.
E. A. QUINTARD, Pres't, SEYMOUR A. BUNCE, Sec'y.

SAVINGS BANKS.

METROPOLITAN SAVINGS BANK,

NOS. 1 AND 3 3D AV., OPPOSITE COOPER INSTITUTE.

CHARTERED 1852.

45TH SEMI-ANNUAL INTEREST.

The Trustees of this bank have ordered that interest at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum, out of the earning of the past six months, be paid depositors on and after Jan. 19, 1876, on all accounts entitled thereto.

Interest not called for will be added to the account and draw interest from Jan. 1.

Money deposited on or before Jan. 10 will be entitled to interest from the 1st of that month.

STATEMENT, JANUARY 1, 1876.

ASSETS.

U. S. 5-20 bonds	$1,480,000 Value,	$1,749,937 50
N. Y. State bonds, 7s	75,000 Value,	78,000 00
N. Y. C'y & Co. 6s & 7s	1,087,800 Value,	1,156,814 50
Brooklyn, N. Y., bds., 7s	100,000 Value,	109,500 00
Yonkers, N. Y., bds., 7s	50,000 Value,	52,500 00
Kingston, N. Y., bds., 7s	88,000 Value,	90,200 00
N. Y. State t'w'n bs., 7s	116,000 Value,	117,150 00
Bonds and mortgages at seven per cent. on real estate in New-York City and vicinity, worth in all cases double the amount loaned and upward, and, by recent appraisement, valued at $7,085,700		2,503,617 00
Demand loans, secured by United States bonds and other first-class collaterals, as named above		212,800 00
Real estate, Nos. 1 and 3 3d av., (cost $243,364 71)		200,000 00
Other real estate, (cost $19,097 70)		11,650 00
Cash on hand and deposited in banks		578,600 85
Accrued interest		64,283 60
		$6,925,053 45

LIABILITIES.

Due depositors Jan. 1, '76	$6,342,770 04	
Interest to date	179,905 46	
		6,522,675 50
SURPLUS		$402,377 95

ISAAC T. SMITH, President.
A. F. OCKERSHAUSEN, CLARKSON CROLIUS, Vice Presidents.
T. W. LILLIE, Secretary.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

ISAAC T. SMITH, A. F. OCKERSHAUSEN, CLARKSON CROLIUS, GEORGE W. QUINTARD, WALDO HUTCHINS, ALLAN HAY, JOSEPH S. MONELL, M. D., SAMUEL RAYNOR, A. W. PAYNE, SAMUEL T. HILLMAN, CHARLES FOX, FRANCIS B. O'CONNOR, CHARLES L. TIFFANY, ELISHA BROOKS.

DRY DOCK SAVINGS BANK,

341 and 343 Bowery, corner 3d st.

SIX PER CENT. INTEREST

allowed on sums of $2.000 and under, and Five per Cent. on the excess over $2,000.

Deposits made on or before Jan. 10, will draw interest from Jan. 1, 1876.

ANDREW MILLS, President.

Wm. V. Webster, Secretary.

STATEMENT OF THE
HARLEM SAVINGS BANK.
Corner 124th st. and 3d av.,
JAN. 1, 1876.

	Par Value.	M'kt Val.	
Bonds and mortgages on real estate, worth double the amount loaned			$411,350 00
U. S. 5-20s, 1868	$100,000	$119,750	
N. Y. City 7s, 1892	31,500	33,705	
N. Y. City 7s, 1888	25,000	26,500	
N. Y. City 7s, 1887	75,000	79,125	
N. Y. City 7s, 1880	25,000	26,000	
N. Y. City 7s, 1877	1,000	1,000	
N. Y. City 7s, 1876	12,000	12,000	
Morrisania 7s	19,000	19,000	
West Farms 7s	15,500	15,500	
Westchester County	2,000	2,000	
Long Island City	4,000	4,000—	$338,580 00
Loaned on call			4,600 00
Real estate, banking house and lot			48,000 00
Interest due and accrued on stocks and bonds and mortgages			9,717 97
Cash in Park National Bank			125,650 29
Cash in Harlem Bank			16,212 63
Cash in vault			4,777 64
Total			$958,888 53

LIABILITIES.

Due depositors	$882,271 17	
Interest credited Jan. 1, '76	23,372 09—	$905,643 26
Surplus Jan. 1, 1876		$53,245 27

Deposits made on before Jan. 10 draw interest from Jan. 1. THOS. B. TAPPEN, President.
EDWARD A. REID, ADAM HARRMONN, Vice Presidents. JOHN S. KENYON, Secretary.

EAST RIVER SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

No. 3 CHAMBERS ST., NEW-YORK, Dec. 23, 1875.
FIFTY-FIFTH SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND.—Interest at the rate of SIX (6) PER CENT. per annum has been declared, and will be paid on and after the 11th day of January on all sums which have remained on deposit for three or six months previous to the 1st day of January, 1876.
Interest not called for will be credited and draw interest as an original deposit.
Bank open daily from 10 to 3, and on Thursday from 10 to 7. WILLIAM H. SLOCUM, President.
CHAS. A. WHITNEY, Secretary.

IRVING SAVINGS INSTITUTION,
NO. 96 WARREN ST.
NEW-YORK, Dec. 29, 1875.
DIVIDEND NOTICE.
The Trustees have ordered that interest be paid at the rate of Six per Cent. per annum on all sums remaining on deposit during the three or six months, ending Jan. 1, 1876, payable on and after Jan. 17, 1876.
Interest not called for will be added to the principal and draw interest from Jan. 1.
Bank open daily from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.
WALTER W. CONCKLIN, President.
VANDERBILT L. BUXTON, Secretary.

NORTH RIVER SAVINGS BANK,
CORNER 8TH AV. AND WEST 34TH ST.
DIVIDEND.—The Board of Trustees have declared a SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND at the rate of six per cent. per annum on all sums from $5 to $5,000, payable out of the net profits of the last six months, on and after Jan. 17, 1876. All deposits made on or before MONDAY, Jan. 10, will draw interest from Jan. 1. BANK open daily from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.; also on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY EVENINGS from 6 to 8 o'clock.
JOHN HOOPER, President.
JAMES O. BENNETT, Secretary.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BEST NEW-YEAR'S GIFT TO A LADY.

THE HOME JOURNAL

Fifty-two Weeks only Three Dollars.

Choice Novels, Social Characters, Bulletin of New Books, Art, News of the *Beau-Monde*, &c.
A brilliant new story begins next week.

"FIRE AND FLAME,"

BY LEVIN SCHUECKING.

MORRIS PHILLIPS & CO.,
No. 3 Park Place, New-York.

INSTRUCTION.

Collegiate Institute,

No. 40 Washington Square, New-York City.
(Location delightful and easy of access.)
DR. GEO. W. CLARKE, Principal, prepares pupils of all ages for business or college.
Thirty-third year. Now open.

CHARLIER INSTITUTE.

Central Park and 6th av. Boarding and Day School for Boys and Young Men of Seven to Twenty. New building unsurpassed for location, ventilation, interior arrangements. Prospectus sent on application.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY, CHESTER, PENN.—Reopens Jan. 5; thorough instruction in civil and mining engineering, the classics, and English branches. For circulars apply to O. M. BOGART, No. 3 Nassau st., New-York, or to Col. THEO. HYATT, President P. M. A.

A FEW YOUNG LADIES, BETWEEN FOURteen and eighteen, may share with my daughters the well tested advantages of class-study under best instruction in our pleasant home; best references given and required. Address Mrs. J. E. GAVIT, Stockbridge, Mass.

LEE'S HOME INSTITUTE AT NYACK, ON THE HUDSON.—Both sexes; academic and primary; central yet retired; accommodations for twenty only; expenses, $280; no extras; 28 miles from New-York.
Mr. and Mrs. D. P. LEE, Principals.

ELMIRA FEMALE COLLEGE.—A COLLEGE of the highest rank for well-prepared students. It has superior advantages for instruction in music and art; terms moderate. Send for catalogue to A. W. COWLES, D.D., Elmira, N.Y. Next season begins Feb. 2.

MRS. PARKS' BOARDING AND DAY School, New-Brunswick, N. J. Pupils charged from time of entrance.

DREW LADIES' SEMINARY, CARMEL, N. Y.—Healthful, homelike; a school for earnest work. Spring session opens Feb. 16. GEO. C. SMITH, A.M.

THE IRVING INSTITUTE, TARRYTOWN-on-Hudson, offers unusual advantages for boys. Reopens Sept. 14. ARMAGNAC & ROWE, Principals.

TEACHERS.

A FOREIGN LADY DESIRES A MORNing engagement for music, singing French, German, English, and Italian, and thorough education. Address Delta, Box No. 259 TIMES UP-TOWN OFFICE, NO. 1,257 BROADWAY.

MRS. MITCHELL, (DIPLOMEE,) SUPPLIES families with governesses and tutors, visiting or resident; information given gratuitously of teachers, of the languages, music, and drawing; also good schools. Teachers' Bureau, No. 67 West 35th st.

A PARISIAN LADY DESIRES AN ENGAGEment as visiting governess; also private pupils; best of reference. Address MISS VALENCE, Post Office Box No. 4,052.

GENTLEMEN DESIRING THOROUGHLY prepared tutors for their sons, can secure them on application to Amer. School Institute, No. 14 Bond st.
J. W. SCHERMERHORN, A. M., Actuary.

MISS C. HANDY, TEACHER OF ARTICULATION to deaf mutes by the visible speech method. No. 86 Irving place.

PROF. C. DE LA VERGNE, TEACHER OF French, takes classes or single pupils. Address No. 30 West 27th st., New-York.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

THE UP-TOWN OFFICE OF THE TIMES.
The up-town office of THE TIMES is located at **No. 1,257 Broadway, bet. 31st and 32d sts.** Open daily, Sundays included, from 4 A. M. to 9 P. M. Subscriptions received, and copies of THE TIMES for sale.
ADVERTISEMENTS RECEIVED UNTIL 9 P. M.

FIFTH AV., OPPOSITE MADISON SQUARE, NO. 206.—Elegant parlor and bedroom for gentleman and wife, second story, with first-class board and appointments; location unsurpassed; references exchanged.

A PRIVATE FAMILY WILL RENT A large, sunny second-story front room, with or without board; also, single room, containing grate; terms moderate; references exchanged. No. 280 4th av., near 22d st.

A FAMILY GOING SOUTH FOR THE WINTER take pleasure in recommending their boarding to parties seeking the comforts and quiet of home. Apply at No. 141 West 44th st., between 6th av. and Broadway.

FIFTH AV., NEAR 30TH ST.—PRIVATE family will rent handsomely-furnished third floor front parlor and bedroom, with strictly first-class board; additional room if required; references exchanged. Address M. B., Box No. 2,468 Post Office.

NO. 82 IRVING PLACE, TWO DOORS FROM GRAMERCY PARK.—Large, light, connecting rooms on second floor, singly or en suite; private table if preferred; references.

NO. 31 WEST 16TH ST., NEAR 5TH AV.—To rent to a select family, a handsomely-furnished second floor, unexpectedly vacated; private table; highest references exchanged.

MRS. WILLIS, FORMERLY OF NO. 297 5th av., having taken the house No. 3 West 30th st., has a parlor floor and second floor to let, with or without private table.

NO 26 WEST 16TH ST.—PLEASANT FRONT rooms, handsomely furnished, on second and fourth floors; large cheerful dining-room on parlor floor; private table, if desired; references.

NO. 214 WEST 43D ST.—A HANDSOMELY-furnished room, large closet and bath-room connecting, also hall bedroom; with board; location first-class; family small; only a step from Broadway.

THIRTY-FOURTH ST., NO. 6 EAST.—Several large, handsomely furnished rooms; also single rooms for gentlemen; first-class French table; terms moderate; references exchanged.

NO. 70 IRVING PLACE, (GRAMERCY PARK.)—Second floor front rooms, en suite or singly; house 27 feet wide; rooms extra large and handsomely furnished; location and table first-class; reduced prices.

FIFTH AV., NO. 45, BETWEEN 11TH AND 12TH sts.—Spacious suite of apartments on parlor floor, newly painted and furnished; with or without private table. References exchanged.

PARTIES DESIRING HOUSES, FLATS OR rooms, with or without board, apply to R. A. DAILEY, No. 588 6th av. Every house personally inspected. References.

NO. 146 EAST 17TH ST.—A PRIVATE FAMILY have an entire second floor to offer, with strictly first-class table. Reference.

HANDSOMLY FURNISHED ROOMS with or without board, may be found at No. 34 West 38th st.

NO. 46 IRVING PLACE, OPPOSITE WESTMINSTER HOTEL—Nicely-furnished hall bedroom for a single gentleman; breakfast if desired.

NO. 51 EAST 21ST ST.—DESIRABLE ROOMS to rent, with first-class table. References exchanged.

NO. 33 WEST 33D ST.—DESIRABLE ROOMS for families and gentlemen, with board, at reasonable rates.

TWENTY-THIRD ST., NO. 35 WEST, NEAR 5TH AV.—Large, newly-furnished front room, also hall room to let, with or without board.

NO. 39 WEST 14TH ST.—ONE LARGE ROOM to rent, with board. Unexceptionable references given and required.

FURNISHED FRONT ROOM, WITH BOARD, fire and gas, for gentleman and wife. Address, stating terms, H., *Times* Office, Box No. 134.

BOARD.—TWO PLEASANT CONNECTING ROOMS on second floor; also a fine large room on first floor may be had, with board, at No. 48 East 21st st.

SUPERIOR ROOMS, WITH BOARD.—ONE or two rooms for gentlemen; but few boarders taken; references. Call at No. 116 West 45th st.

FIFTH AV., NO. 291.—ONE SUPERIOR SUITE of apartments, with private table and comforts of a refined home.

NO. 119 EAST 23D ST.—TO LET, WITH BOARD, elegantly furnished apartments; also, fine basement.

NO. 35 EAST 21ST ST.—TWO FRONT ROOMS, southern exposure, with board. Also, hall rooms.

NO. 19 EAST 46TH ST.—ROOMS TO LET, with board. References exchanged.

FURNISHED ROOMS.

A PRIVATE FAMILY, TO REDUCE EXPENSES, will let double and single newly-furnished rooms, or will board two persons willing to pay moderately for very best table. No. 356 Lexington av., near 40th st. Call Sunday or all the week.

NO. 51 WEST 36TH ST.—PLEASANT THIRD floor, just vacated; three bedrooms and parlor, bath, &c.; ample closets; also, large back parlor, with closed bed and private bath. Terms moderate. References.

DESIRABLE FURNISHED ROOMS TO let to gentlemen, without board, in first-class house No. 34 West 25th st., near Madison square; choice location.

FIFTH AV., NO. 222.—COMPARTMENT HOUSE; one beautiful front suite; large parlor, bed-room, bath, &c.; steam heat.

SHIPPING.

FOR SAVANNAH, GA.,
THE FLORIDA PORTS,
AND THE SOUTH AND SOUTH-WEST.
GREAT SOUTHERN FREIGHT AND PASSENGER LINE, CENTRAL RAILROAD OF GEORGIA AND ATLANTIC AND GULF RAILROAD.
FOUR STEAM-SHIPS PER WEEK.
TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, AND SATURDAYS.

CLEOPATRA, Capt. BULKLEY, TUESDAY, Jan. 4, from Pier No. 16 East River, at 3 P. M.
MURRAY, FERRIS & CO., Agents, No. 62 South st.

GENERAL BARNES, Capt. CHEESMAN, THURSDAY, Jan. 6, from Pier No. 43 North River, at 3 P. M.
WILLIAM R. GARRISON, Agent, No. 5 Bowling green.

SAN SALVADOR, Capt. NICKERSON, SATURDAY, Jan. 8, from Pier No. 43 North River, at 3 P. M.
WILLIAM R. GARRISON, Agent, No. 5 Bowling green.

ASHLAND, Capt. CROWELL, SATURDAY, Jan. 8, from Pier No. 12 North River, at 3 P. M.
R. LOWDEN, Agent, No. 93 West st.

Insurance on this line ONE-HALF PER CENT. Superior accommodations for passengers.
Through rates and bills of lading, in connection with Central Railroad of Georgia, to all points.
Through rates and bills of lading in connection with the Atlantic and Gulf Railroad and Florida steamers.
GEORGE YONGE,
Agent Central Railroad of Georgia,
No. 409 Broadway.

FLORIDA LINE.

FROM PIER NO. 29 NORTH RIVER,
EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, AT 3 P. M.
INSURANCE TO DESTINATION ONE-HALF PER CENT.
GREAT REDUCTION IN FREIGHT AND PASSENGER RATES.
ALWAYS AS LOW AS BY OTHER LINES,
AND NO DETENTIONS.
Goods loaded on steamer when shipped.
Mark goods care RAVENEL & CO., Charleston, S. C.
For rates of freight or passage apply to
J. W. QUINTARD & CO., No. 177 West st.
Or to BENTLEY D. HASELL, No. 317 Broadway.

PACIFIC MAIL S. S. LINE.

FOR CALIFORNIA, JAPAN, CHINA, AUSTRALIA, NEW-ZEALAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA, &c.
Sailing from Pier foot of Canal st., North River.
FOR ASPINWALL.
S. S. ACAPULCO.......SATURDAY, Jan. 15, at 12 noon, Connecting for all CENTRAL AMERICAN and SOUTH PACIFIC PORTS.
FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO JAPAN AND CHINA.
S. S. CITY OF PEKING......Jan. 1.
FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO AUSTRALIA AND NEW-ZEALAND, via HONOLULU, S. I.
S. S. ——————......MONDAY, Jan. 3, and every four weeks thereafter.
FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO VICTORIA, PORT TOWNSEND, TACOMA, PORTLAND, &c., &c.
On the 10th, 20th, and 30th of every month.
For freight or passage apply at foot of Canal st., North River. H. J. BULLAY, Superintendent.

NEW-YORK, HAVANA AND MEXICAN MAIL S. S. LINE.
Steamers leave Pier No. 3 North River at 3 P. M.:
FOR HAVANA DIRECT.
CITY OF NEW-YORK.........Thursday, Jan. 6
CITY OF HAVANA.........Tuesday, Jan. 18
CITY OF VERA CRUZ.........Thursday, Jan. 20
FOR VERA CRUZ AND NEW-ORLEANS,
Calling at HAVANA, PROGRESO, CAMPEACHY, TUSPAN, and TAMPICO
CITY OF HAVANA.........Tuesday, Jan. 18
CITY OF MERIDA.........Tuesday, Feb. 8
For freight or passage apply to
F. ALEXANDRE & SONS, Nos. 31 and 33 Broadway.
Steamers will leave New-Orleans Jan. 22 and Feb. 12 for Vera Cruz and all the above ports.

WEEKLY FLORIDA LINE.
For Port Royal, S. C.; Fernandina, Fla.; Brunswick, Ga., the favorite and well-known steamer HUNTSVILLE, Chester, Master, having superior accommodations for passengers, will sail THURSDAY, Dec. 30, from Pier No. 18 East River, at 3 P. M., for above ports, making connections with all points South and South-west, via Port Royal, the Florida and Brunswick Railroads.

First-class passage to Fernandina	$20 00
First-class passage to Jacksonville	22 50
First-class passage to Augusta	20 00
First-class to Albany	22 50

Through tickets issued to all points South and South-west.
For freight or passage, apply to
HERM. GELPCKE, No. 5 William st.

NEW-YORK AND HAVANA

DIRECT MAIL LINE.
These first-class steam-ships sail regularly at 3 P. M. from Pier No. 13 North River, as follows:
COLUMBUS.........TUESDAY, Jan. 4
CRESCENT CITY.........THURSDAY, Jan. 13
Accommodations unsurpassed. For freight or passage apply to WM. P. CLYDE & CO., No. 6 Bowling green; McKELLER LULING & CO., Agents in Havana.

AMUSEMENTS.

WALLACK'S.
Proprietor and Manager.........Mr. LESTER WALLACK
FIRST APPEARANCE, in two seasons, of Mr. LESTER WALLACK.
MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 3, 1876, will be presented ANOTHER BLENDING OF COMEDY AND ROMANCE, Robertson's exquisite companion-picture to "Caste," entitled HOME, with new and beautiful scenery and appointments, prepared specially for the occasion, and the following distribution of characters:

COL. JOHN WHITE, (his original character,) Mr. LESTER WALLACK
MR. DORRISON, (his original character,) Mr. JOHN GILBERT
CAPT. MONTRAFFE.........Mr. J. W. CARROLL
BERTIE THOMPSON.........Mr. W. SEYMOUR
(By the courtesy of Messrs. Shook and Palmer.)
MRS. PINCHBECK.........Miss ADA DYAS
LUCY DORRISON.........Miss GERALDINE MAYE
DORA THORNHAUGH.........Miss KATE BARTLETT

The performance will conclude with the farce entitled A QUIET FAMILY.
Characters by Messrs. Harry Beckett, J. W. Shannon, E. M. Holland, C. E. Edwin, Misses Effie Germon, Ione Burke, Mrs. John Sefton, and Miss Ethel Thornton.
The representations of HOME must be necessarily limited, in consequence of the early production of A NEW PLAY now in active preparation.

THEATRE COMIQUE. No. 514 BROADWAY.
Mr. MATT MORGAN.........Manager
AN ENTIRE CHANGE OF BILL.
A new Olio. A new Tableau.
First week of the world-renowned artists, Mr. SAM RICKEY and Master BARNEY.
Continued success of Mr. Matt Morgan's LIVING PICTURES.
First week of the new Tableau, THE DISARMING OF CUPID.
Miss Ella Wesner, Miss Nelly St. John, Mr. William Barry, Mr. Charles White, Wayne & Lovely, and the entire company in a pleasing bill.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
On and after Monday, Jan. 3, the FAMILY CIRCLE ADMISSION will be Fifteen Cents.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.
Broadway and 14th st.
SHERIDAN SHOOK.........Proprietor
A. M. PALMER.........Manager
AN UNDOUBTED TRIUMPH. Every night, ROSE MICHEL, Illustrated with the MOST ELABORATE AND BEAUTIFUL SCENERY ever set upon a stage, and with a cast of UNEXAMPLED STRENGTH, including the following favorite names: Messrs. C. R. Thorne, Jr., Stuart Robson, Fred. Robinson, J. H. Stoddart, John Parselle, Eben Plympton, T. E. Morris, Lysander Thompson, W. H. Wilder, and W. S. Quigley, and Misses Rose Eytinge, Fanny Morant, Nina Varian (by kind permission of Lester Wallack,) and Augusta Raymond.
SATURDAY, Jan. 8.
EIGHTH MATINEE OF ROSE MICHEL.
Seats secured two weeks in advance.

CHICKERING HALL. VON BULOW.
MONDAY, LAST NIGHT BUT TWO.
VON BULOW
Will play Beethoven's Sonata, (dedicated to Kreutzer,) and Schubert's Introduction et Rondo Brilliant with Dr. DAMROSCH.
Soli—Scarlatti, Cat's Fugue; Bach, Sarabande et Passe Pied; Gluck, Gavotte; Mozart, Minuet et Gigue; Chopin, Nocturne, Ballade, and three waltzes.
Miss CRONYN will appear at this concert.
WEDNESDAY, LAST NIGHT BUT ONE,
VON BULOW will play selections from CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS, LISZT, MENDELSSOHN, and CHOPIN.
Miss ROSA McGEACHY will sing.
FRIDAY—LAST NIGHT.
SATURDAY, AT 2—FAREWELL MATINEE.
Admission, $1; reserved seats, $2. Seats for sale at Schuberth's, No. 23 Union square, and 114 Broadway.
CHICKERING PIANOS are used by VON BULOW.

CHICKERING HALL.
THE SECOND EVENING of ENGLISH GLEES will be given on THURSDAY, JAN. 6, 1876, AT 8 O'CLOCK.
Vocalists—Miss HENRIETTA BEEBE, Miss LOUISE FINCH, Miss ANNA E. HOLBROOK, Mr. J. R. NILSEN, Mr. G. G. ROCKWOOD, Mr. W. C. BAIRD, Mr. G. E. AIKEN.
Tickets at $1, with reserved seat, may be obtained at Schuberth's, No. 23 Union square; at Rockwood's Gallery, No. 839 Broadway, and at the door on the evening of the concert.

BROOKLYN THEATRE.
Lessees and Managers.........Messrs. SHOOK & PALMER
MONDAY, Jan. 3, and EVERY EVENING this week, and at SATURDAY MATINEE, Mr. JOHN E. OWENS in Byron's comedy of OUR BOYS, With NEW and HANDSOME SCENERY and a VERY STRONG CAST.
FRIDAY, Jan. 7—Benefit of Mr. JOHN E. OWENS.
Box Office open daily from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M.

THE BEST NEW MUSIC.
"Down Among the Sugar Cane," Blake, 40 cents; "Better Times Waltz," Strauss, 75 cents; "Our Boys," song, by Jolly Nash, 40 cents; "Charity," melody for piano, Brandeis, 50 cents; "Keep a Little Corner in Your Heart for Me," Chamberlain, 40 cents; "Evening Song," piano, Kleber, 40 cents; "The Ebbing Tide," Millard, 50 cents; "Skidmore Lancers," Wiegand, 40 cents; "The Sunny Side," for Sunday-schools, 35 cents. Copies mailed. WM. A. POND & CO., No. 547 Broadway. Branch store, No. 39 Union Square, New-York.

PARISIAN VARIETIES. 16TH ST. & BROADWAY.
TEMPLE OF SENSATIONAL ART.
Evenings, 8 o'clock. Matinees Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 2 o'clock. Opening programme of the Centennial year. "A maze of beauty, music, dance, and pleasure. Where taste and fashion spend their hours of leisure." Olio of 60 artists. Melange de fascination. Naughty Duchess. Butterflies Paradise. Le Minuet. La Vivandiere. Guido's Return. 2 off and Twins, 2. 20 new Models. 12 new Tableaux Vivants.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, NO. 624 BROADWAY.
LURLINE, THE WATER QUEEN,
CHAMPION LADY SWIMMER OF THE WORLD.
NIMBLE NIP, WITH 100 CHILDREN.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2.

COL. MONSTERY'S SPARRING, FENCING, AND SHOOTING ACADEMY, NO. 619 6TH AV.—Boxing taught in twenty-four lessons. Importer and dealer in superior fencing apparatus and boxing-gloves. Send for circular.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
CERCLE FRANCAIS DE L'HARMONIE.
The eleventh fancy dress ball, THURSDAY, Jan. 20, 1876.

INSURANCE.

QUEEN

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.

CAPITAL, £2,000,000 Sterling.

ASSETS IN UNITED STATES,

$1,264,965.

OFFICE, PARK BANK BUILDING,
Nos. 214 and 216 Broadway, New-York.
WILLIAM H. ROSS, Manager.

STEAMBOATS.

PROVIDENCE AND STONINGTON STEAM-SHIP COMPANY,
BETWEEN NEW-YORK AND BOSTON.
STONINGTON LINE,
FOR PROVIDENCE, NEWPORT, AND BOSTON.
The elegant steamers RHODE ISLAND, NARRAGANSETT, and STONINGTON leave Pier No. 33 North River, foot of Jay st., daily, (except Sundays,) at 4:30 P. M. Through tickets to principal New-England points at railroad depots and ticket offices. State-rooms secured at offices of Westcott Express Company, and at No. 319 Broadway.
PROVIDENCE LINE, (direct.)
Steam-ships ELECTRA and GALATEA leave Pier No. 27 North River, foot of Robinson st., daily, (except Sundays,) at 4 P. M. Direct connection to Worcester and points beyond. Freights via either line taken at lowest rates. D. S. BABCOCK, President.
L. W. FILKINS, General Passenger Agent.

FOR NEW-HAVEN, HARTFORD, AND THE NORTH.—Steamers leave Peck slip for New-Haven at 3 and 11 P. M., connecting with road.

FOR BRIDGEPORT AND ALL POINTS ON Housatonic and Naugatuck Railroad.—Fare, $1. Steamers leave Catharine-slip at 11:30 A. M.

BANKRUPT NOTICES.

DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES for the Southern District of New-York.—In the matter of WILLIAM D. MORGAN, CHARLES L. MORGAN, and ALFRED F. WALCOTT, bankrupts.—In Bankruptcy.—No. 4,966.—Notice is hereby given to the bankrupts and to all creditors who are named in the schedules filed by said bankrupts, and all creditors who have proved their debts and all other persons interested, pursuant to an order of this court, dated December 13, 1875, that, upon my petition as Assignee of the estate of the above-named bankrupts, for direction to compound and settle the controversy between me as Assignee and Daniel Meyer, a debtor to said bankrupts, by the receipt of $3,000 in full satisfaction of all claims and demands against said Meyer, a hearing of the matters prayed for in said petition will be had at a meeting to be held at the office of Edgar Ketchum, Esq., Register in Bankruptcy, at his office, No. 120 Fulton street, in the City of New-York, the 12th day of January, 1876, at 12 o'clock, noon, and you are required to then and there show cause, if any there be, why an order should not be passed by the court upon said petition authorizing such act on my part as Assignee, to wit: in consideration of the payment to me by said Daniel Meyer of the sum of three thousand dollars to release and discharge said Meyer of and from all claims and demands whatsoever vested in or belonging to said estate; and at said time and place proofs as to said matter will be taken by said Register.
ANTHONY J. THOMAS, Assignee.
TRACY, OLMSTEAD & TRACY, Solicitors and Counsel for the Assignee, No. 30 Wall street, New-York City.

STORAGE.

STORAGE FOR FURNITURE, PIANOS, Baggage, &c., in separate rooms, at lowest rates in the City; buildings have every convenience, and rooms are always accessible; elevator; watchman; furniture boxed. MICHAELS & SON, Nos. 38, 40, and 42 Commerce st., near Bleecker.

AMUSEMENTS.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager.........Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY
EVERY HOLIDAY NIGHT.
Augustin Daly's Great Drama,

PIQUE.

Miss FANNY DAVENPORT.........as.........Mabel Renfrew
Mr. JOHN BROUGHAM.........as.........Dr. Gossit
Mr. CHARLES FISHER.........as.........Old Matthew Standish
Mr. JAMES LEWIS.........as.........Sammy Dymple
Mr. D. H. HARKINS.........as.........Capt. Arthur Standish
Mr. WILLIAM DAVIDGE.........as.........The Tramp Peddler
Mr. FRANK HARDENBERG.........as.........Raggedy Jim, a tramp
Mr. MAURICE BARRYMORE.........as.........Raymond Lessing
Mr. JOHN DREW.........as.........Thorsby Gill
LITTLE ARTHUR.........by.........Belle Wharton
Mr. CHARLES ROCKWELL.........as.........Picker Bob
Miss JEFFREYS LEWIS.........as.........Mary Standish, the cousin
Mrs. G. H. GILBERT.........as.........Aunt Dorothy
Miss SYDNEY COWELL.........as.........Raitch, the waif
Miss EMILY RIGL.........as.........Lucille Renfrew
Miss KATE HOLLAND.........as.........Mother Thames

PIQUE MATINEE, SATURDAY AT 1:30 O'CLOCK.
PIQUE!
THE RIVER ATTIC SENSATION receives A TRIPLE ENCORE EVERY NIGHT.
PIQUE!
THE HERALD says: "We may well compliment Mr. Daly (as author and manager) on A BRILLIANT SUCCESS."
PIQUE!
THE TIMES says: "The elements of interest and success in PIQUE are numerous and cannot be questioned."
PIQUE!
THE TRIBUNE says: "It blends comedy, sensation, and sentiment in a way that cannot fail to please."
PIQUE!
THE EVENING MAIL says: "Such a play has never been presented on the Fifth Avenue stage. PIQUE is not only one of those works which not only deserves but commands success."
PIQUE!
THE STAR says: "PIQUE is a hit. It bids fair to be the hit of the season."
PIQUE!
THE EVENING GRAPHIC says: "Mr. Daly has made another great hit. PIQUE is the best play he has ever constructed, and the interest never flags for a moment. It has a plot of absorbing interest. It has every element of popular strength."
PIQUE!
THE EXPRESS says: "Nothing has been left undone to secure popular favor, and it is evident this result is achieved."
PIQUE!
N. B.—The performance begins promptly at 7:45 and terminates at 11:15.
*** BOX SHEET OPEN two weeks in advance.
POLICE REGULATION: Carriages taking up parties from the Fifth Avenue Theatre must form on 28th st. facing toward Broadway.

WOOD'S MUSEUM. WOOD'S.
Monday, Jan. 3, 1876,
FOR ONE WEEK ONLY,
the talented actor
J. B. ROBERTS,
In the great spectacular play,
FAUST AND MARGUERITE.
MEPHISTOPHELES.........J. B. ROBERTS
NEW SCENERY AND MACHINERY.
GORGEOUS COSTUMES.
ALL THE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC.
Incidents:
THE MAGICIAN. THE BEAUTIFUL WITCH.
FAUST'S COMPACT WITH THE D——L.
MARGUERITE'S VISION. A BROTHER'S BLOOD.
"NOW SHE'S MINE."
A SERPENT FOILED.
THE COMPACT FULFILLED.
MATINEES.
SPECIAL NOTICE. On and after Monday afternoon, Jan. 3, the following scale of prices will be adopted for all the MATINEES, INCLUDING WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEES, AND FOR THE MATINEES ONLY.
TAKE NOTICE:

General Admission	25c.
Dress Circle and Parquette	35c.
Orchestra and Balcony Chairs	50c.
Reserved Orchestra Chairs.........(Extra)	25c.
Children (under ten years)	15c.

MATINEES Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday.
The dashing burlesque actress, BELLE HOWITT, in the beautiful burlesque THE 40 THIEVES.
A. H. Sheldon, Theresa Wood, Harry Stewart,
Nellie Sandford, Emily Maynard, Kate Halpin,
L. E. Willard, H. Wilson, Mrs. Berrell.

BOOTH'S THEATRE.
Doors open 7:15; curtain rises at 7:45.
EVERY NIGHT AND SATURDAY MATINEE, remarkable representation of the great historical tragedy,

JULIUS CÆSAR,

by a cast of unparalleled strength, including the renowned Shakespeareans,
Mr. LAWRENCE BARRETT,
Mr. F. C. BANGS, and
Mr. E. L. DAVENPORT.
*** A MULTITUDE OF AUXILIARIES participate in the magnificent PROCESSIONS and TABLEAUX.

PARK THEATRE. BROADWAY AND 22D ST.
EVERY NIGHT.
CRUCIBLE.
OAKEY HALL as the CASHIER CONVICT. JOHN DILLON as the CRAFTY CRAFT.
AND THE FULL COMPANY.
MATINEE HEREAFTER ALWAYS THURSDAY.
Admission, $1; reserved seats, $1 50; balcony, 50 cents.
AT MATINEE, $1 TO ALL PARTS OF THE HOUSE.

New-York Infant Asylum.

FOURTH ANNUAL

GRAND BALL,

Academy of Music,

THURSDAY EVENING, JAN. 13, 1876.
BOXES OF MRS. L. M. BATES, NO. 10 WEST 39TH ST.

EAGLE THEATRE. BROADWAY AND 33D ST.
Mr. JOSH HART.........Sole Proprietor and Manager.
Brilliant success of the great spectacle, the DEMON STATUE, and the Transformation of the
4 SEASONS.........4 SEASONS
Every evening, until further notice.
Seats secured twelve nights in advance.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

COLOSSEUM.
THE SIEGE OF PARIS.
ASSASSINATION OF THE ARCHBISHOP.
Panorama of the FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.
Will be exhibited daily from 1 to 4 P. M., and from 7:30 to 10 P. M. Admission, 50 cents; children half price; no extras.

A COURSE OF FIVE EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS, READINGS, RECITATIONS, AND MUSIC.—Mrs. Anna Randall-Diehl, assisted by her pupils and friends.—Association Hall, 4th av., corner 23d st., Jan. 4 and 18; Feb. 1, 15, and 29. Tickets for course, $2; to be had at Educational Bureau, No. 27 Union Square; admission each evening, 50 cents; entertainments to commence at 8 o'clock.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS. A BAD NIGHT'S REST. PIQUE. TEMPTATION. CARTER'S DOG. OPERA HOUSE, Broadway and 29th st.
The funniest entertainment in the City.
Seats secured. Matinee SATURDAY at 2.

EVENING PARTY ENTERTAINMENTS.
M. Harts can give his celebrated Magical Seance at private houses, clubs, &c. For terms apply at the Magical Bazaar, No. 850 Broadway, near 14th st. SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR CHARITY PURPOSES.

INSTITUTE OF ELOCUTION,
No. 46 East 10th st., New-York,
Prof. PHILIP LAWRENCE.
Ministers, lawyers, lecturers, actors, actresses, and teachers can receive the finishing touch in 10 lessons.

THE DANCE OF SOCIETY,
by WILLIAM B. DE GARMO.
For sale at
WM. A. POND & CO.'S, No. 547 Broadway.

LECTURES.

MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY.
MASONIC TEMPLE, corner 6th av. and 23d st.
SUNDAY, JAN. 2, AT 8 O'CLOCK P. M.
SCIENCE AND RELIGION IN ENGLAND.
A Conversation Lecture, including sketches of Lyell, Stanley, Huxley, Darwin, Newman, Tyndall, Spencer, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, and other leaders of opinion. Questions from the audience will be invited. Tickets 50 cents; sold at Putnam's, Brentano's, Scribner's, and Dutton's.

MUSICAL.

WATERS' CELEBRATED CONCERTO, ORCHESTRAL, CYMBELLA, TROMBONET, VIALISTE, AND VESPER ORGANS, WITH STOOLS, WILL BE SOLD THIS WEEK AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES FOR CASH, OR INSTALLMENTS. SECOND-HAND ORGANS, $40, $50, $60, AND NEW ORGANS, $75 UPWARD, CASH THIS WEEK. HORACE WATERS & SONS, NO. 481 BROADWAY.

A STEINWAY GRAND, UPRIGHTS, AND squares, Webers, and other pianos and organs, on installments and to rent. Bargains this month. S. T. BALL & CO., No. 15 East 14th st.

DANCING.

ALLEN DODWORTH'S
DANCING SCHOOL,
NO. 212 FIFTH AV.
Brooklyn Branch at No. 198 Washington st. Classes or private lessons for ladies, gentlemen, and children. For particulars send for a circular.

DE GARMO'S DANCING CLASSES.
NEW CLASSES.
Ladies—MONDAY, Jan. 3, 11 A. M.
Gentlemen—MONDAY, Jan. 3, 8 P. M.
Misses and Masters—WEDNESDAY, Jan. 5, 4 P. M.
Private lessons at hours not engaged with classes.

DEATH OF MR. DILLEBER.

HIS MURDER AT THE WESTMINSTER.

ANTE-MORTEM STATEMENT OF THE MURDERED MAN—HIS COURAGE AFTER THE SHOOTING—ARRIVAL OF HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN — DETAILS OF THE POST-MORTEM EXAMINATION.

Mr. John R. Dilleber, the wholesale wine and liquor merchant, who was shot in the Westminster Hotel on Friday evening by Romaine Dillon, brother of ex-Park Commissioner Dillon, died yesterday at noon. When Coroner Eickhoff went to the hotel on Friday evening Mr. Dilleber's condition was so favorable that it was deemed best not to take his ante-mortem statement at that time. At midnight a change for the worse set in, and Prof. James R. Wood and Dr. William W. Strew, the surgeons in attendance on him, notified Coroner Eickhoff that death was only a matter of a few hours. Coroner Eickhoff arrived at the hotel soon afterward, and Capt. Garland, of the Eighteenth Precinct, took the prisoner, Dillon, from the station-house in Twenty-second street, where he had been confined. Mr. Dilleber's ante-mortem statement was then taken. He said:

My name is John R. Dilleber; I expect to die; I have no hope of recovery; I was shot, I don't know by whom; we had a few words; he tried to drive me out of the hall; I don't know the name of the person who shot me; he was howling at me on Sunday; I do not know what he meant; we had a few angry words on that occasion; I thought he insulted me; he insulted me on this night by ordering me out of the hall, using insulting language; I don't remember the words; I answered that language, but I don't remember in what way; I said I had as good a right in that hall as he had, or something like that; the first I then knew was that he shot me; I think the name of the man who shot me was Devlin or Dillon, and identify this man, Romaine Dillon, as the man who shot me.

The courage of the wounded man was wonderful. After being shot he walked some thirty feet to the hotel elevator. On being undressed and put to bed he placed his finger on the wound in his chest, and turning to Dr. Strew said, "Why, Doctor, that man must have shot me with a young cannon." The shock from the wound was so great that he experienced little pain, only complaining of stomach ache. When Prof. Wood came he said, "Professor, do you think there is internal hemorrhage?" Prof. Wood answered, "I do not know." Dilleber replied, "I know there is. I feel I am dying of internal hemorrhage." He sank gradually, although stimulants were administered to him. No probes or morphine were used. At 11 o'clock yesterday he began to lose consciousness, and when, five minutes before his death, Mrs. Dilleber, who had been telegraphed for, arrived with his two children, he was only able to recognise his daughter. He died without a struggle. Yesterday evening Deputy Coroner Marsh made the post-mortem examination on Mr. Dilleber's body in the presence of Prof. Wood, Drs. Strew, Almoe, Krehbiel, and Bell, and a TIMES reporter. The examination, a most exhaustive one, which was conducted under the personal supervision of Prof. Wood, was not concluded until nearly 10 o'clock last night. The course taken by the ball was an unusual one, and, as will be seen from the details of the examination, almost all the principal organs were pierced by the bullet. The body was found well nourished and weighing 190 pounds. Rigor mortis was well marked. The wound was situated 3½ inches below the left nipple, 1½ to the left, 4 inches from the nipple diagonally, 6 inches to the left of the median line, and was ½ an inch in diameter, with ragged edges. The point of entrance was between the eighth and ninth ribs, and in a direction obliquely inward downward and to the right. The ball passed through the integument, opening the left pleural cavity, passed through the diaphragm, making an opening in the stomach, passing through the omentum, nicking the transverse colon, grazing the upper portion of the right kidney and causing extravasation of blood on that part. It then passed through the lower border of the right lobe of the liver posteriorly, and then dropping down into the abdominal cavity between the rectum and the bladder, where it was discovered. The ball probably dropped down by its weight when Mr. Dilleber walked to the elevator after being shot. The ball, a very conical one, fully 32-100 in size, was considerably battered by contact with the various organs through which it passed. The kidneys, heart, and brain were found normal. The lungs were hypostatically congested. The liver was found fatty. Four ounces of blood were found in the left pleural cavity. Two quarts of blood were found in the left abdominal cavity. Among the contents of the stomach was a quantity of blood extravasated through the opening made by the ball. The stomach was fully distended at the time the wound was inflicted, which, in a measure, accounts for the erratic course taken by the bullet. Death was due to shock and internal hemorrhage. The prisoner Dillon was arraigned at the Fifty-seventh street Court yesterday, and committed by Justice Duffy on the affidavits of Capt. Garland and Mr. Ferrin, the proprietor of the hotel. Subsequently a commitment was received from Coroner Eickhoff, and Dillon was taken to the Tombs. He absolutely refused to make any statement regarding the case. To-day Coroner Eickhoff will impanel a jury and fix a day for the inquest. Mr. Dilleber was born in Connecticut, and has resided in this City for ten years past. He was a man of considerable ability and literary taste. His funeral will take place on Monday, from the Church of the Holy Trinity, the services to be conducted by the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr.

PROBABLE HOMICIDE.

During a quarrel at 3:20 o'clock yesterday morning in the boarding-house No. 27 Bayard street, Armand Ling stabbed Ludwig Wirbetz in the abdomen and chest with a pocket-knife, mortally wounding him. Ling and Wirbetz are both German bakers, worked in the same bakery, and boarded at the Bayard street boarding-house. Some days ago they quarreled about some trivial matter, and they had not been on friendly terms since that time. Lind also quarreled with George Bauer, the foreman of the bakery where he and Wirbetz were employed, on Friday, and during the quarrel Ling called Bauer a —— fool. Wirbetz heard of this, and felt very much aggrieved, as he and Bauer were on the most intimate terms. At a late hour Friday night, at their boarding-house, Wirbetz took Ling to task for insulting his friend. A quarrel ensued, but before anything serious happened the disputants were separated by mutual friends who were present. Wirbetz then asked all the parties to go out and drink with him, except Ling, whom he designated a "sneak." After remaining out drinking for some time, Wirbetz returned to the house, and the quarrel between him and Ling was resumed. From words they soon came to blows, and Ling, who was being overpowered, drew a clasp-knife from his pocket and stabbed Wirbetz in the abdomen and in the breast, inflicting wounds which it is expected will prove fatal. The Police of the Tenth Precinct were notified, and Capt. Ullman sent for an ambulance which conveyed the wounded man to Bellevue Hospital. Ling was arrested and locked up at the Tenth Precinct Station-house. Yesterday afternoon Coroner Eickhoff was notified to take the ante-mortem deposition of the wounded man, as it is believed by the surgeons at the hospital that he cannot survive.

HARVARD AND THE COLLEGE REGATTA.

A committee of the Harvard Boat Club, of Cambridge, Mass., are to meet at the Fifth Avenue Hotel to-morrow night to decide whether they will remain in the Boating Association of American Colleges, or withdraw. It is the general opinion that the majority of the committee will vote for Harvard to remain in the association until after the next college regatta and then withdraw. The result of the meeting of the Harvard committee is anxiously looked for by the delegates to the college convention, who meet at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on Tuesday night to decide where the next college regatta will be held. If the Harvard committee decide to withdraw, they will weaken the prospects of the college regatta being held at New-London. All the New-England colleges are unanimous for the holding of the regatta at New-London. Princeton, it is thought, will vote in favor of Philadelphia, while Cornell and Columbia want the regatta to be at Saratoga.

ACCIDENT TO MR. HENRY CLEWS.

Mr. Henry Clews had a very narrow escape from death on Tuesday last. He called on Mr. Tappan, the City Chamberlain, who is the Trustee of his estate, and whose office is on the second floor of the Continental Bank building. While on this floor, mistaking a door, he stepped into the passage-way of the coal elevator, and fell some fifty feet, landing in the subcellar of the building. The injuries he sustained, although severe, are not considered dangerous. Both of his ankles were badly sprained, and he received several severe bruises. The door was left unlocked by the carelessness of the janitor, and no safeguard of any kind had been provided against such an accident.

THE OVERDUE STEAMERS.

Several of the overdue steamers arrived yesterday. They had been detained by stress of weather, but mainly on account of the fog. The vessels which arrived yesterday were the France, of the French Line, which was due on Wednesday; the City of Chester, of the Inman Line, due on Monday; the Hindoo, of the Hull Line, due on Tuesday; the Nevada, of the Williams & Guion Line, due on Tuesday, and the Parthia, of the Cunard Line, due on Wednesday. The Baltic, of the North German Lloyds Line, due on Thursday, on board of which are a number of the Deutschland's passengers, and the passengers of the steamer Mosel, has not yet arrived.

LAUNCHING THE TRENTON.

THE SECOND ATTEMPT SUCCESSFUL—THE NEW FRIGATE IN THE DRY DOCK.

The new steam frigate Trenton, which has just been completed at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, was successfully launched yesterday amid the enthusiastic cheers of a thousand spectators, who had gathered to witness the event. The day proved a warm and pleasant one, and although there were not so many persons present as on Thursday last, when the attempt to launch her failed, yet the crowd on the deck of the dismantled Delaware, which lies near where the Trenton was resting on her ways, and the open spaces in the neighborhood of the new vessel were crowded with hundreds of persons who had come there to see her launched. Naval Contractor Samuel H. Pook was on hand early superintending the final arrangements for the launching of the vessel. It was evident that the failure of Thursday occasioned him no little annoyance, and that he was somewhat anxious and nervous in consequence. He attributed the result of the first attempt mainly to the poor material used in lubricating the ways, and said that although he was satisfied that the ship could have been launched on Thursday, yet the progress was so slow that he did not think it was safe to continue the effort. Whatever the trouble was then, all mistakes had been thoroughly rectified yesterday, and the result was as satisfactory as could have been desired. During Friday night and yesterday morning the ways were all taken down and rebuilt, and a little more incline given to them. A fresh coat of grease was also added. By 10 o'clock the workmen had got the ship well fixed into the cradle prepared for her, the chains were tightened with wedges, and there was nothing to be done but wait for high tide, which occurred yesterday at 11:50 A. M. At 11:16 o'clock the workmen were arranged on each side of the vessel, and the work of driving the wedges under the ways, for the purpose of lifting her from the blocks on which she rested, was begun. After five minutes of pounding at the wedges a halt was ordered, and some of the shores which supported the Trenton on each side were removed, as were also the blocks upon which she rested. The driving of wedges was then resumed, and in three minutes more the ship was raised sufficiently high to allow the blocks and shores to be removed. This being accomplished, hydraulic jacks were brought into requisition, and at 11:35 o'clock the vessel began to glide slowly down the ways, almost imperceptibly at first, but gaining momentum as it moved along, until it was finally under full headway, and did not stop until it was checked by means of the hawsers which had been provided for that purpose. As the bow of the vessel dropped into the water, (she was launched stern foremost,) Miss Louisa Lynch, daughter of a retired naval Captain, broke a bottle of wine across her knight-head, and christened her "The Trenton," and the spectators on shore, on the Delaware, and those on board the launching vessel cheered, clapped their hands, waved their handkerchiefs, and indulged in other enthusiastic demonstrations of delight. Whistles were blowing, flags were run up fore and aft on the Trenton, and Naval Constructor Pook's friends surrounded him and warmly congratulated him upon the triumphant success of his enterprise. Miss Kate Parker, eldest daughter of ex-Gov. Parker, of New-Jersey, was to have performed the ceremony of christening the vessel after the capital of her native State; but she did not arrive in time, and was compelled to witness the ceremony from the deck of the naval tug-boat which had conveyed her to the Navy-yard.

The Trenton was immediately towed into the dry dock, where she was properly braced up, the floodgate was placed into position, and pumped full of water, and then the mammoth engine was started, and the water pumped out of the dry-dock. The work of completing the vessel, and putting her in readiness for active service will be proceed with forthwith. While she was being towed into the dry dock, Conterno's Twenty-second Regiment Band, which was stationed on board the Susquehanna, which is lying dismantled alongside Delaware, entertained the spectators with several patriotic airs, including "The Star-Spangled Banner," "The Red, White and Blue," "Yankee Doodle," &c. A full description of the Trenton has been already published in THE TIMES.

OFF TO SING SING PRISON.

Following are the names, crimes, and sentences of the prisoners removed from the Tombs to Sing Sing during the past week by Deputy Sheriffs Daly and Coughlin: Jacob Standerman, murder, for life; Joseph Wenaler, grand larceny, two years; Mina Miller, grand larceny, one year; Patrick Reilly, grand larceny, four years; John Simpson, grand larceny, two years and six months; John Mickweiler, grand larceny, four years; Charles Heald, grand larceny, two years and six months; James Lang, burglary, two years and six months; James McCabe, burglary, one year; Morris W. Goldstein, arson, four years; Elizabeth Schulet, grand larceny, two years; Edward Donnelly, grand larceny, two years; Edward Keany, grand larceny, two years and six months; Arthur Wright, grand larceny, two years and six months; John Burns, burglary, two years and six months; George Johnson, burglary, two years; Thomas Wilson, burglary, two years and six months; John Orr, burglary, seven years; Mary Ann Healy, petit larceny from the person, one year; Jules Lezer, forgery, two years; Theodore Reed, manslaughter, third degree, three years and six months; David Savage, receiving stolen goods, three years; Daniel Coffin, grand larceny, five years; James Wallace, grand larceny, one year and six months.

THE NEW LONG ISLAND COUNTY.

The Executive Committee in the matter of the proposed division of Queens County and the formation of a new one to be known as the County of Nassau, met at Mineola on Thursday. There were present George S. Downing, George Downing, James Titus, and Scudder V. Whitney, of Oyster Bay; James R. Willets, John M. Clark, Henry D. Remsen, Samuel Willets, John A. Searing, Stephen Taber, and Benjamin D. Hicks, of North Hempstead; George W. Bergen, Ebenezer Kellum, Thomas Smith, and Barnardus Hendrickson, Hempstead. The canvass of the three towns, it was reported, had been carefully made, and the result was that the people were found almost unanimously in favor of a division. It was therefore decided by the committee to push forward the project as rapidly as possible, and subcommittees were appointed to draft a proper bill to be introduced into the Legislature, and to consult with the representative of the district.

THE FOG ON THE RIVERS.

The beautiful weather of yesterday was followed by a heavy fog, which lasted all night. Considerable difficulty was experienced at the different ferries in consequence, the travel on some of them being seriously impeded. The boats on the Fulton Ferry, however, made their trips without being materially delayed, and the trips on the South and Hamilton ferries were also made with sufficient speed to avoid any excessive delays. The passengers for Staten Island were not so fortunate. The steam-boat Sappho, of the opposition line, discontinued her trips at an early hour, and on the other line, the 9 o'clock boat was delayed in this City until nearly 12o'clock, at which hour, there being about three hundred passengers on board, it was decided to attempt to make a passage. The Hoboken ferry-boats averaged an hour in crossing the ferry. The Jersey City boats consumed on an average a half hour. Up to a late hour no accidents had been reported, although several narrow escapes from collision occurred.

MR. MOODY.

HIS OPPOSITION TO DEBT-BEARING CHURCHES

The following is the text of Mr. Moody's letter to the officers of his church in Chicago concerning his visit to that city:

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 26, 1875.

To the Officers of the Chicago Avenue Church:

DEAR BRETHREN: Though not permitted to work with you at present, my thoughts are often with you, and my prayers go up continually that you may be blessed and led in all things. My heart has been cheered as I heard from time to time of the earnest workers among your number. My strong desire has been that every help might be given to those who have been so devoted in the work of the church and Sunday-schools; and, as I help, I look anxiously for the completion of the new building, that there might be the conveniences provided to aid in the work. But first of all, and above every convenience that we may have in our work, we must look up to God for His blessing and His guidance, and of course our desire would be to dedicate our building to Him for worship with the desire that He would bless us in our worship there. But the thing impresses itself strongly on my mind, and that is that we have no right to dedicate anything to God that does not belong to us; therefore we cannot rightly dedicate a building to God's service which we are not able to call ours till paid for. Anxious as I feel for the building to be ready for use, I could not give my consent to its dedication till paid for. I am thoroughly convinced that it is a great mistake in dedicating any building for religious service with a heavy debt hanging over it. My experience has been that it has always been a drag and hindrance to successful work. I know that the custom has been almost invariable to commence with a debt, but I believe the whole thing is wrong, and plainly proved by many of our churches and religious bodies now. I would be glad to come to Chicago to assist in the dedication services when the building is comp eted and the money raised to pay for it, but not till the building is owned by us can we dedicate it to God's service. I would further advise that the work should go on slowly as the funds on hand warrant, and if a sufficient amount to finish cannot be got, then shut up the building until the sufficient amount is raised for its completion. May God guide you in this as in all other matters, and bless you more. Your friend and brother,

D. L. MOODY.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

POLICY OF THE NEW POLICE BOARD.

THE QUESTION OF RETAINING SUPERINTENDENT WALLING—VIEWS OF THE COMMISSIONERS.

All the members of the Police Commission, as at present constituted, visited the Central Office yesterday, although no meeting of the board was held. Commissioners Smith, Wheeler, and Erhardt engaged in a general conversation regarding the various matters likely to come up for discussion relating to the management of the Police Department, but no distinct policy, it is understood, was marked out. Commissioner Voorhis arrived afterward and was closeted for some time with President Smith, but the nature of their conversation was not made known. Commissioner Wheeler said last night that in the course of the conversation in the morning, which had been very general in its nature, he had spoken of the question of retaining Superintendent Walling. President Smith, he said, had spoken favorably of Mr. Walling, and he had replied that possibly the information that he had received and that which the President had received did not agree. The discussion of the question was, however, "deferred." Mr. Wheeler said to the reporter that he would rather not express himself regarding the question, as there were very many who were more familiar with the Department, than he was who thought very highly of Superintendent Walling. The question of the general discipline of the force was discussed, and Mr. Wheeler said that a proclamation would be issued to the Police force immediately, which would call their attention to matters to which they would attend. For the ensuing year it was intended that every thing relating to the department should be conducted on business principles, and no laxity would be allowed. No alderman or politician of any grade would be allowed to exert enough influence on the board to retain any policeman who had been guilty of any misdemeanor. The board would be non-partisan in regard to politics, but in regard to its treatment of the various matters under its control, it was too early to say anything yet. He considered that the department was in a very bad condition, and needed reform.

Commissioner Erhardt was unwilling to commit himself in relation to the retention of Superintendent Walling. He had never seen him, and had no acquaintance with any member of the force. His own idea in going into the commission was to try to evolve order out of chaos. He considered that reform was needed in the department, and he intended to try to secure it.

Commissioner Voorhis said that there had been no interchange of opinion between himself and the new members of the board, and therefore he was unable to say anything about the future policy of the board. His own individual policy would be the same that always had been, and that was a rigid enforcement of the laws as they were, no matter who was hit by it. If the law was wrong it should be changed, but as long as it stood it was the duty of the Police Department to enforce it. He considered Superintendent Walling a thoroughly honest and faithful public servant. He had the utmost respect for his earnestness and zeal. He perhaps, had been hampered somewhat in the administration of the duties of his office by the fact that there had been such differences among the Commissioners. It was difficult to do exactly the best that could be done when two Commissioners might perhaps hold diametrically opposite opinions, and a third be utterly indifferent in a matter. In regard to the general policy of the board, it was all conjecture as yet, for the members of it had had no conference.

It is believed that Gen. Smith will retain the Chairmanship of the Committee on Rules and Discipline, and Mr. Voorhis will also remain at the head of the Committees on Finance and Repairs and Supplies. The other committees of the board, on Street Cleaning and on Surgeons, are presided over by Mr. Disbecker, and his removal will necessitate the appointment of new Chairmen to these committees.

RECKLESS USE OF FIREARMS.

At 5 o'clock yesterday morning while Thomas Leahy, aged fifteen, was driving a milk wagon along Third avenue, and when in the vicinity of Seventy-ninth street he was shot in the back by some unknown person and dangerously wounded. He was brought to the East Fifty-ninth street Police Station and attended by Police Surgeon McDonnell, and was subsequently removed to his home. It is supposed that the lad was unintentionally shot by some person discharging a pistol in a reckless manner.

At 3 o'clock yesterday morning some unknown person, standing in the hall-door of No. 11 Delancey street, discharged a pistol loaded with bird-shot into the street. The shot took effect in the faces of Peter S. Barrett, of No. 83 Clinton street, John Shaw, of No. 144 Essex street, and Frederick Ling, of No. 444 Cherry street, causing slight wounds. The injured men were attended by Police Surgeon Powell, of the 4th ward. The man who fired the pistol could not be found.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock yesterday morning, as Mr. William A. McIntyre, of No. 3 Broadway, was passing through Thompson street, he was struck in the right thigh and slightly wounded by a bullet from a pistol fired by one of a party of colored men who were passing along on the opposite side of the street discharging pistols. McIntyre stated that he was satisfied the shooting was accidental, and as the wound was very slight he went home, declining the services of a Police Surgeon.

Patrick H. Phillips, aged thirty-two, of No. 362 Washington street, while carelessly handling a pistol, at the corner of Laight and Hudson streets, yesterday morning, shot himself through the left hand. His wound was dressed at the Chambers Street Hospital.

Robert Stein, aged thirteen, living in Tenth avenue, between Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets, while loading a pistol at his home yesterday morning, accidentally shot himself in the left breast, causing almost instant death.

Dora Sholler, aged fifteen, living in Sixty-fifth street, between Tenth and Eleventh avenues, was accidently shot in the left side with a pistol by John Zagg, of Sixty-sixth street and North River, yesterday morning, and was severely wounded.

Henry Beyers, of No. 620 Sixth street, was shot in the face and severely injured from some person firing a pistol in the street while he was closing up his place of business last night.

NEW YEAR'S BRAWLS.

During a quarrel early yesterday morning at the corner of Sheriff and Delancey streets, Valentine Power, aged thirty, of No. 67 Forsyth street, was stabbed in the back by a man named Patterson, and was severely wounded. Powers was attended by Police Surgeon Powell, and was taken home. His assailant escaped. An altercation occurred yesterday morning between James Keating, of No. 73 Cherry street, and Patrick Curtis, who resides at the corner of Oak and James streets, and during the fight which ensued Curtis stabbed Keating in the abdomen with a pen-knife, inflicting a severe wound. Curtis was arrested. A fight occurred yesterday morning at the corner of Thirty-fourth street and First avenue, between two ruffians named Giger Brady and John Early. During the mêlée Brady drew a pistol and fired at Early. The bullet from the weapon struck Michael Davey, aged fourteen, of No. 339 East Thirty-sixth street, in the forehead, causing a slight flesh wound. Brady and Early fled, and were not arrested. The wounded lad was taken home. An affray occurred at 5 o'clock last evening, at No. 56 Mulberry street, between Victor Spenal, of No. 56 Mulberry street; John Benare, of No. 62 James street, and Michael Espenalo, of No. 62 James street, and during the mêlée Espenalo fired a pistol loaded with small shot at Spenal, three of which lodged in his scalp. He also struck Benare on the head with a tumbler, causing a severe scalp wound. The injured men were attended at the Chambers Street Hospital, and Espenalo was locked up. At 7 o'clock last evening, during a quarrel in Thirty-second street, near First avenue, Owen Brady, of No. 339 East Thirty-seventh street, was shot through the hand by John Hurley, of First avenue and Forty-second street, receiving a painful though not dangerous wound. Hurley was locked up. Last evening Henry Godfrey, of No. 37 Thompson street, with five other colored men, entered the liquor store No. 105 West Houston street and had a number of drinks, for which they refused to pay. Henry Stevens, the colored bar-tender, attempted to eject them from the place, whereupon they made a brutal attack upon him. They knocked him down, beat and kicked him about the head and face, and while he was prostrate on the floor one of the negroes cut him with a pocket-knife four times; in the left hand, once in the left arm, and once in the head, inflicting very severe though not dangerous wounds. An alarm was given and the negroes fled. Godfrey was arrested by an officer of the Fifteenth Precinct, but his companions succeeded in making their escape. Stevens was attended by Police Surgeon Walker, after which he was taken to his home. Shortly before 7 o'clock last evening a quarrel occurred in the liquor store at the corner of Twelfth street and Avenue C, between William Donnelly, aged twenty-four, of No. 208 Avenue C, and Frank Seaver, aged twenty-seven, of No. 187 Avenue C. A fight ensued, during which Seaver stabbed Donnelly in the left cheek and in the abdomen with a pocket-knife, inflicting dangerous wounds. Donnelly was attended by Police Surgeon Maclay and taken home. Seaver was arrested and locked up at the Union Market Police Station to await the result of the injuries. Benjamin Fuhrman, aged twenty-three, of No. 126 Norfolk street, became engaged in a quarrel last evening with some unknown persons in the hallway of No. 246 First avenue, and during the fracas which ensued he was stabbed in the left shoulder and slightly injured. He was attended by Police Surgeon Phelps and taken to his home. His assailants escaped.

BURGLARS AT WORK.

Mr. William H. Collins, of No. 113 East Seventy-ninth street, reported at the Central Office yesterday that during Friday evening an unknown thief succeeded in effecting an entrance to his house by forcing open a second-story window. The burglar broke open a bureau drawer and stole a gold watch and chain, a gold locket, a pair of bracelets, a cable chain, and a pair of gold ear-rings. He also secured a sealskin sacque, and escaped with the property, which is valued in all at $885.

HOLIDAY SPORT.

PIGEON-SHOOTING AT DEXTER PARK, LONG ISLAND.

The fine weather of yesterday drew a large number of pigeon-shooters to Dexter Park, Jamaica, the head-quarters of the Long Island Shooting Club. The matches were all made on the grounds, but they were not the less interesting on that account. It was said by the habitués of the park that the shooting was the best of the season. The first match was a classified sweepstakes, twenty-five yards rise, three birds, $2 to enter, with prizes of $7, $5, and $2. Madison and Bergner divided the first money and Baylis, Beatty, and Thomas the second and third.

The second match was also a classified sweepstakes, same conditions as first, with purses of $8, $5, and $3. Madison took the first money, Beatty and Wingate, tying on the first round of shooting off, divided the second, and Baxter, Bergner, and Thomas divided the third prize.

The third match was a classified sweepstakes, three birds, twenty-one yards rise, $2 to enter, with prizes of $10, $7, and $3. Beatty, Madison, Baxter, and Wingate divided first money, Bergner took second, and Outwater took third, winning in the shooting off with Baylis.

The next match was like the one preceding, except that there was twenty-five yards rise, with purses of $12, $8, and $4. Wingate, Outwater, and Bender killed three birds each, and divided first money; Baylis, Madison, Baxter, and Thomas divided the second purse, and Beatty, Bergner, Smith, and Williams took each $1 of the third prize.

The next match was a classified sweepstakes, twenty-five yards rise, three birds, $3 to enter, with purses of $20, $15, and $7. Baylis, Beatty, Madison, Wingate and Van Buren tieing with three birds each, shot off the tie. On the fourth round Wingate went out on a miss, Baylis and Madison went out on the fifth round, and Beatty and Van Buren divided first money. Thomas, Smith, Outwater, Bender, and Talbot then shot off ties for the second purse, Talbot won at the end of the third round. Baxter and Williams divided the third prize.

The sixth match was a sweepstake, $3 to enter, twenty-five yards rise; prizes, $20, $12 $7, and $3, best scores to win. Outwater, Williams, Van Buren, Talbot, and Gildersleeve shot off ties, and in three rounds reduced the contest for the first prize to Messrs. Van Buren and Talbot, who gave a very fine exhibition of shooting, each killing nine birds without a miss. On the tenth round Van Buren went out and Talbot took first money. Van Buren took second money, Outwater third, and Williams and Gildersleeve divided fourth.

The last match was the most interesting of the day. It was a sweepstakes, miss and go out; twenty-five yards rise, and three to enter with prizes of $15, $10, and $5. All of the shooters dropped out at the end of the second round except Van Buren, Talbot, Gildersleeve, and Austin. These four shot together with equal fortunes till the fifth round, when Van Buren went out. Talbot was the next to drop out in the ninth round, as the score of which Gildersleeve and Austin divided the first and second prizes, Talbot taking the third.

A pigeon match at Staten Island yesterday, between James H. Moreton and Stephen W. Crawford, was won by the former. They shot at 21 birds, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, for $200 a side. Moreton killed 17, missed 4; Crawford killed 14 out of 19, then gave up the contest.

RACKETS AND HAND-BALL.

There was a very large attendance at McQuade's court, No. 404 Madison street, yesterday, to witness the games of rackets and hand-ball. The first prize, a small gold racket bat, was won by Mr. John Lenihen for his superior playing. The gold ball was given to Mr. Patrick Reagan, who displayed great agility at hand-ball. The following scores are the best of the amateur games played:

Players.	Games.	Aces by Service.	Aces by Returns.	Total.	
Flanagan	1	2	4	6	9
Lenihen	1	1	2	3	
Ryan	1	4	2	6	15
McLaughlin	1	0	3	3	
Ryan	2	2	3	5	8
McLaughlin	2	0	3	3	
Lenihen	2	5	5	10	15
Flanagan	2	0	5	5	
Lenihen	3	2	5	7	15
Flanagan	3	1	7	8	
Ryan	3	0	0	5	9
McLaughlin	3	1	5	4	
McLaughlin	4	3	5	8	15
Ryan	4	2	5	7	
Lenihen	4	2	6	8	10
Flanagan	4	1	1	2	
Flanagan	5	3	5	7	15
Lenihen	5	2	5	7	
Ryan	5	2	4	4	10
McLaughlin	5	2	4	6	

The following hand-ball contests were marked by some excellent play:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	
M. McQuade, Murphy, Cummings	6	15	2	
Reagan	15	14	15	
M. Killeen, M. McMuna	15	6	15	
E. Twyford, T. McGrath	5	15	14	
	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th. 5th.
B. McQuade, Lenihen	15	12	15	13 15
A. McQuade, Ryan	3	15	14	15 7

THE BUFFALO DEFALCATION.

WHAT THE GUILTY TREASURER SAID TO A PERSONAL FRIEND—CONTRITE LETTERS.

The Buffalo papers devote much space to the large defalcation of Joseph Bork, the City Treasurer, but add very little to the full statement printed in Friday's TIMES. The *Express* having learned that Mr. Henry W. Box left Buffalo with Mr. Bork on Wednesday evening, inquired of him the details of the affair, and reports him as follows:

It was not until late in the afternoon that our representative succeeded in seeing Mr. Box, but the interview repaid all the time and trouble consumed in securing it, for it brought to light what are probably the real facts in the case. Accosting Mr. Box, our reporter said: Mr. Box, it is reported that you are cognizant of all the facts in the case of the alleged defalcation of Mr. Bork?

Mr. Box—Well, I probably know as much about it as anybody.

Reporter—When did you see Mr. Bork last? Mr. Box—This morning.

Reporter — Where? Mr. Box — At Suspension Bridge.

Reporter—Then Mr. Bork did not start for New-York? Mr. Box—No; he asked me to accompany him to New-York last night for the purpose, as he stated, of raising money to start the new bank in which he was interesting himself. I agreed to go, and left his office with him for that purpose, but on our way to the depot he turned to me and said: "Box, I don't think the Union Bank will be a success; I am not going to New-York, but I want you to accompany me, for I want to tell you something."

Reporter—Then you went with Mr. Bork to Suspension Bridge? Mr. Box—Yes, and I was with him all last night. Poor Joe, he is utterly prostrated in mind and body.

Reporter—Did he admit to you that he was a defaulter? Mr. Box—Yes; he told me that his accounts there were in such a condition that it would be impossible to settle them up, and he could not bear to remain here and brave an exposé.

Reporter—What is the extent of the defalcation? Mr. Box—Over three hundred thousand dollars.

Reporter—Did Mr. Bork say that the amount was so large? Mr. Box—He did; he admitted that his obligations to the city were over $300,000, which money has been used by him from time to time since the first year of his term as City Treasurer.

Reporter—What explanation does Mr. Bork offer? Mr. Box—He says that until lately he has felt confident of his ability to make good every dollar of his deficit before the expiration of his term as City Treasurer. Even now he says that his estate is more than sufficient to pay every dollar of his obligations.

Reporter—Did you ask Mr. Bork how he had abstracted such an enormous sum from the City Treasury without being found out? Mr. Box—I did, and told him that it seemed incredible to me that he should have been able to carry on such a stupendous fraud without confederates in the office, but he protested that no one knew of the state of affairs.

The *Express* prints a letter sent by Mr. Bork to Mr. Clinton, which, as will readily be observed, was penned in order to publicly clear the Controller from any complicity that might be suspected. The letter is as follows.

DEAR CLINTON: I left town last evening as I told you I should, but not in the direction indicated by me. No one can more lament my situation than I do. I believe my bitterest enemy will never accuse me of an intentional wrong. I am not only sorry for those who may suffer pecuniary embarassment on account of my acts, but those who have been associated with me in the administration of city affairs; fearing an uncharitable world may think you and others have not done their duty, it is only justice to you to say that I am alone responsible for the situation. And I take the first opportunity to exonerate you most fully.

Respectfully yours, JOSEPH BORK.

One or two other letters were written by Mr. Bork to friends here, expressing the deepest contrition for the acts that have brought him into this sorrowful plight. In one instance he has particularly avowed his regret at having induced his friend John McManus to enter into the firm of Lyon, Bork & Co., when, as he says, "the concern was rotten financially."

The same reporter met Gordon Bailey, the venerable Deputy City Treasurer, in the office of Lyon, Bork & Co., and asked him now it was Mr. Bork could appropriate so large an amount of money from the City Treasury without any of his subordinates knowing it. Mr. Bailey was very reticent, but admitted that he knew that Mr. Bork was short there, but that the latter always spoke so confidently about his ability to square up at the last moment that nothing was said about it. Mr. Bailey said that Mr. Bork ever since his qualification as City Treasurer has run the office to suit himself, and has been the active, working head of the department. His acts were never questioned by his subordinates in the office.

CITY AND SUBURBAN NEWS.

NEW-YORK.

The Police arrests last week numbered 1,692.

The Stonington line has reduced the rate of fare between New-York and Boston from $5 to $4, and between New-York and Providence from $4 to $3.

Arthur Allen, aged fifty, of No. 14 Catharine street, fell down the cellar steps at No. 92 Chambers street, yesterday afternoon, and fractured his left leg at the ankle.

Joseph Kniftaha, aged forty-five, of No. 168 Fourth street, while intoxicated last evening walked off the roof of No. 209 Forsyth street and received dangerous injuries.

Samuel Guggenheimer filed an assignment of his property, for the benefit of his creditors, with the County Clerk, yesterday, Edmund Thompson being made the assignee.

The third union praise and prayer-meeting of the West Side churches will be held at Rev. Dr. Burchard's Church, in Thirteenth street near Seventh avenue, this afternoon between 4 and 5 o'clock.

Edward Carr, aged twenty-six, a resident of Hoboken, N. J., was severely bitten in the face yesterday by his dog, at the corner of Bowery and Houston street. He was attended by Dr. McLeod, and taken home.

An unknown man, about forty years of age, jumped overboard from the ferry-boat Mineola while in midstream yesterday, and was drowned. His body was subsequently recovered and taken to the Morgue for identification.

There were reported during the past week at the Bureau of Vital Statistics 556 deaths, 436 births, and 97 marriages, showing an increase of 15 deaths and 19 marriages, and a decrease of 19 births, as compared with the preceding week.

Adolph Jenneker, aged forty-two, a married man, residing at No. 310 Sixth street, attempted to commit suicide yesterday, by swallowing a solution of sulphur. He was attended by Police Surgeon Maclay, and was soon pronounced out of danger.

An international walking match has been arranged between Daniel O'Leary, of Chicago, and William Perkins, the champion of England. They are to walk two matches of 100 miles each, for $2,000, and the championship of the world. The first match is to take place in England and the return match in Chicago. O'Leary has sent a check for $500 (first deposit) to the editor of *Bell's Life*.

BROOKLYN.

The Police during the week made 558 arrests, and 25,108 during the past year.

Meat Inspector Waldron seized on Friday last 196 pounds of poultry which was unfit for use, in the rear of No. 414 Kent avenue.

Lorenzo Lynch, aged five years, fell from the third-story window of his parents' residence, at No. 1,728 Fulton street, yesterday, and was fatally injured.

William Burke and James Scanlon were arrested yesterday for robbing the residence of Mr. Ostrander of a quantity of plate valued at $100. The thieves pawned the stolen property.

Francis McBride, of No. 90 Union street, was arrested by Officer O'Reilly yesterday on a charge of stabbing John Steel, of No. 100 Union street, in the hand, inflicting a severe wound. The men quarreled about some trivial matter.

During a quarrel between some young men on Hamilton avenue yesterday morning, one of them fired a pistol. The bullet struck Adam Hill, who was standing near his own residence, at No. 70 Hamilton avenue, inflicting a slight scalp wound. A man named Garrett Cavanagh was arrested on suspicion of having fired the shot.

The new Board of Aldermen, which consists of twenty-five members, a majority of whom are Republicans, will meet for the first time at 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon. Mayor Schroeder, who is the first Republican Mayor Brooklyn has had for a number of years, will send in his Message to-morrow. It is believed that he will recommend the indorsement by the Aldermen of a bill abolishing the triple-headed commissions which now govern the city.

WESTCHESTER COUNTY.

George W. Davids, of New-Rochelle, has assumed his official duties as County Treasurer of Westchester County.

The members of the Reformed Church, Mount Vernon, contemplate the removal or demolition of their chapel, and the erection in its stead of a much larger building, to contain a fine hall, suitable for lectures, concerts, &c., at the same time be used for Sunday-school purposes.

Mrs. Lantry has instituted proceedings before Justice Sparks, of Pel